

HISTORY
OF THE
BRITISH TURF.

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THE BRITISH TURF,

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO
THE PRESENT DAY.

BY

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"But it is not in perils and conflicts alone that the horse willingly co-operates with his master; he likewise participates in human pleasures. He exults in the chase and the tournament; his eyes sparkle with emulation on the course."—*Buffon*.

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Page 22, line 23, for "Mr. Disraeli" *read* "Lord Beaconsfield."

Page 33, line 5, PotSo's—the same story was told when the horse was in training.

Page 60, last line, for "half" *read* "quarter." The palace was sold by Mr. Driver, of Whitehall, at the wish of the Queen and Prince Consort, lest their sons should be tempted to take to the Turf. It was sold for only a few pounds over the reserve; and the land is now worth, probably, double what it then realized.

Page 71, line 3, "Royal," rather because the course belongs to the Crown. The Master of the Buckhounds acts as owner of the ground.

Page 133, line 24, after "Cartouche" *insert* "and Roxana, dam of."

Page 143, line 26, for "Cartouch" *read* "Cartouche."

Page 147, line 20, for "these" *read* "those."

Page 147, line 30, for "Pigot" *read* "Piggot."

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HISTORY OF THE BRITISH TURF.

CHAPTER I.

EPSOM—THE DERBY—THE OAKS.

ALTHOUGH Epsom as a place of sport must take rank after Chester, Newmarket, and several other towns in point of antiquity, it seems but fair to give to the course on which the Derby is run for, the pride of place, when entering upon a description of our celebrated running grounds.

Epsom, variously spelled Eppsam and Epsam, is one of those towns the origin of whose names is lost in obscurity. It is a parish in the county of Surrey, as everybody knows, and was once a market town. Its distance from London is fourteen miles, and it is situate on the turnpike road from London to Dorking, Worthing, Guildford, and Portsmouth. Possibly the name of Epsom is derived from Ebba's-home, the home of Ebba, a sometime queen of the county of Surrey—who flourished about 600; and in Queen Anne's reign a gentleman of antiquarian pursuits, resident in the neighbourhood, went so far as to fix upon a farmhouse in the vicinage as the identical

home of Ebba. That such a queen lived, and was a personage of the most eminent sanctity, so that churches were dedicated to her, under the style of Saint Ebba, we have abundant proof; but that the farmhouse selected as having been her residence by Mr. Toland, of Woodcote, was so in fact, or that she ever lived at Epsom at all, we have no evidence.

During the period up to and including the sixteenth century, Epsom seems to have been a quiet country village, not distinguished from scores of other Surrey villages by anything of interest. But early in the seventeenth century an event occurred which contributed enormously to the fame and prosperity of the village, and likewise made its name one of ill-savour with English youth from John o' Groat's to Land's End. In 1618, the mineral spring impregnated with the extremely disagreeable saline matter, so well known as Epsom salts, was discovered—by accident, it is said, like many other great discoveries of ancient and modern times. One Henry Wicker, a herdsman, having his eyes about him, observed during a summer of unusual drought water in a small hole on the common, between Ashstead and Epsom; whereupon Wicker, who was at his wit's-ends to get water for his cows, proceeded to his farmyard and returned with a spade. He then set vigorously to work, overjoyed at having found water in the midst of what had been before an arid plain, and widened the area of his spring until it was a

drinking-place of decent size for cattle. It is an old remark that it is one thing to take a horse to the water, and another to make him drink. It was so with Henry Wicker's cows. They very naturally refused to drink a strong solution of Epsom salts, even in the hot summer of 1618. Wicker, confounded, drove them home. The water he had found, his cattle refused to drink, and on tasting it himself he perceived it had a queer taste. Inquiry was made into the properties of Mr. Henry Wicker's newly found spring, that neither he nor his cattle relished. The wise people of the place, the physician and the apothecary, put the water to its wrong use, of course; though they found out a subordinate way of making it useful. They prescribed it as a "vulnerary and abstersive," and for some dozen years or so it was used in the neighbourhood for the cure of simple wounds, which, an old writer says, are "soundly and suddenly cured by the application of this water."

Epsom, however, was fated to be famous, and accident came to help on the fortunes of the little village a second time. In 1632 some labourers drank a tolerably full draught apiece from Wicker's Well, and within thirty minutes the true properties of the water were known. Local fame was followed by a wider reputation. People began to come from the metropolis to drink their cups of water from the medicinal spring on Banstead Downs. Twenty years after—namely, 1654—this was the case. In

1674 the practice of repairing to Epsom and staying there for a few days or weeks to drink the waters was sufficiently common to provoke a satirical tract, entitled "*Flos Ingenii, &c.*, being an exact description of Epsam and Epsam Wells." In this extremely broad and now rare satire, Epsom is described as a "sorry town," but the resort of people of fashion, who go there from London to drink the waters and take the air. A new town sprang up like magic; avenues of trees were planted, to shade future generations of gallants and ladies as they walked in their pilgrimage to Wicker's Well; lodging-houses for the reception of the fine company from the Court and city were numerous; a ball-room and other amusements were provided; and in 1667, in the month of July, Pepys was there, and went to the well, where "he did drink four pints" of the water. There was, he says, "much company" there, but they "did not" drink with him. In the town he found Nell Gwynne and Lord Buckhurst, and Sir Charles Sedley with them, "keeping a merry house." Epsom, therefore, a couple of centuries ago was one of the most fashionable resorts and merriest places to be found in the merry England of Charles II.

There are many claimants to the distinction of having first made known the virtues of the waters containing 480 grains of calcareous nitre to the gallon, "280 more than the Dog and Duck, in St. George's Fields." Among these, Dudley, third Lord North,

appears. Whether through his agency or that of other persons, the anxiety of persons of fashion to drink the waters increased very rapidly; and those unfortunates whom business or bodily weakness prevented from a personal attendance at the springs on the Downs must needs buy salts, prepared from the waters, at five shillings an ounce—the demand at this price being so great that the supply was unequal to it, and those “other sophisticated salts,” of the same name, with which English boys have since become so familiar, were sold in their place.

So much for one of the two things to which Epsom owes its celebrity. It might be too much to say that without Henry Wicker there would have been no foundation of the great race, called after the nobleman who founded it, the Derby Stakes; for it appears very probable that horse-races took place at intervals, in a capricious manner, just as they could be got up, for many years before the herdsman’s cows refused to drink the bitter water of his spring.

But it may be said with perfect truth that the *éclat* Epsom derived as a place of fashionable resort from its waters—unrivalled, at all events, in the quality of nastiness—tended to firmly establish horse-racing there, as the “nobility and gentry from smoaky London” naturally wanted to be amused.

James I. lived at Epsom sometimes, at the Palace of Nonsuch, and he was fond of horse-racing; so, probably, in his reign horse-races were held on

Epsom Downs. Whether these were the first races held there or not, it is impossible to determine; but there seems to be every probability that races were begun on the Downs in the reign of the first of our Stuart kings. In the reign of his unhappy successor, Charles I., races were common at Epsom. The Royalists met there to the number of six hundred in May, 1648, "under pretence of a horse-race." Though there are no authentic records of the running on the Downs during the time that passed between the Royalists choosing Epsom as a safe rendezvous under pretence of a horse-race, and the beginning of the calendars of the turf, there is no reason to doubt that the Downs were the arena of many a sporting struggle between both cocktails and thoroughbreds. Coming down to times something like a century later, we find the races famous and well-patronized, owing to their easy distance from London. An old song, whose date we cannot exactly fix, invites "Ye good men of Surrey, both ancient and young," to the Downs, with a chorus of "Derry down, down, Down, derry down." The "Bath, Bristol, Tunbridge, and Epsom Miscellany," 1735, says:—

"On Epsom Downs, when racing does begin,
Large companies from every part come in."

Wagers were freely laid among the company assembled—

"Bets upon bets; this man says, 'Ten to one.'
Another pointing cries, 'Good sir, 'tis done.'"

We may take it, there is nothing in life older than the odds.

The company at the meetings, though largely supplied by the county of Surrey, was yet drawn principally from the metropolis. It consisted apparently, even then, of all sorts and conditions of men; for the "Invitation to Epsom Races," published in 1764, by Philo-Bumper, calls upon nobles, heroes, and bucks of the turf to leave the smoky town, "to see the fine horses and ladies so fair." Statesmen are to learn from jockeys how to guide people; merchants, bankers, poets, players, aldermen, Cits, judges, counsel, bishops, doctors, and curates share this common and general invitation.

Epsom, we have seen, owed its celebrity to the mineral springs that Wicker found. An obscure village, it rapidly rose in fashion and importance, until not to drink the waters and take the air on Banstead Downs was not to belong to the great world of London at all. But, in course of time, fashion changed. The year 1736 saw the last of the palmy days of the springs and salts; the tide of popularity turned, and people went to Bath and Cheltenham instead of Epsom. The spell was broken when the lease of the wells granted originally to Daniel Ellicar and others expired; the old buildings were dilapidated and hardly worth repairing. Few strangers now came to drink the disagreeable waters, lodgings were empty, gaiety and revelry had departed. The gentry of the neighbourhood, however, still came in

their large, old-fashioned chariots and coaches, in the summer time, every Monday morning. They had public breakfasts on these days, with music, dancing, and card-playing. For them Mr. Parkhurst put the old buildings at the wells into repair. We hear nothing of their drinking the waters. The breakfasts and cards came, after a few years, to be sparsely attended: the famous spring fell into disrepute. Newer waters possessed properties more wonderful by far; these attracted the attendance of the fickle world of fashion; or perhaps what Mr. Pownall calls "the modern delightful practice of sea-bathing" took to the coast those whose fathers and grandfathers had been accustomed to check the approaches of the gout on Epsom Downs.

For several years (1760—1770) a surgeon in London, of some eminence in his profession—Mr. Dale Ingram—made a desperate effort to bring the wells once more into repute by offering his visitors public breakfasts, and magnesia and Epsom salts skilfully prepared in the least unpalatable form. But to no purpose. In 1804 the erection at the old wells was pulled down, and a private house erected on its site.

Fifty years after Mr. Dale Ingram's efforts, Dr. Pidduck and Mr. Willan, in 1822-23, sent down some patients with liver disease and scrofula to drink the Epsom waters, in conjunction with a course of American herbs; and this is, we believe, the last occasion of the drinking of the waters of Wicker's spring.

The result of his discovery was to put a good

deal of money into the pockets of the inhabitants of Epsom, to raise the place from an insignificant village to the position of a fashionable health resort, and to give a name to a noxious crystal, whose connection with the Downs from which it takes its name is extremely remote, but whose fame and use will probably perish only with the British pharmacopœia.

Luckily for the inhabitants and owners of property in and about Epsom who were interested in the maintenance of the importance of their town, they could claim another source of distinction, destined to confer greater glory upon their Downs than even the production of the famous salts. The racecourse just outside the town was one of the best in England; and in 1780—nearly a century ago—an ancestor of the Earl of Derby established that race which has been called in his honour the Derby Stakes—the Blue Riband of the Turf—the race for which the Lords and Commons lay aside their legislative labours, and to which all the world goes.

It seems impossible to determine, with any approach to accuracy, when races first began to be held on Epsom Downs as an annual meeting. From the year 1730, however, or for a period of nearly a century and a half, races have been held on Epsom Downs every spring—about the middle of April—with some considerable lapses, and every summer, without intermission, at the latter end of May or early in June. In 1830, and for many subsequent years, it

was the practice to begin the racing at eleven o'clock in the morning, and after witnessing one or two heats, the company went back into the town, and took their dinner in a very leisurely fashion, returning again in the afternoon, and seeing the finish of the races begun in the morning. But the races at Epsom really became famous from the time when the Earl of Derby founded the Oaks and the celebrated Stakes named after him. The former race was begun in 1779. An old alehouse stood on Banstead Downs, which, from the circumstance that it was surrounded by what amounted almost to a plantation of oaks, was called The Oaks, after the trees that sheltered it, boasting no signboard, even of the rudest fashion, and doing a trade in Surrey homebrewed of the most bucolic kind. The situation was good, however, and attracted the notice of General Burgoyne, who bought the place, with some outlying land, and built a house there, on the site of the old-fashioned public-house. This seat of the General's took the name of the humbler edifice in whose place it rose ; and, after a time, becoming the property of the Earl of Derby, one of the best all-round sportsmen of his day, his lordship, when he founded the now celebrated "Oakes Stakes for three years old fillies, 8 stone 4 lbs., fifty guineas each, to run the last mile and a-half," called the new race after his new purchase. The Derby Stakes, founded the next year, 1780, was so called in honour of the Earl.

As might be expected, some years elapsed before

either the Derby or the Oaks rose into conspicuous fame. But the progress of both races, though slow at first, was sure. The first contest for the Derby Stakes, ninety-six years ago, brought out nine starters, from the entries of thirty-six subscribers. The judge placed the first four, and these, after the fashion of the day, appeared in the records of the papers that deigned to recognize the sport as Mr. So-and-So's b. c., Mr. Somebody-else's f., and so on. How changed all this is now, and a good horse's name is chronicled all over the world after he has performed the feat accomplished by Sir C. Bunbury's Diomed in 1780.

The interest in the Derby seems constantly to grow, and there never was a larger number of persons present to witness the decision of the race for the Blue Riband than this year. It is as impossible to form any correct estimate of the number of people who throng Epsom Downs on the Wednesday in the Derby week as it is of the number of people more or less interested in the event, of those who make the great race a topic of conversation, or of the quantity of matter written and printed about the race.

The way down by road is described year after year by the "special" reporters of the several newspapers, and their accounts are read with never-flagging interest on Thursday morning at nearly every breakfast table. • The innumerable vehicles, from the four-in-hand drag to the humble donkey cart; the dusty roads and lanes, the trees green with spring

foliage; the halts by the way at hostelries, which "no respectable driver can pass;" the long, never-ending file of pedestrians as the course is approached; carriages converging from every quarter of the compass; the vast, breezy expanse of grass-covered hill; the first glimpse of the stands, the people, the booths, as all suddenly burst upon the eye; and the dull roar of a distant, vast crowd, proclaim Epsom racecourse on the Derby Day. All these, the glories and excitements, the toils and pleasures of the way down by road, have been told and told again. There is less to be said for the way down by rail, most of our visitors and reporters of distinction preferring slowness of pace and sightseeing to the quicker journey by railway. One distinguished visitor to Epsom on the Derby Day, however, M. Hippolyte-Adolphe Taine, D.C.L. Oxon., made his way to the great race with a party of friends from Waterloo Station.

"Nous partons," he says, "pour Waterloo Station. Courses à Epsom: c'est aujourd'hui le Derby, jour de liesse; le parlement fait relâche; depuis trois jours on ne parle que de chevaux et de leurs éleveurs."

Let us see how these races at Epsom, this Derby Day—day of jollification, when the Houses of Lords and Commons do not sit, and when for three days past all the talk has been of the horses that are to run—strike the mind of the distinguished French critic.

M. Taine makes jottings of his impressions, which he publishes in his "Notes sur l'Angleterre." He sees the charming scenery of Surrey lanes in the verdure and dazzling beauty of late spring, the blooming and blossoming of plants. The bright pomp is dazzling. He stands on the course—a large green plain; before him are the Grand Stand, the tents, the booths, the stalls, the temporary stables under canvas, the incredible confusion of carriages, of horses, of horsemen. The Stand is an enormous ant-heap, with an ascending din; the hill opposite swarming with busy sightseers. The long lines of people stretching down to Tattenham Corner, and more thinly skirting all round the running track; the crowd at the starting-post; the shows, with their noisy showmen; the itinerant vendors, the booth-keepers, the musicians, present a scene unequalled in the world to the astonished gaze of the French writer.

"C'est une kermesse, en effet," he says.

It is a carnival: thoroughly English in its features. The day is fine, the sky cloudless. Green trees, champagne country, and bright blue sky frame a wonderful picture. Everywhere are gipsies, comic singers and dancers disguised as negroes, shooting galleries, charlatans who by dint of eloquence palm off watch chains, games of skittles and sticks, musicians of all sorts, and the most astonishing row of cabs, barouches, droskies, four-in-hands—with pies, cold joints, fruit, *surtout du champagne*.

The row of carriages on the hill, five or six deep, is a wonderful sight: there is nothing like it anywhere but at Epsom. Opposite, at the Stand, is the roar of the Ring. At the starting-post the sun shines on thirty runners, whose jockeys are bright in satins and silks, making a rainbow-belt on the green turf. The competitors are got into line. Down goes the flag of Mr. M'George. "They are off!" is the cry of thousands. The bell rings. We see them scudding along the top of the hill, descending to the Corner, past Tattenham into the straight, the run in of half a mile, and another Derby has been won.

There are winners and losers; but everybody drinks champagne, or brandy and soda-water, or bottled Bass. There is the return home through the dust and delays, to London. There are fun and frolic on the road. Nobody is thirsty; for M. Taine says, "*Aujourd'hui, tout est permis: c'est un débouché pour une année de contrainte.*"

The greatest event of the racing year has been run on a Wednesday since 1838. Before that year the Derby was run on a Thursday, and the Oaks on a Friday. The success of the "ladies' race" is greatly augmented by the lapse of a quiet or "off" day between the two great Epsom events.

The receipts of the Grand Stand are enormous, and increase year by year. The charge is now two guineas for the four days, or one guinea for the Derby Day or the Oaks Day; and the Paddock, admission to which some years ago was only a shilling,

now fills well at half a guinea. The preparations for the refreshment of visitors to the Grand Stand are on a gigantic scale. In the year of the Great Exhibition, 1851, Charles Dickens published in *Household Words* some accurate particulars of the amount of provisions consumed. He likened the commissariat department to an ogre's castle. He told of two thousand four hundred tumblers, one thousand two hundred wine glasses, of three thousand plates and dishes, used by the persons who lunched in the building; of rows of spits bearing rows of joints before blazing walls of fire; of crates of boiled tongues; of one hundred and thirty legs of lamb, saddles and shoulders in like proportion; a flock of lambs roasted, dished, and garnished by the Derby Day. Then to the bill of fare must be added beef, veal, ham, spring chickens, pigeon pies, lobsters, and a salad so tremendous, that the cook adds, "Pray don't forget a large tub and a birch broom for mixing the salad."

These were the quantities in 1851, exactly a quarter of a century ago. Now, if the figures given by Dickens in his article in *Household Words* were multiplied by four, it would not exceed the consumption of edibles in the Grand Stand alone. Of the hundred outer booths and places of refreshment, or of the thousands of private luncheons taken down to the Downs for consumption on the Derby Day, it is impossible to form any estimate. The greatest that could be ventured upon would probably fall far short of the truth.

A comparison between this estimate and the amount of solid "vivers" sufficient for the good company assembled, in the more than once quoted mention in Pepys of the "famous race" and the company attending it on Banstead Downs in July, 1663, will show the progress horse-racing has made at Epsom in the last two centuries. The advance of the Epsom Summer Meeting in the estimation of the lovers of sport and the public generally, within the memory of men now living, is very remarkable. Let us take, for example, the year 1826—just fifty years ago. The racing began at one o'clock, as it does now, and concluded at four. The meeting lasted three days, beginning on a Wednesday. The principal stakes on that day and the two succeeding it are familiar names. There were on the first day a Craven Stakes, the Gold Cup, and the Woodcote for two-year-olds.

Thursday brought with it the Derby, when the Durdan Stakes was also on the list. The Oaks, or as it was then spelt, Oakes, followed on the Friday. This arrangement was found to be inconvenient in several ways as the meeting grew in popularity, and as the numbers attending increased. The public wanted a quiet or "off" day between the excitement of the Derby and the Oaks Days, and owners of horses who might have a valuable filly entered for both races were reluctant to jeopardise her chance of winning the "ladies' race" by starting her with the colts in the Derby. Accordingly, the "off" day

was placed between the two great public holidays with the very best effect for everybody interested. In 1826 the stewards of the races were the Earl of Derby and Mr. Northey. The journey to the course in those pre-railroad days was accomplished of necessity in coaches, and all sorts of vehicles. Judging from an old print of the time, "gigmanity" was represented to an extent that would have vastly stirred the choler of the distinguished inventor of the term. It is also noticeable that the tastes of the "gigmanry" among our grandsires led them to affect yellow gigs, which, with "bang"-tailed cobs and trotters between the shafts, have a very sporting look as they career across the emerald sward of the Downs towards the booths.

A contemporary record says of the races in May:—"The partiality of men in general for the sport, the season of the year at which the races are held, the picturesque beauty of the Downs, and the vicinity of the course to the metropolis, all combine to establish the celebrity which Epsom races have attained."

The state of the town in those days on a Derby or Oaks morning is thus described:—"During the race week Epsom has the appearance of a busy and crowded city. At an early hour in the morning persons of all ranks and carriages innumerable are seen pouring into the town at every inlet. All the accommodations and provisions that the surrounding villages can supply are put into requisition."

The practice of persons who went down from
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London, or came to Epsom from places at any distance, was to get lodgings in Epsom, Ewell, Cheam, Leatherhead, or any of the neighbouring villages, if they could. If not, they camped out in the open. The sudden rush of such an army of invaders into the district, although anxiously looked forward to, led to no adequate preparation, and provisions were sold at famine prices in the town for a week, to the delight of the farmers' wives over all the countryside, who were enabled to get prices for their poultry, eggs, butter, and farm produce, during that delightful five or six days, four times as great as their grandmothers ever reached in the palmiest days of the wells. Nor is this extravagant rate to be wondered at, when we know that "several members of the Royal family, and most of the nobility, attend these races; and if the weather be fine there are seldom less than 60,000 persons assembled here on the Thursday when the Derby Stakes are contested."

This was forty-six years after the foundation of the race by Lord Derby, and at a time when the Chester Cup and the St. Leger alone divided popularity with it. The attendance, when we take into consideration the means of getting to Epsom and the accommodation provided there, is doubtless very large, and a larger number than assembled to witness the decision of any other race in England, though nearly as many persons would be attracted by "t' Leger" to the famous Town Moor, and perhaps the same number to the racing on the Roodee.

This was before the rural constabulary were a fact in the county of Surrey, and an absence of an adequate police, together with the utter want of anything like the "active and intelligent" detective officer of our own day, led to the commission of many offences, chiefly larceny; though highway robbery and murderous attacks for the sake of a supposed booty, were by no means uncommon. Of the company, our authority, Mr. Pownall, can only give an account that would be pretty true of the frequenters of the Downs on a Derby Day at the present time. "The vicious and unprincipled," he says, "form a tolerable proportion; nor is it, indeed, surprising where 60,000 persons are assembled to witness a horse-race, that these should obtrude themselves, either with the view of propagating vice, or robbing the bystanders." He adds:—"It therefore generally follows that many atrocities are committed; and those who fortunately escape the numerous accidents that occur have to lament the loss of some portion of their property."

We may compare this picture of the Downs on the Derby Day half a century ago with the scene we witness there now. Against the 60,000 persons interested in the sport, or holiday-makers attracted to the Downs then by the contest for the great stakes for three-year-olds, much more than ten times that number probably are now carried down to the course on the Wednesday in the Derby week. Instead of yellow gigs, stage coaches, and postchaises, going

down by road as a matter of necessity, we reach the Downs between the green hedgerows and over the white dusty roads and lanes of Surrey as a matter of pleasure. The railroads from Waterloo, London Bridge and Victoria, in something over thirty minutes, put down train-load after train-load of passengers, either at the town or on the Downs, as they may choose.

The Grand Stands, the supplementary private stands, the Betting Ring, and the Paddock, are all crowded with people who are willing to pay for a better sight of the great race, better information than their neighbours, or for the opportunity to wager with responsible bettors, at least four times—in the case of the Paddock, ten and a-half times—as much as their grandfathers and fathers paid for similar accommodation.

Year by year the numbers increase, as tested by the number of tickets sold for the enclosures and stands, and by the receipts of the two competing railway companies—the South-Western, and London, Brighton, and South Coast.

The present Grand Stand is undoubtedly altogether inadequate to the work it is called upon to do. The Stand was built nearly fifty years ago—1829-30; alterations and enlargements have been made, and much useful accommodation is afforded by the row of stands adjoining it, which are private speculations. An enlargement upon a liberal scale, or the erection of a second or supplementary Grand

Stand, seems, however, to be a necessity at the present time. There was a large amount of contention and litigation over the present structure, and to such a height did the contest run, that in 1834 the Lord and Lady of the Manor of Ebbesham caused the publication of a notice, signed in their names, informing all whom it might concern that they must "desist and refrain from erecting or causing to be erected on Epsom Downs, or on the waste lands of the said manor, any building, booth, or erection whatever, without the consent of the said Lord and Lady or their bailiff." In fact, the notice was set at defiance, and in the end the Lord of the Manor, upon an action being brought by him, accepted £5, and £100 towards the costs of his action.

Another matter to be noticed in connection with the Derby Day is the adjournment of both Houses of Parliament over that day. For many years—fifty at least—previous to 1847 it had been the custom for most of the members of the House of Commons to attend Epsom Races, or, at all events, not to attend to their duties as legislators on the Derby Day. Lord George Bentinck, in the face of this tacit arrangement and in the interests of the clerks and *employés* of the House, talked the matter over with several influential friends; and being promised their support, on the evening of May 18, 1847, boldly proposed "That the House on its rising do adjourn till Thursday." That eminent Radical who so often "totted up the hull," as was expected, took objec-

tion; but Mr. Hume was overruled by the Speaker, and Lord George Bentinck's motion was carried. Ever since, it has been the annual custom of the House to adjourn in the Derby week from Tuesday till Thursday, that not only honourable members themselves, but everybody engaged in attendance upon the House, may go to Epsom if they like to do so. But year after year there has been a little Radical and eccentric opposition—Mr. Joseph Hume, Mr. John Bright, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and other gentlemen, being unable to see why the House should adjourn for a horse-race. The House, however, which reflects the love of sport by which Englishmen are distinguished, has seen otherwise.

In 1848, Lord George Bentinck described the Derby Day as a recognized holiday in the metropolis. Earl Russell, at the same time, characterized it as a "national *fête*." Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli, in those days, when adjournment was not quite a matter of course, always voted for the motion, and it was the former statesman who happily styled the Epsom week "our Olympian Games;" while, although Mr. Disraeli is believed to be profoundly ignorant of Turf topics, and, from a monetary point of view, uninterested in any race, yet he is, as he says, "profoundly moved by the sight of a great concourse of people"—a sight which he sees in unusual perfection whenever he visits Epsom on the great day. The course on the Banstead Downs is not naturally by any means the best in the king-

dom, though its sharp gradients and varied features probably try all the qualities of a horse as well, if not better, than any other. The running track has been laid out from time to time to the best advantage, and the old "four-mile course for horse-races, from N.E. to S.W., much frequented," has been greatly improved and altered in modern times. At first, the Derby course was over one mile, instead of a mile and a-half, as at the present time. The new Derby course, over which the race for the Blue Riband is now run, is a better course at starting by far than that of a few years ago. The features of the track are almost too well known to need description here. The beginning of the race is ridden over a wide track, with ample room for forty starters, if as many come to the post. The first ground covered is a steep ascent, followed, when the top of the hill is reached, by tolerably flat ground for three furlongs. Then comes the very sharp descent to Tattenham Corner—a rather dangerous curve; and the straight run in of rather less than half a mile is almost flat, the rise to the Stand being very gradual and slight. With the exception of Tattenham Corner, there is no dangerous part of Epsom racecourse, and the running track all round the course is of ample width to afford elbow room to a practically unlimited number of starters.

CHAPTER II.

DONCASTER AND YORK.

YORKSHIRE may be regarded, if not as the birthplace of the national sport, yet as the soil upon which horse-racing has thriven best. There is no district in the world where the horse is more beloved for his own sake than he is in Yorkshire; there are no people so strongly imbued with a love of the "sport of kings," as the natives of the wide county of York. "A blood horse," says a sporting writer, "has always been the idol of Yorkshiremen." A Yorkshireman will walk or ride farther to see a race, will exhibit greater interest in the competitors for a race, will remember more of the incidents connected with past races, and recount his recollections with more vigour and relish, than any other man it is possible to find.

The history of the sport in his own county is most ancient—stretching back to those early times in the annals of horse-racing when no record of the sport was kept other than that afforded by the memory or notes of bystanders or of persons interested in the several events themselves. These records, such of them as were written, have presumably perished

with whatever did duty for the pocket-book of their makers. There is, however, no reason to doubt that racing in the county of York began early in the sixteenth century. Black Hambleton, or Hamilton, in Yorkshire, appears in an early document as a place enjoying special privileges and exemptions at the time the races were held there. Acombe Moor, near York, had races in Charles the First's time. There was a racecourse at Doncaster in the year 1600. On the 2nd of May in that year the Corporation made an order, "That whereas Hugh Wyrall, gentleman, hath caused a stoope to be sett on Doncaster More at the west end of the horse-race, yt Mr. Maior, Mr. Huscroft, and Mr. Levett maye lykewise sett a workman to cutt down or digg up the sayd stoope."

In 1600 the Corporation of Doncaster were thus called upon to do an act of rough justice. Fourteen years later, an entry is found showing that they disbursed money with a view to keeping good order at their meeting. The entry is as follows:—"1614, June—1s. 6d. was paid to Anthony Hog for makinge the waye at the horse-race." A plan or map of the year 1595 shows the sites of two race-courses at Doncaster. The same complaint made generations later of the conduct of the visitors to Epsom on the Derby Day was made in 1615 of the spectators at Doncaster Races. As the gentlemen wore their swords, and drank their wine freely on such occasions, there was not unfrequently a disturbance after the races. The Corporation, consisting of Mr. Thomas

Colson, Mayor, Alderman Hugh Childers, and fifteen others, accordingly made an order, dated June 6th in that year. "Forasmuch as it planely appereth," this prudent Order in Council runs, "by divers accidents and inconveniences past that the race on Doncaster More hath brought and bred many caires and sutes, wch tendeth to the great damage and prejudice of the Corporacon, and quarrels and other inconveniences have, by occasion of this race, bene stirred upp, therefore, for the preventige of sutes, quarrels, murders, and bloodsheds that may ensue by the continuinge of the said race, it is agreed that the stand and the stoopes shall be pulled upp, and employed to some better purpose, and the race to be discontinued."

A kindlier spirit towards the race, however, seems to have subsequently moved the breasts of Mr. Mayor and the aldermen and common councilmen of Doncaster, for in 1616-17 the Corporation contributed 12d. "for making a way for the horse-race at the water gapp." It seems, therefore, that, their order of June 6, 1615, notwithstanding, the starting-posts and Stand were not pulled up, or if they were, that they were very shortly afterwards put down again. Together with these entries, the earliest engravings—such rough pictures, for instance, as appear at the heads of the earliest existing race-cards, if the term card may be applied to the coarse, soft, hand-made paper on which they are printed—lead to the belief that even in the most primitive period of the sport, a Stand and a permanent starting and winning post

were to be found on the racecourses. The Stand was probably a wooden structure used by the officials. The judge and starter both carried flags, and the judge dropped his flag after the race, as the starter now does as a signal to his horses to go. There were no posts and rails or ropes enclosing the running track, and this made it all the more necessary to disburse the then considerable sum of 1s. 6d. for "makinge the way" whenever a horse-race was held.

Seventy years later, however, the funds of the Corporation were called upon for contributions in the shape of "added" money. In 1687 they paid five pounds for "contrabution monys." Various entries occur in the books between this date and 1710, when it was ordered that "to encourage horse-racing on Doncaster Moor, £5 5s. be paid for five years." Six years later—1716—£5 7s. 6d. was given towards a town's plate, "provided the neighbouring gentlemen do subscribe a valuable plate to be run for on Doncaster Moor." And in 1774, £20 was given by this sporting Corporation as an inducement to others—the neighbouring gentry chiefly—to follow their example, and as an encouragement to horse-racing on Doncaster Moor.

When we come to detailed records of sports, the originals of which are authentic, Doncaster appears for the first time in 1728, when there were two days racing in the month of July, one race on each day, and both races run for in three four-mile heats—Captain Collyer winning the first day's race with his

horse Drummer, and Lord Gower the second, with Trentham. The horses for many years after this were, as the records show, six years old and aged, the weights carried were from ten to twelve stones, and the distances three heats of four miles apiece.

In 1740 the meeting extended to three days, one race in three heats of four miles was run on each day, and that on the third day was for Galloways. In 1751 the *York Courant* chronicles the "great splendour" of the meeting under the auspices of Lord Viscount Donne and Mr. John Battie. From that date to the present the Corporation of Doncaster have done all in their power to add to the attractions of their meeting, and we perpetually find entries in their books of moneys expended in the interests of sport: from the 1s. 6d. paid to Anthony Hog for "makeing the waye," to 100 guineas bestowed upon Mr. Carr for "architecting and directing" a new Grand Stand a century and a-half later, the Mayor and Council are never wanting in a wish "to increase the interest of the races." There was, too, always plenty of public spirit in Doncaster itself. Exactly a century ago, no less a sum than £7,282 was expended in building an adequate Grand Stand, and laying out a new course, then, undoubtedly, the best Stand in the kingdom; though Newmarket always held, as it must always hold, the pride of place as an arena for horse-racing.

The name of Doncaster at the present day, however, suggests the St. Leger, a race second only to

the Derby in interest; and from the successive annual contests for the St. Leger, Doncaster derives its immense prestige as a place of sport. The great race, dearer to a Yorkshireman's heart than any mere South country struggle can ever be, had its origin in the establishment of a sweepstakes of twenty-five guineas each for three-year-old colts and fillies, 7st. 12lbs. The distance was two miles. This sweepstakes was begun in the year 1776. Two years later—in 1778—the race received the title of the St. Leger Stakes, from Lieut.-General Anthony St. Leger, of Park Hill. A number of the patrons of horse-racing, and particularly of horse-racing at Doncaster, were dining together at the Red Lion Inn in the town, when the Marquis of Rockingham proposed that the compliment of naming the race after him should be paid to their friend and fellow-sportsman, Colonel St. Leger, in recognition of his services in the cause of sport. The history of the great St. Leger Stakes is the history of Doncaster Races. The popularity of the meeting has grown with the growing interest excited in its important race, until for many years past the Doncaster St. Leger has ranked as an event of national importance in the sporting world; and from the enthusiastic support and countenance the race has always received from the Yorkshiremen themselves; from the fact that in pre-railway days the race on the Town Moor was, and has continued to be, the Derby of the north; the interest annually aroused in

its decision, the number and quality of the competitors, the vast assemblage attending it, the value of the stakes run for, and the amount of the bets depending on its issue, have placed it only a little way behind its South country junior, the Epsom Derby.

In the preceding chapter, a comparison between the Derby of to-day and the Derby of half a century ago was made. In 1826, in the mayoralty of Mr. James Falconer, the Nobleman's Stand was built on Doncaster Town Moor, at a cost of £1,300. Among the shareholders were the Dukes of Portland, Cleveland, Leeds, and Devonshire; the Marquesses of Londonderry, Queensberry, Titchfield, and Westminster; the Earls of Wilton, Fitzwilliam, Eglinton, Uxbridge, Durham, and Bruce; Lords Kelburn, Kennedy, Wharnccliffe, Milton, W. Powlett, Althorp, George Bentinck, Maidstone, and Molyneux. These names alone are sufficient to show the great importance of Doncaster meetings fifty years ago. That importance is in all respects very much greater at the present time, when no meeting can possibly be in a more flourishing condition. With the railway era, it is true, a change has come over the arrangements at the races. The Stands are no longer graced by the presence of such large numbers of noble ladies as of old; coaches and four, lumbering chariots, no longer bring their loads from the remotest corners of the premier county of England. Ladies who only saw the fashions once or twice a-year, at York or Doncaster, now regu-

larly spend their season in London. With the great change in the means of getting easily and cheaply from place to place, the old-fashioned country *réunions* at Doncaster dwindled yearly to smaller and smaller proportions, and in 1848 they died of inanition.

But the progress of the turf during those years has been unrivalled; and it is within the mark, probably, to say that more persons are now able to attend, and do attend, Doncaster races in one year than forty years ago attended them in ten. The splendid turn-outs of the Duke of Devonshire and the Earl of Scarborough; the magnificent coaches, each drawn by six bays, decorated with orange-coloured favours and rosettes, the smart livery servants, the twenty outriders, and the goodly cavalcade of tenantry on horseback that brought the Fitzwilliams, father and son—Yorkshire of Yorkshire—to the Town Moor, no more gladden the eyes and provoke the cheers of the spectators on a Leger Day; but their absence is compensated by a grander, if not a prettier, sight: the spectacle of trains of impossible length pouring out on the platform of Doncaster railway station their freights, composed of thousands of horse-loving Tykes, from Sheffield, from Hull, from Huddersfield, and Leeds, which human stream is swollen in the picturesque streets of the quaint old town by lovers of the sport brought there by the steam horse from every part of Great Britain to witness the great Yorkshire race.

The St. Leger has been run upon several days of

the week. At first it was run on a Tuesday, then for a couple of years on Wednesday; then for a quarter of a century on a Tuesday; then on a Monday, changing back to Tuesday, and finally to Wednesday, on which day it has been run for many years—indeed, since 1845, when the last change was made.

This race fell for a great number of times to the same owner, Lord A. Hamilton, afterwards Duke of Hamilton, who won it no less than seven times—namely, in 1786-7-8 right off the reel, 1792, and afterwards in 1808-9-14.

Since John Singleton won the first St. Leger on Lord Rockingham's Allabaculia, a hundred years ago, no race has been productive of greater turf "sensations," or has been annually watched with more real interest, than the sweepstakes named after the owner of Park Hill. No genuine Yorkshireman who has passed the middle age is without some anecdote or remembrance connected with his famous county race, as his great grandfather before him recounted the incidents of the heat when Mr. Read's bay gelding, Three Legs, beat Mr. Harvey's Tickle-me-Dick in the third heat for the large stake of twenty guineas, over the same ground, in the days lang syne.

The conditions of the race in 1776 were—colts, 8st.; fillies, 7st. 12lbs.; subscription, twenty-five guineas; and the horses were named when two years old. The lore connected with the race dates back to its earliest years. Almost every year has its distin-

guishing incident or characteristic dwelling in Yorkshire rustic memories—such as the story when Champion had won the Leger of 1800, of his sire's name, Potato, being written by the sharp-witted but illiterate stable boy, Potooooooooo; of Muddlethorpe's breaking his bridle, and being held by a handkerchief till a new bridle was got, in 1809; of the ten false starts of 1813; of the bet of a thousand guineas to a walking stick against Theodore in 1822; in 1825 of the news of the race carried to Manchester tied to the necks of dogs trained to hunt by trail, and of the pigeon expresses to London, which arrived early the morning after; of 1826, when James Bland won £30,000 over Lord Scarborough's Tarrare; of the eccentric James Hirst, who died in 1829, aged 91, and who for many years frequented the races, appearing on the course dressed in coat, inexpressibles, and hat of sheepskin, and that waistcoat of drakes' feathers he loved, drawn by dogs, asses, or his bull, in a carriage made without nails, after his own design—showering around his curious equipage, to which one or two tame foxes were tied, notes of the Bank of Rawcliffe for twopence halfpenny apiece (these notes, bearing his own portrait and inscription, showed him seated in one of his wonderful carriages, gun in hand, attended by his pigs and dogs; they ran as follows:—"Bank of Rawcliffe, No.—I promise to pay John Bull, or bearer, on demand, the sum of FIVE halfpence, 18—, for the Governor and Company of the Bank of Rawcliffe, JAMES HIRST"); of 1827, when

Robinson, the rider of Mr. Petre's Matilda, received £1,000 in presents, and when the Duke of Devonshire had to help the judge to start the Leger horses; of the accident to Epirus in 1837, and the celebrated dead heat between Major Yarburgh's Charles XII. and Mr. Thornhill's Euclid in 1839. In 1843, pigeon expresses were more extensively employed than they had been during the few previous years that this means of conveying the result of a great race had been in use. Nutwith won, and the news of his victory was sent to all parts by means of the homing pigeons. The information was written on a slip of paper, and attached to the pinion, as is done at present. The destinations of the pigeons were chiefly towns in Yorkshire, with one or two in Lancashire.

The year 1844 contributed a "sensation" in the victory of Faugh-a-Ballagh. The winner was ridden by H. Bell, and William Scott had betted a thousand sovereigns even that he did not see the post.

At the present day all is racing business at Doncaster, from the Tuesday when the visitors begin to arrive till the Friday night when they take their departure; but in early times—say 1700 to 1780—the mornings of the race days were devoted to the chase. In 1761 it was announced that there would be stag and fox hunting as usual, and until comparatively recent years a few hours' cub-hunting were given, to enable masters of hounds from distant parts to see the Badsworth and Sandbeck hounds. Cock-fighting, too,

was an important appendage to the meetings from very early times. In 1761 a main of cocks was fought in Mr. John Watson's pit at the Black Boy, "as usual." A change, however, having come over the enactments of the Lords and Commons, if not over the tastes of the people, cock-fighting ceased to afford one of the chief attractions of a visit to Doncaster at race-time, and the cockpit in the Mail Coach-yard, French-gate, was turned into a Dissenters' chapel.

Doncaster was also the paradise of provincial gamblers. E. O. tables were conspicuous features of the proceedings on the Town Moor, and were permitted in the market-place. Rooms were engaged for roulette and chicken hazard, to which passengers in the streets were publicly invited with, "Walk in, gentlemen—play within." Fifty years ago such cards as this were put in the hands of passers-by:—"To Noblemen and Gentlemen—Roulette Bank £1,000, at Mason's (the Tailor), Scott-lane."

Thimble-rigging, prick the garter, and other humbler games of "chance"—so called, but really of the greatest certainty—followed the fate of the more aristocratic pursuits of the green cloth; 1825 and Mr. Baxter put an end to public hazard; 1829 saw the dispersion of the lawless mob of thimble-riggers, which was put to flight by the military.

Doncaster has been honoured at meeting-times with the patronage of royalty. Too remote for the visits of kings in days when locomotion was difficult and highwaymen plentiful, even if its card had offered

greater attractions than it did, George IV., one of the best patrons of racing that ever lived, when he was Prince Regent, visited Doncaster in 1806, with his brother the Duke of Clarence, who succeeded him on the throne. Lord Fitzwilliam, who lodged at a hosier's in French-gate, entertained the royal brothers every day during their stay in Doncaster. There are, of course, some stories told of their stay. The great Colonel Mellish and his afterwards Majesty, King William IV., having taken a man into custody for fighting in St. Sepulchre-gate, lodged him in gaol. This done, they had to cross an open yard, when the sprightly Colonel turned the key on the future Majesty of England, and took it to his brother. The Prince Regent, after due consideration, saw fit to liberate his brother, and his Grace of Clarence being once more free of the streets of Doncaster, "the whole affair was good humouredly passed over as a practical joke;" for the Duke of Clarence was never vindictive. Of all the stories told of the Town Moor, the best is Mr. Sheardown's story of this royal visit. The Prince Regent had a cold; the Royal party were showing themselves to the people from the balcony of their lodgings—

"Which—which is the Prince? I must see the Prince!" cried an excited old Yorkshirewoman, who had come to Doncaster not to see Fyldener run for the great race, but to see the First Gentleman in Europe.

"That's him," said a bystander, pointing upwards; "him with the handkerchief in his hand."

“Him!” cried the old lady, in profound contempt—“that the Prince!—why, he blows his own nose!”

One of the most splendid scenes ever witnessed on the historic Moor, however, was when, in September, 1835, the meeting was honoured by the presence of her Majesty the Queen, then Princess Victoria—who, accompanied by her Grace the Duchess of Kent, and attended by her suite, left Wentworth House for Doncaster on the 15th of September.

The august visitor received an enthusiastic Yorkshire reception; and years after, an old country gentleman who had seen the Princess Victoria in 1835, met the Prince Consort at the Royal Agricultural Show at York, on being presented, seized his hand, and exclaimed—

“How’s your wife, Prince—how’s your wife, eh? I saw her at Doncaster in ’35.”

The Prince replied pleasantly, and remarked to his equerry that he did not remember to have heard her Majesty called his wife in England before; and bowing to the gentleman who had just been presented, he seized both his hands, and told him that as long as he lived he should never forget his hearty, homely, Yorkshire welcome.

Although the records of racing held in the vicinage of the city of York are as complete as any we possess, they do not go back far enough into the past to enable us to fix with any probability of accuracy the date when horse-races first became an in-

stitution under the shadow of the fortified walls of the ancient capital of the North. Allen, in his "History of the County of York," cites Camden's "Britannia" to show that before 1590 races were held in the Forest of Galtres, near York. On the authority of Camden, the prize in these contests was a small golden bell, which was affixed after the race to the head-piece on the bridle of the winner. The successful animal was led about in triumph, and from this practice, it is said, arose the common phrase, "bearing away the bell."

Under the title of "Turf Annals of York and Doncaster," Mr. John Orton, formerly keeper of the Match-book and Clerk of the Course at York, made a collection of all the returns of races run at these places up to the October meeting at York in 1840. The earliest record of the sport he could find, in the form of what is now called a return list, was at York, on Tuesday, September 13, 1709, for a gold cup, value £50. It is specified that this race was run in three four-mile heats, over Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings. When the races were removed from the Forest of Galtres, or whatever place they were held at, to Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings, it is not possible to determine; but the first race over Knavesmire was run in 1731. It was "His Majesty's one hundred guineas for six-year old horses, &c., 6st., four-mile heats," and was won by Lord Lonsdale's bay horse, Monkey, beating the representatives of Sir Nathaniel Curzon, Mr. Vavasour, and Mr. Benson.

Probably Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings formed a large, open, and unenclosed space, affording ample scope for long races, when racing was first practised there. Allen describes this course as "a spacious common field on the north side of the city."

There was, however, a mile to the south of York Minster, another "large common pasture," which is now one of the best racecourses in the kingdom. To this, in 1731, the meetings were removed, to the advantage of the sport. Knavesmire adjoins Tyburn, where the criminals were formerly executed (till August, 1802). The culprits were driven in a cart from the city gaol, "surrounded and followed by numerous multitudes; this barbarous custom, with its brutal concomitants," was put a stop to in the year above-mentioned, when the executions for the first time took place outside the Castle or gaol.

The name of Knavesmire is said to be derived in a very simple and straightforward manner—namely, from the words knave and mire. It is an extensive common pasture, called from time immemorial by its present name—Knavesmire. "Knave," says Allen, "implying, from the Anglo-Saxon, a poor householder; and mire, alluding to the watery situation—thus denoting it the poor man's field."

It is well established that what may be termed modern racing began at York, in 1709, over the "common pasture," at Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings. The citizens of York were as enthusiastic in the cause of sport as their neighbours, the townsmen of

Doncaster. On that occasion, nearly a century and three-quarters ago, they made a collection in the city, and with the proceeds purchased five Plates to be given away as prizes. Four years later they had influence enough at Court to procure the King's Gold Cup, in those days a real gold drinking vessel, and not the hundred guineas of late times. And this Royal encouragement to the sport has been given at York continuously from 1713 to the present day. In 1754 a Grand Stand was built by subscription. It was an edifice worthy of the great sporting county, being substantially and well built of red brick, having on the ground floor convenient offices and rooms for the entertainment of company; for at that time the county races were the occasion of a week's conviviality, tea and wine drinking, balls, assemblies, and card parties being the order of the day with the gentry and their guests. It was therefore necessary that the Stand should provide accommodation now unnecessary on a racecourse. The second floor is thus described:—"A handsome and commodious room for the nobility and gentry to assemble in, with a balustrade projection, the front of which is upwards of ninety feet in length, and supported by a rustic arcade of fifteen feet high." From this floor the ladies and their attendant swains obtained a good view of the several heats, and of the surrounding scenery. At the same time as the Stand, a stone rotunda was erected for a goal, "with attached Doric columns supporting their proper entablature, and

surmounted by a dome." This Round House was built "for the convenience of those persons appointed to decide the order in which the horses pass." The principal races now run on Knavesmire are the Great Ebor, the Biennials, the Great Yorkshire Stakes, and the Knavesmire Stakes. The August Meeting is important and well attended, bringing together company from all parts of the county and the kingdom ; any St. Leger candidates, or their stable companions, that may show being watched with the greatest interest.

But in the fourth year of this century an event of a sporting character took place on Knavesmire which attracted nearly as many spectators as the Great Ebor and the Great Yorkshire Stakes do now. Mrs. Thornton, an Amazon, rode a four-mile race against Mr. Flint. Allen says:—"This novel and extraordinary event took place on the last day of the August Meeting (1804), when upwards of fifty thousand persons were present on the course. A party of 6th Light Dragoons attended the ground to preserve order. Mrs. Thornton's horse, Vingarillo, broke down about the third mile, and in consequence lost the match." The "*Sporting Magazine*" (vol. xxiv., 1804) gives full particulars of this eccentric match. Mr. Flint challenged Mrs. Thornton to ride a match for one thousand guineas. The match was arranged, the conditions being that it was to be decided on August 25th, 1804—Mrs. Thornton to ride her husband's horse, Vingarillo, against Mr.

Flint's Thornville, at catch-weights. The day came, and the subject having been discussed all over the country for weeks, drew together a wonderful concourse of people, variously estimated at from 100,000 (*York Herald* of that date) to the 50,000 spectators Allen says were present. Mrs. Thornton rode in "leopard colour," blue sleeves and cap; Mr. Flint rode in all white. The betting at the start was 6 to 4 on the Amazon. Mrs. Thornton pulled up a third of a mile from the winning-post. She did not take her defeat gracefully; on the contrary, she wrote a letter to the *York Herald*, making complaints against Mr. Flint's manner of riding the match, and concluding with this sentence—

"Challenge.—After all this, I challenge Mr. Flint to ride the same match in all its terms, over the same course, next year—his horse, Brown Thornville, against any one he may choose to select out of three horses I shall hunt with this season.

"ALICIA THORNTON."

In 1805, at the York August Meeting, this lady rode two matches, the first for four hogsheds of claret as well as the stakes; the second against Buckle the jockey for a considerable sum of money.

Mr. Flint, however, unable to get the thousand pounds he had won the year before, posted Colonel Thornton in the Ring on the Thursday at that meeting. On Friday the Colonel "recriminated," whereupon Flint horsewhipped him. Finally, Thornton

applied to the King's Bench for a criminal information against Flint for challenging him to fight a duel, and for horsewhipping him. It was asserted that the bet of one thousand pounds was a "mere nominal thing," for the purpose of attracting people to the race, and the jury which heard the case of *Thornton v. Flint*, at the York Assizes, in 1808, came to this conclusion, and awarded Thornton five hundred pounds as a solatium for the public whipping he had received.

Besides York and Doncaster, horse-races, all of them well attended, and at which the sport and class of horses competing is above the average of country meetings, are held at seven other towns—namely, Beverley (Hull and East Riding), Catterick Bridge, Northallerton, Pontefract, Richmond, Ripon, and Thirsk.

At no less than nine places in one county, therefore, are meetings held once—in some cases twice—annually. At two, the races are of the greatest historic and present interest. At all the others, the enthusiasm with which Yorkshiremen support the national sport, and the numbers in which they attend the meetings, contribute to raise most of them above the level of ordinary plating *réunions*. Mr. John Orton, the compiler and collector of the return lists of the races run at York and Doncaster, from the year 1709 to 1840, in speaking of his county and his love of horses and sport, in the preface to his collection of racing records, well says:—

"To the county of York, the capital of which

chronicles her sports the earliest of any place on record, the British Turf has perhaps been more indebted for the superior breed and present perfection of the high-mettled racer than to any portion of the kingdom; to the Yorkshireman's judicious judgment in breeding, and the public spirit, support, and countenance given to the Turf in early days by the nobility and gentry of that vast district, may be traced the fountain from which have sprung those valuable streams of blood that are found flowing through a long line of ancestry to most of the superior horses of the present day. To the enterprise of a Darley, of Aldby, Yorkshire, the British nation is indebted for that valuable Arabian that produced a Childers; to the superior stock of a Hutton, of Marske, another ancient Yorkshire family, the British Turf owes the possession of an Eclipse; and the breeding and racing establishments of the Duke of Bolton, the Earl of Carlisle, Sir Wm. Strickland, Sir Matthew Pierson, Sir Marmaduke Wyvill, Sir Wm. Ramsden, the Crofts of Barforth, Routh of Snape, Hartleys of Middleton Tyas, Leedes of North Milford, Scroopes of Danby, St. Quintens of Scampston, followed up by the Marquis of Rockingham and the Wentworth family, Pratt of Askrigg, and innumerable others in later days, have contributed eminently in producing the excellence of our English race-horse, now the envy and admiration of all our Continental neighbours, who seek the possession of our blood at vast labour and considerable cost."

We may well endorse these words of an enthusiastic sportsman, who spent years in making his valuable collection of racing returns for the two chief places of sport in his native county, and coincide with John Orton, at all events, in the belief that, in all matters relating to horseflesh, York is the "premier county of England."

CHAPTER III.

NEWMARKET.

THE Heath at Newmarket is the finest race-ground in the kingdom, and the town is as completely given over to training and running horses as Northampton is to making boots and shoes. At the present time, there are seven meetings held annually at Newmarket, and a pleasant week at head-quarters is one of the prime delights of every lover of the sport. The external features of racing undergo a complete change when they make their appearance on the Heath. There the pursuit of the sport is purely a matter of business: everybody is businesslike about matters of odds and weights. In the quaint, old-fashioned town all are early risers. They brush "with hasty steps the dew away" as they walk, or ride on cobby little animals, to the Heath or Limekilns, to witness the morning gallops; they scan with critical eyes the favourites for a great race as they canter past; they are on the *qui vive* for trials. A quiet and reticent set of people, minding their own affairs, standing together in little groups of three or four, carrying on a jerky conversation in mysterious language and low tones. For

all this, however, their eyes are proverbially shut to the merits of their best horses, and comparatively little notice is taken of Newmarket opinion on the merits of the cracks in training there. With the arrival of the morning trains from London the little town wakes up into real life and bustle. The visitors want breakfast, which they are supplied with at the numerous hostelrys, where in meeting-times the tariff of charges is not generally of the most moderate kind.

"I do not want to buy the bed, I only want to pay for having slept in it," said a Frenchman to a Newmarket host, who had charged him three guineas for an unquiet night's rest in a garret.

Breakfast being over, the company collects in front of the Subscription Rooms, where the business of wagering, and to some extent of settling over the results of the previous day, is carried on; while buyers stroll down to the paddocks, and look over the promising yearlings or the "entire stud of a nobleman giving up racing," which Mr. Edmund Tattersall is selling with his customary judgment and power of persuasion.

At about half-past twelve, a general move is made for the Heath, the first race, perhaps the first two events, being decided over one of the courses that finish at "the top of the course." These races over, a stampede is made for the Cesarewitch Stand and the Betting Ring in the middle of the Heath. Pedestrians post along at their best pace; the broughams and four-wheelers raise a great cloud as they are

driven over the dusty white road that skirts the farm adjoining the Heath; patrician supporters of the Turf on high-stepping cobs, and jockey lads, with their racing saddles girthed round their waists, on fast ponies, gallop together pell-mell over the luxuriant grass that covers the ground on either side of the running track. Ahead, this course stretches away to Four-mile Bottom, a vast expanse of elastic turf; to the left lies the Cambridge-road; to the right farms of rich arable land, over a flat country as far as the eye can see. Behind lies the Stand at the top of the town. Newmarket itself is lost in a hollow, only the roofs of the stables—the last occupied by the unnamed roans of the late Lord Glasgow—shining over the trees. In the foreground are the Cesarewitch Stand, the Rowley Mile winning post, and the Birdcage, and just beyond is the Betting Ring; in the far distance the tower of Ely Cathedral is to be seen cutting the sky, cold and grey against the bright blue.

The natural advantages of the Heath as a race-ground must strike every visitor to Newmarket. An old-fashioned writer (the author of “*Newmarket: an Essay on the Turf*”) speaks thus of the famous running-ground:—

“Here Nature, undebauched by art, spreads her ample bosom to receive her sons ambitious of renown; here no pillars of marble, no narrow and contracted limits, cramp the spirit of an Englishman. A wide and extensive carpet is spread indeed, but it

is spread by the hand of Nature, as if on purpose to form a stage every way fit for the scenes that are acted upon it."

Nearly every spectator on this "extensive carpet" has come with a view to a businesslike enjoyment of the day's sport. Even the Cambridge men, on speedy screws hired from Haggis or Death—that squad of irregular cavalry the Admiral so much fears on a great day—have come prepared to sport their fivers, and primed with tips picked up at Bottisham Swan or the White Lion. At Newmarket, except for the "busy hum of men" about the Betting Ring, or the subdued clamour of excitement when an outsider wins, all is comparatively silent. There is no such thing as the "fun of the fair," for there is no fair. There is one solitary booth, at an inconvenient distance from all parts of the course, where what, by a pious tradition of the place, are called refreshments are sold; but there are few customers. There are no nigger minstrels—Ginger's band confines its performance to the town of an evening, after the races; no Aunt Sally, no gipsies anxious to tell fortunes; a man with a doll in his hat, or with a green veil, would be in danger of being driven to the neighbouring county lunatic asylum; while a man who was rash enough to appear within those classic precincts with a supply of bags of flour would be at once taken into custody.

Newmarket is simply a place of business; nobody expects or wants any fun, any luncheon, or any

champagne, till the work of the day is over. The company may be divided into two classes—those who want to get the tip, and those who have got the tip to give.

There are to be seen, on the roof of the Cesarewitch Stand, the well-known faces of the leading supporters of the Turf. Drawn up in a line within the cords are broughams—in one the representative of a leading sporting paper, provided with pens, ink, and a writing slab, busily at work recording the incidents of the race just over, prognosticating concerning the future, or describing with graphic pen the scene around him; in another is a noble Duke, anxiously waiting during that “bad quarter of an hour” of delay at the starting-post, till he shall see his colours carried bravely in front or ignominiously borne in among the ruck. It is curious at Newmarket on a wet day to see a great race watched from the windows of cabs and broughams; but on a fine day, with the sun shining brightly on the Rowley Mile, there is no prettier sight than to watch a large field of horses coming along at a cracking pace over the matchless running track that finishes at the Stand. Opposite this building, just before the horses start for a great race, there is a busy scene: bookmakers, standing on the tops of ancient four-wheelers, shouting to the aristocratic occupants of the roof the latest odds against favourites and outsiders; an assemblage of people really heart and soul in the business on hand, pressing eagerly against the antiquated posts

and cords provided by the Jockey Club; the Bird-cage, in which a few quiet thoroughbreds, clothed and hooded, are being walked round at measured pace; from the Cesarewitch finish down to the T.Y.C. winning-post, a long line of vehicles; to the right the Betting Ring, from which comes the hum of distant voices; opposite, Mr. Clark, in his movable box, with the imperturbable donkey peacefully browsing until the time comes to pull the judge's box to another winning-post; in the distance, the figure of Mr. McGeorge, red flag in hand; and just beyond him the candidates for Two Thousand Guineas honours. Everywhere, men galloping wildly about from the Ring to the Stand, from the Stand to the starting-post; and around, all the great, lovely expanse of turf, whose undulation is broken by the ditch or mound thrown up centuries ago to form a Saxon boundary to the kingdom of East Anglia.

A few minutes' delay, and there comes the cry along the line, "They're off!" A tumbling, plunging, running mass of colour is seen at the end of the course, becoming distinct at the Bushes, and taking the shape of horses and men. The Dip, the cords are reached, the finish is close—

"Resound the shouts of men, the smack of whips;
The goal the conqueror wins, but by a neck,
And quick he bears away the Royal Plate,"

or something better—say the rich Two Thousand Guineas Stakes.

Mr. Clark causes the number to be hoisted over his box, there is a rush to the Bird-cage to see the weighing in, the "All right" is given, and everybody at Newmarket rushes off to the Ring to bet on the next race.

Such is the Newmarket of to-day: an irregular, quaint, picturesque little town, given over to the training of race-horses, and possessed of the best of all courses for the public and private trial of their ability to race. To the *habitué* of the Heath it must seem impossible that there ever could have been a time when there was no racing across the flat, or over the Rowley Mile; and, as is universally the case in respect to ancient places of sport, it is out of the question to attempt to fix the date at which irregular racing began on the Heath. But regular meetings at certain seasons were established by James I., who was the cause of much of Newmarket's early prosperity. This sporting Scotch Prince attended the races on the Heath in person, in the third year of his reign, 1605; and from that date the little Suffolk town has been the head-quarters of the Turf, a supremacy the unrivalled natural advantages it possesses will always enable it to maintain. A further stimulus was given to racing at Newmarket in the reign of James I. by the arrival of some horses of Spanish breed from Scotland, which had been cast upon the coast of Galloway from the wreck of some vessels which formed part of the Spanish Armada. These horses were, it is believed, of better "goodness and stout-

ness" than the native breed, which owed considerable advantage to the introduction of this Spanish blood. After the accession of Charles I. a bad time came for Newmarket, and for the prospects of racing ; that hapless monarch did not care for the sport, nor did his successor in power, the Lord Protector Cromwell. But with the Restoration there set in a palmy time for the Suffolk town. The Merry Monarch loved the sport and the place, and frequently attended the races there, as the numerous State papers dated Newmarket witness. From his palace at Newmarket his Majesty regulated the students at the neighbouring University of Cambridge, under date March 4, 1629:—

"We have been informed that of late years many students of . . . our University, not regarding their own birth, degree, and quality, have made divers contracts of marriage with women of mean estate and of no good fame in that town [of Cambridge], to their great disparagement, the discontent of their parents and friends, and to the dishonour of the government of our University: We will and command you, that all times hereafter, if any taverner, vitualler, or In-holder, or any other inhabitant of that town, or within the jurisdiction of that University, shall keep any daughter or other woman in his house to whom there shall resort any scholars of that University, of what condition soever, to mispend their time, or otherwise to misbehave themselves, or to engage themselves in marriage without the consent of those that have the guidance and tuition of them;

that . . . you command the said woman or women, thus suspected (according to the form of your charter against women *de malo suspectas*), to remove out of the said University and four miles of the same."

To Newmarket, the diaries of Pepys and Evelyn show, the King and his gay Court frequently went, starting from Whitehall in coaches at three o'clock in the morning, and once getting "overset, with the Duke of York, the Duke of Monmouth, and the Prince Rupert, at the King's Gate in Holborne; and the King all dirty, but no hurt."

From Newmarket Charles very properly legislated for the Turf, as well as made laws for the better guidance of the Cambridge undergraduates.

The following are the Articles of the original Town Plate run for on the Heath; and, as an authentic example of the rules prescribed in pre-Jockey Club days, are both interesting and curious:—

"Articles ordered by his Majestie to be observed by all persons that put in horses to run for the Plate, the new Round-Heat, at Newmarket, set out the 16th day of October [1664], in the 17th year of our Sove-
reign Lord King Charles II. Which Plate is to be rid for yearly, the second Thursday in October, for ever:—

"*Imprimis*.—That every horse, mare, or gelding that rideth for this prize shall be led out between eleven and twelve of the clock in the forenoon, and shall be ready to start by one of the same day.

"*Item*.—Every horse that rideth shall be bridled,

saddled and shod, and his rider shall weigh twelve stone, fourteen pounds to the stone; and every rider that wanteth above one pound and a half after he hath rid the heat, shall win no plate or prize.

Item.—Every horse that rides the new Round Course three times over (set out the 16th day of October, in the 17th year of King Charles II.) on the outside of the Ditch from Newmarket, shall leave all the posts and flags the first and last heats on the right hand, and the second on the left hand, starting and ending at the weighing post, by Cambridge Gap, called Thomond's Post.

Item.—Whatsoever horse rideth willingly, or for advantage, within any of the said flags, shall win no plate or prize, but lose his stakes, and ride no more; but if he be thrust by any horse against his will, then he shall lose only the heat; provided he keeps all the rest of the flags, and come within distance.

Item.—It is allowed for any horse to be relieved at the discretion of the owner at the end of each heat, and every horse shall have half an hour's time to rub between each heat.

Item.—Whosoever doth stop or stay any of the horses that rideth for this plate or prize, if he be either owner, servant, party or bettor, and it appears to be willingly done, he shall win no plate, prize, or bets.

Item.—Every rider that layeth hold on, or striketh any of the riders, shall win no plate or prize.

Item.—If any horse, &c., shall fall by any mis-

chance, so that the rider be dismounted, and if he does his best afterwards to get in within distance, and ride fair (which shall be determined by the judges of the field), he shall only lose the heat.

“Item.—Any of the judges may weigh any of the riders at the end of any of the heats; and if he be found to have fraudulently cast away any of his weight, and want any more than his pound and a half, he shall lose the plate, prize, and stakes.

“Item.—If any difference shall be about riding for this plate, which is not expressed in these articles, it shall be referred to the noblemen and gentlemen which are there present, and being contributors to the said plate; but more especially by the Judges, the Judges being to be chosen every time the plate or prize is run for, by the major part of the contributors that are there present.

“Item.—Every horse that winneth three heats shall win the plate or prize, without running the course.

“Item.—Every horse that runneth for the plate or prize shall put in three pounds, except it be a contributor's horse, and then he shall put in forty shillings.

“Item.—Whosoever winneth the plate or prize shall give to the Clerk of the Course twenty shillings, to be distributed to the poor on both sides of Newmarket, and twenty shillings to the Clerk of the race; for which he is to keep the course plain and free from cart roots.

“Item.—The Clerk of the race is to receive the stakes before any horse starts, and is to deliver it to the tenant for the time being, who is to give sufficient security, not only for his rent, but likewise to add such stakes to the ensuing plate or prize the next year.

“Item.—Every horse, mare, or gelding, that rideth for this plate or prize, shall likewise deposit twenty shillings for every heat, which the winning horse shall have; and the last horse of every heat shall pay the second horse's stakes and his own, which stakes are likewise to be deposited into the Clerk of the race's hands before the horses start, to pay the winning horse his stakes every heat, and likewise twenty shillings to the second horse, to save his stakes; but if there runneth but two horses, then no stakes to be run for but what is to add to the next year's plate.

“Item.—No horse that winneth not one of the three heats shall be permitted to come in to run the course.

“Item.—The plate or prize is to be run for the second Thursday in October, every rider carrying twelve stone weight, at fourteen pounds to the stone, besides bridle and saddle; and if any gentleman that rides shall desire to carry weight in his saddle, he shall have the liberty, provided he allows two pounds to the rest for the weight of their saddle.

“Item.—The Clérk of the race is to summon the riders to start again at the end of half an hour by

the signal of drum, trumpet, or any other way, setting up an hour-glass for that purpose.

“Item.—No man is admitted to ride for this plate or prize that is either serving-man or groom.

“Item.—Those horses that after the running of the three heats shall run the four-mile course, shall lead away, and start within an hour and half, or else to win no plate or prize.”

Charles's attendances at Newmarket were very frequent during the whole of his reign, and although the sport benefited by the patronage of the monarch who legislated so wisely for it, and the town by the presence of the gayest of Royal Courts, still it is doubtful if the morals of the inhabitants gained much from the visits of the gallants and fine ladies who came down from London in shoals in the train of the King.

Evelyn slept a night there, and found the society he had to mix with “more resembling a luxurious and abandoned rout than a Christian Court.” Beneath the greater caution of Pepys may be traced similar sentiments; but, whatever were the doings of the Court of the Restoration when keeping festival at Newmarket, their licence cannot be charged against the newly revived and popularized sport of horse-racing, for at Whitehall similar complaints to that of Evelyn were constantly laid at the door of the boon companions of the King.

Nor do matters at Newmarket appear to have mended much when, in 1695, another and very dif-

ferent monarch honoured the racing town with his presence. "On the 17th of October," writes Macaulay, "William went to Newmarket—now a place rather of business than of pleasure, but in the autumns of that age the gayest and most luxurious spot in the island. It was not unusual for the whole Court and Cabinet to go down to the meetings. Jewellers and milliners, players and fiddlers, venal wits and venal beauties followed in crowds. The streets were made impassable by coaches and six. In the places of public resort, peers flirted with maids of honour; and officers of the Life Guards, all plumes and gold lace, jostled professors in trencher caps and black gowns. For on such occasions the neighbouring University of Cambridge always sent her highest functionaries with loyal addresses, and selected her ablest theologians to preach before the Sovereign and his splendid retinue."

Such was the Newmarket of the middle of the reign of William III., as the picture of the High-street is presented to us by the master-hand of our greatest historian. But William, although he took Newmarket in his way to Althorpe to visit the Earl of Sunderland, and the Earl of Exeter at Stamford, and stayed some days at the "joyous place," had no sympathy with the people who frequented it, or the sport that drew them there, except in so far as a better breed of race-horses might supply in time a better breed of cavalry horses for his army. He was told it was the proper place to stop at to receive the

homage of the adjoining counties of Cambridge, Huntingdon, and Suffolk, before proceeding to the splendid seat in Althorpe Park, where "all Northamptonshire crowded to kiss the royal hand in that fine gallery which had been embellished by the pencil of Vandyke, and made classical by the muse of Waller;" and where a few years later the greatest of the Spencers, the idol of his county, built the stables and enclosed the paddocks for the breeding of foals that should in their four-year-old maturity maintain the *prestige* of that noble house on many an English raceground.

A time had now come, however, in the history of the little Suffolk town, when the patronage of the Sovereign was no longer "requested" to the success of the sport, or the prosperity of the head-quarters of the Turf. James had laid the foundation of the fortunes of the place by building himself a palace there; in this mansion he occasionally resided, as did his successors, Charles I. (who was imprisoned in it), and Charles II., who greatly enlarged and improved the house, and built those King's Stables, now occupied by a trainer, which are the only vestiges now remaining of the Royal palace. William found Newmarket too important a centre to pass over; Anne—who was a thorough sportswoman, a Royal Diana—and several members of the House of Brunswick, made use of it on their visits to Newmarket before it ceased to be a Royal residence. The palace was sold by the Crown about half a century

ago, and a portion of the ground on which it stood is now the site of a Congregational chapel, the walls of which are partly built of the old materials.

But a century before the stones of the old palace were put to this use—a purpose little contemplated by the Scotch Prince who built it—the success of the sport of horse-racing was established: the people loved it, a large number of the nobility and gentry gave it their countenance and support, in addition to the small, yet by no means insignificant, number who actively took part in the sport and kept running horses in training; and with the success of horse-racing, Newmarket in that age was more than any other place closely identified.

Since the reign of Anne, England has had but one monarch who really loved the “sport of Kings;” yet all have given to the Turf their patronage and support. There have been vast changes in the kingdom, political and social, habits and customs strange to our forefathers have supplanted their ways; but in all those years there has been plenty of racing on the famous Heath. Spring, midsummer, and autumn have with each return brought the lovers of racing back to head-quarters. Meetings unknown in the earlier days of the sport have come into existence, to flourish beyond the wildest dreams of those to whom we owe the existence of our thoroughbred stock. Ascot, Epsom, Doncaster, and Goodwood are attended by thousands where the Heath counts its fifties; but Newmarket remains, what it must always

be, the metropolis of racing—the best training and running ground in the kingdom.

The University of Cambridge has long ceased to furnish select preachers for the racing weeks, peers have left off wearing ribands and gold lace in the streets, maids of honour never turn their dainty steps in the direction of the town; but the scene in the High-street to-day is far busier, though not nearly so picturesque as it was in the days of the Merry Monarch, or of the great Dutch Prince; for racing, once exclusively the pastime of the great, has become the sport of the people. The starting-post has disappeared from Six-Mile Bottom, the old Beacon Course is rarely used; but with the modern era of racing has come in sport more plentiful, and a popular attendance impossible in the days of four-mile heats and matches for a thousand guineas P.P., and huge wagers, over six miles of ground. With nearly one-half the thoroughbreds in training “educated” at Newmarket, it is needless to say that the town was never more flourishing than it is at the present time.

The great racing town served also as head-quarters for another and very different sport. Cock-fighting, under the Newmarket rules, was an indispensable accessory to the nobler contests on the Heath; and the sportsmen of olden times spent their mornings and evenings at the cockpit, giving up the middle of their day to witnessing the struggles of their horses over the A. F. or the Beacon Course.

A knowledge of and taste for cocking were essential parts of the training of a gentleman who wished to be called a sportsman.

All the very old Turf books, historical lists of horse-matches (races) run, calculations for cocking, Breeder's Useful Libraries, and other sporting publications of the last century, contained what was an indispensable requisite to the less lettered frequenters of Westminster Pit—namely, a form of articles for a cock-match, which usually ran as follows:—

“Articles of agreement made the day of
17 , between (say), Thelwall and Mr. Egerton.
First, the said parties have agreed that each of them shall produce, show, and weigh at the Old Cockpit, the backside of the King's Stable, on the day of next, beginning at the hour of seven o'clock the said morning, cocks, none to be less than three pounds six ounces nor more than four pounds eight ounces, and as many of each party's cocks that come within ounces of the other party's cocks shall fight for guineas, that is guineas each cock, in as equal divisions as the battles can be divided into, at Pits or day's play at the cockpit aforesaid, and that the party's cocks that win the greatest number of battles-match out of the number aforesaid shall be entitled to the sum of guineas as odd battle money; and the sum is to be made stakes into the hands of Mr. before any cocks are pitted, in equal shares between the parties aforesaid.”

Then came a provision for cocks for tie battles, the "ballance of the battle money" was to be paid at the end of each Pit or day's play. The agreement concluded thus:—"And to fight in fair reputed silver spurs and with fair hackles, and to be subject to all the usual rules of cock-fighting as is practised at London and Newmarket, and the profits of the Pits or day's play to be equally divided between the said parties after all charges are paid and satisfied that usually arise thereupon."

To this agreement the parties set their hands in the usual way. Though cock-matches were going on all the year round, the race-time was the favourite occasion for one landed gentleman to take his revenge upon his neighbour, or for one county to pit itself against another. Cambridgeshire and Suffolk, Cambridgeshire and Norfolk, Cheshire and Lancashire, North Riding against West, Lord Westminster against Lord Derby, or Mr. Richardson against Mr. Fickling.

Thirty-one or forty-one cocks were commonly shown on each side, to which were added a proper number for byes. A cocking-match not unusually lasted for six days. The stakes in good matches were ten guineas a battle, and four or five hundred on the main. But the stakes represented a very small amount of interest compared with the bets, which in county and other famous matches appear to have been only controlled by the purses or credits of the bettors.

The cock afforded sport in another way. In the north of England it was a common practice enough, a century and a half ago, to tie a rope across the High-street, the Market-place, or in the country from tree to tree. From the centre of this rope—which hung a few yards from the ground—depended a live cock, tied by his legs to the cord. At the cock the best horsemen of the neighbourhood rode full tilt; they rose in their stirrups as they reached the rope, and made a snatch at the bird's head and neck, which were well soaped or greased, to render pulling off the head more difficult to accomplish. The successful competitor was he who, all the while keeping his seat in his saddle, was able first to pull off the head of the cock, and carry it to the goal in his hand.

But, to the credit of a more humane age, these barbarous practices have—except for the furtive support of a very small number of hole-and-corner breakers of the law—completely passed away from among the sports and pastimes of England. The voice of public opinion was successful in putting down the practice of cock-fighting, once universal, in England. The cockpit has disappeared. Another practice discreditable to Newmarket has lately—ten years ago—been put down by the hand of the law. At all times of the year, but especially in the meeting weeks, hazard and roulette were played openly at nearly every inn and public-house in the town. Whilst noblemen and gentlemen were partaking of

the free suppers, drinking the champagne liberally poured out without charge, and staking their thousands on throws of the dice, in the substantial structures built especially for gambling hells in the High-street, jockey boys were swallowing sixpennyworths of brandy and water, and playing for shillings and half-crowns in the parlours and tap-rooms of the public-houses. It is well for all the persons concerned that this scandal has been removed, and that temptation in this form is taken out of the way of the servant, while the master must be satisfied with "plunging" on the Heath, if he must gamble at all.

But one of the greatest changes connected with Newmarket lies in the fact that the records of the sport formerly written in the ill-spelt diaries of *habitués* for their own private information—or, at most, that of a select circle of friends—or penned by such distinguished travellers as the Duke of Tuscany, or such sportsmen as the Earl of Bath, are now chronicled by the special reporters of a daily paper devoted solely to the interests of sport, and by the gentlemen who represent all the weekly and daily papers which find it necessary to present their readers with a full account of all the doings on the Heath. That this is the fact exhibits in the most unmistakable manner the development of the taste for horse-racing among the people of Great Britain, and is the best answer that can be given to those who prophesy the early decline of Newmarket and decay of the national sport.

CHAPTER IV.

ASCOT AND GOODWOOD.

THE racing season has been likened to a comedy in four acts: the first begins with Lincoln, another act drop is lowered upon the Two Thousand Guineas and Newmarket First Spring: the second act begins with Chester, and ends with the Ascot Cup. The third discovers, as the curtain rises, the Cockneys busy with the fun and frolic of "happy" Hampton; and the drop falls to the roar of the Tykes, as the St. Leger winner passes the post. The final act is begun at head-quarters with the First October, and the green baize is lowered upon the late autumn mists and large "hay and corn" fields of Shrewsbury and Warwick.

The comparison between the turf and the stage has been pushed further. As in the first act of a piece the characters have been but little developed, and the plot is only shown in order that an interest may not flag in the succeeding scenes, so on a racecourse the form of the competitors is either wholly dark to the outside public, as in the case of the juveniles who have their racing careers all before them, or with horses already well known to the sporting world, it

remains to be seen whether they retain the qualities that made them famous in past years. As the play advances, the pit critic can tell pretty nearly what the end will be ; so the student of form, after the Two Thousand Guineas, prophecies boldly concerning the issue of the Derby; and the nearer he gets to the end of the season, the better ought to be his judgment in finding the way to the winning-post. As far as two-and three-year-olds are concerned, he should be able to handicap with tolerable accuracy the public performers, and know to a pound what will bring them together. That his prognostications should often be wrong is part of that "glorious uncertainty of the turf" which interferes to upset so many calculations, and about which the "best laid schemes" of all men will, to the end of racing, "oft gang agley." The Ascot Meeting is the next great racing festival after the Derby. It is unfortunate, both for horses and men, that it is held only a fortnight after the excitements of Epsom, and it seems most desirable that it should in future be set a week later at least ; for it was never foreseen, when the meeting on the Royal Heath was fixed to follow only a few days after the four days' racing on Epsom Downs, that a race of great importance, of enormous value and international interest, would intervene between the Ascot Stakes Day and the Friday at Epsom.

The Grand Prize of Paris, for which the best English and Continental three-year-olds compete, was established by the Emperor Napoleon the

Third, a genuine lover of horseflesh, who came to the determination that France should have a great race, international in its character, and affording a prize of such value as should attract the best three-year-olds in the world to compete for it. Since 1856 there has been a racecourse at Longchamps. The course is a very good one, and the situation, within an easy drive of the capital, is charming. The scene of the great French race is on a splendid expanse of old turf, on the banks of the Seine, under the woods and coppices of St. Cloud, and the frowning fortress of Mont Valerien. Since France has recovered from her German and Communistic troubles, the attendance, despite the entrance fee, has been enormous; and Marshal MacMahon and the Duchess of Magenta, the Princes of the Orleans and Bourbon families, the high dignitaries of the Republic, and the fashion and rank of Paris, have again been present at the annual celebration at Longchamps. But we miss the extravagant yet tasteful luxury of the Empire, the splendid equipages, the postilions in sky-blue velvet and pink silk, with powdered and plastered hair, that marked the *régime* of Napoleon III.

Racing—though still an exotic in France, and though the horses of our neighbours are derived from our stock, ridden by our lads, and prepared for their engagements by our trainers—has taken a fast hold upon the people, and is likely to take permanent root. The sport is comparatively of modern introduction among the French, first assuming any

sort of importance under Louis XVI., who used to satisfy himself with a *petit écu* on the result of his greatest races, while his courtiers ventured their thousands of louis, and were sternly rebuked by Madame de Genlis for their wicked love of gambling.

It is to be regretted very much that a race of so much importance as the Grand Prix should be run for on the Sunday before the Ascot week. As it is certain the French Jockey Club will see no sufficient reason for altering their fixture, it is very desirable that steps should be taken to set the Ascot meeting at least a week later in the season, as by such an arrangement time would be given to English horses to recover from the effects of their race on the other side of the Channel, before they were asked to compete against the best form of their year for the rich three-year-old prizes at Ascot.

The course on the Royal Heath is one of the best in the kingdom, and the attendance at the meeting is very large, comprising many members of the aristocracy, and most people of fashion. During the lifetime of the late Prince Consort, it was the practice of her Majesty to attend the races on Tuesday and Thursday, in what is known as Ascot State. The Prince of Wales, who annually takes a house for the week near the course, now fills the place of her Majesty on these occasions; and the procession of Royal carriages and four, headed by the Master of the Buckhounds, attended by his whippers-in, and yeomen prickers, is one of the prettiest sights to be seen

on an English racecourse. The patronage of successive English sovereigns, which has gained for Ascot the honourable addition of "Royal," was conferred originally from the nearness of the Heath to Windsor Castle, and the convenience of access thus afforded.

The forest at Windsor was formerly of much greater extent than it is at present. According to an inquisition in the time of Charles the First, and the Perambulation made under the authority of an Act of Parliament in the forty-sixth year of King George the Third, the bounds of the forest extend into the five hundreds of Ripplesmere, Cookham, Charlton, Wargrave, and Sunning; and it was therefore possible for the King in early days to ride from the Castle almost on to the Heath, without quitting the royal demesne. Although the boundaries of the great forest remained in 1727, when William, Duke of Cumberland, uncle to George the Third, instituted races there, the forest itself was not of much greater proportions than it is in the present day. For some reason or other the races did not prove very successful; the two prizes—purses of forty and thirty guineas respectively—were large for that time; and with the patronage of the Court the meeting should have flourished. In fact, it did not: in 1729 no races were held on the Heath, and between that date and 1771 there were frequent instances of blank years. In 1771 the Gold Cup was founded by subscriptions of five guineas each—Henry, Duke of Cumberland,

being the promoter of the new stake. The year 1785 saw a King's Plate of one hundred guineas added to the Ascot prizes; and in 1807 a Gold Cup of one hundred guineas was first given.

Goodwood, although farther distant from London, presents almost the same features as Ascot. The same large and fashionable attendance, the brilliant toilets of the ladies, Royal patronage, and the interest attaching to the long race for the Cup, distinguish both meetings.

The racecourse, which is of great natural beauty, is situate in the park of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, at whose neighbouring mansion hospitality is dispensed in the race week to a large and distinguished "home" party, which always includes some members of the Royal family. Several circumstances combined to make Goodwood at the beginning of this century a place of sport; and the races were first held in the park of the Duke of Richmond in 1802. The Duke gave his hearty support to the venture; the officers of the Militia, the Hunt Club, and the local gentry, lent their assistance; and the result was a very successful *réunion*. For several years afterwards, however, the races in the park at Goodwood languished; complaint was made of the insufficiency of the sums of money added to the stakes; for a quarter of a century, the amounts of public money annually given were inconsiderable, and the subscriptions did not amount to any great sums. In 1827, a more energetic management

brought about a change, and from that date to the present Goodwood has occupied a conspicuous place among racing fixtures, being hardly second to any in importance and interest. In 1829, great improvements and alterations were made in the running track; in 1803, the Grand Stand was thrown open to the public, and the next year the Royal Guineas were given to be run for. Such was the progress of Goodwood in a few years, that, whereas in 1825 the public money given did not amount to more than three hundred pounds, twelve years later, owing to the exertions of Lord George Bentinck and his admirable management of the meeting, no less a sum than £11,145 was run for in stakes; and in 1845 the princely sum of £24,909 was distributed among the owners of winning horses at the Goodwood Meeting of that year.

CHAPTER V.

CHESTER—NEWCASTLE—NORTHAMPTON—PAISLEY—
LINCOLN—DURHAM.

THERE is evidence affording good reason for the belief that Cheshire was the county in which horse-racing first flourished, in which meetings were held at periodical intervals; in a word—in Cheshire horse-racing first became a regular practice.

For two centuries Chester was the station of the Twentieth Legion, and it has been claimed for the ancient Roman city that these soldiers first began racing on the Roodee. For this claim, however, there is, it is needless to say, no support outside the merest conjecture. Compared with the date of the Roman occupation of Britain, the year 1511 is a modern era; but it is a highly respectable date to be able to trace back to in the history of the Turf. The Roodee—the racecourse encircled partly by the ancient Roman walls, the most perfect of their kind existing in England—is said to derive its name from Rood-eye, the island of the Rood or Cross, which formerly stood there. The laudable exercises yearly used by the City of Chester were mentioned at length in a book about that “Anchant and famous

Cittie," written by the Rev. Robert Rodgers, a prebendary of the Cathedral, who died in 1595. He tells of a "silver bell, which was ordayned to be the reward of that horse which with speedy runninge then should runne before all others." This race for the silver bell took place "yearely," on the Roodee; and in the Reverend Parson of Gooseworth's time was a custom of such antiquity that the memory of man ran not to the contrary. There is an order of the Corporation of Chester, dated the 10th day of January, in the third year of the reign of Henry the Eighth, directing that this bell, of the annual value of three shillings and fourpence, the reward of "speedy runninge," should in future be always run for by horses on a course on the Roodee. And this is the earliest record of annual horse-races in Britain. To Chester, therefore, belongs the pride of place in point of antiquity; and it is to be regretted that changes in the social habits of the people, and the ease with which distant places of sport can now be visited by lovers of racing, who formerly were "locals" from compulsion, should have shorn the "Cup"—as the Tradesmen's Plate has always been popularly called—of much of its former glory. In the old days, nearly every gentleman in the counties of Chester, Lancaster, and Salop, and best part of the Principality, made an annual journey to the ancient capital of the Palatine county. The cup was anxiously discussed, the merits of the several stables descanted upon, and betting-books opened upon

them from Christmas; but now, though the meeting is well and numerously attended, the Cup is a failure as a betting race, and has lost all its old *prestige* and importance.

Newcastle, now famous for the Northumberland Plate, is a meeting of respectable antiquity, the entry on the subject in the books of the Corporation dating back to the year 1695. . There seems strong reason to believe that races have been held annually in Newcastle or its neighbourhood ever since. The races at that date were held on Killingworth Moor, whence they appear to have been removed a few years later to a more convenient spot; for we find the Corporation refusing to pay for cords for Killingworth Moor, for the reason that their races had been removed to another locality. Except for the enthusiastic support of the Tynesiders, and several memorable races for the Plate, the races at Newcastle, although of considerable antiquity, have never succeeded in obtaining a place in the first rank of country meetings.

From Newcastle we may cross the Border, and note that at Paisley there is one of the oldest records in connection with the history of the Turf, relating to certain silver bells, run for on the race-course at Paisley two centuries and three quarters ago:—

“Act anent the Silver Bell, April, 1608.—*Item*. —It is concluded that one silver bell be made of four-ounces weight, with all diligence, for one horse-

race yearly, to be appointed within this burgh, and the bounds on the day of the running thereof to be set down by advice of my Lord Earl of Abercorn, Lord Paisley and Kilpatrick.

“Act setting downe ane horse-raise. Apud Paisley decimo tertio de mensis Maij, 1620.

“The quhilk day Andro Crawford, and Ion. Algeo, younger baellies of ye burghe thereof, with the counselle of the samyn, being convenit in the tolbuith of the said burgh, with advyse of ane nobill and potent erle, James erle of Abercoructe, proveist of the said burghe, for ordour taking with sundrie thingis concerning the commone will of the samyn and namelie anent the conclusion of their bell-race and efterschot quhilk was of auld set downe and not effectual. Tharfor, It is now concludit and ordainit be the saidis baillies ane counsell with advyse and consent aforsaid, That yeirlie in time cuming thair bell raice sal be rune on the saxt day of Maij in mander following, viz., to be start at the Grey Stane callit St. Connalis Stone, and fra that rich eist to the by till house at the calsay end of Renfrew, and fra that the till Kingis way to the Walnuik of Paislaye, and quhat horse first comes over a score at (. . .) Renfrew sall have ane dowbill aingell, and the horse and mister yairof that first comes over the scoir at the said Walnuik of Paislaye sall have the said bell with the said burghes airmes yair oponn for yat zeir.”

At Woodham Moor, in the county of Durham, races were held in the time of James the First; and

that sporting Prince was present at the meeting in 1617; but four years earlier, in the eleventh year of his reign, December 20th, 1613, a document was drawn up, showing that racing was a yearly event on the Moor:—

“The condition of this recognizance is such, that whereas divers of the knights and gentlemen of this county have delivered over into the hands and custodie of the above bounden Thomas Robson, the sum of fiftie pounds as a stock collected and provided for the yearly bringing in of a piece of plate for a hunting prize, to be ridden for at Woodham Stowpes yearly upon the Tuesday next before Palme Sunday, and soe to be contyned: If therefore the above bounden Thomas Robson and John Bainbridge, or either of them, their heires, &c., shall yearly during the life of the above bounden Thomas Robson, being and present or cause to be brought and presented to the now usuall weighing-place upon Woodham-moore yearly, upon the Tuesday next before Palme Sunday, a piece of gold and silver plate, in the form of a bowle or cupp, or such like form of the value of seven pounds at the leaste, for a hunting prize, to be ridden for at Woodham Stowpes, there to be disposed of according to articles thereof made and agreed, &c.”

In 1695 (Jan. 14th), the justices of the Durham Sessions probably resolved upon a display of generosity unique in history. They gave their “wages” towards procuring a plate or plates to be run for on

Durham Moor, and recommended Mr. Mayor, Chairman at their Sessions, to communicate the fact to the Bishop of the Diocese:—

“It is thought fit and so resolved by the Justices in open Court that from henceforth their wages goe and be employed for and towards the procuring of a plate or plates to be run for on Durham Moor.

“And that it be recommended to Mr. Mayor of Durham, Chairman at this Sessions, to communicate the same to the Bishop of Durham.

“And that the same continue until further resolution of the majority of Justices of Peace in this county.

“(Signed) George Moreland, Mayor; Robert Eden, William Bowes, Ly. Vane, Henry Liddell, William Lambton, Jo. Clavering, Jo. Sedgewick, Robert Ellison, Robert Jennison.”

Stamford, in Lincolnshire, also claims to be an ancient place of sport. In Butcher’s “Survey and Antiquity of the Towne of Stamford,” published in 1646, the races are thus described:—

“As touching the ancient and public sports used at this town, they are not many; in all but two—and too many by one. The one, a sport savouring of nobility and gentry, and of a concourse of noblemen and gentlemen meeting together in much peace and amity for the exercise of their swift running horses, every Thursday in March. The prize they run for is a silver and gilt cup, with a cover, to the value of

seven or eight pounds, provided by the care of the aldermen for the time being; but the money is raised out of the interest of a stock formerly made up by the nobility or gentry who are neighbours or well-wishers to the town."

Mr. Butcher, among his antiquities of Stamford, gives an account of some races of a very curious nature. These were the bull-races, then not at all uncommon in many parts of England, and held with frequency for above a century after the time at which Mr. Butcher wrote. He calls this sport "yet more beastlike than any," affording no pleasure to any but such as love "beastliness and mischief." The running took place the day six weeks before Christmas, the butchers of Stamford providing a "wild bull." This animal was shut up for the night in a barn or outhouse belonging to the alderman: the next morning the town crier, with much "Oyez, oyez," and bell-ringing, made proclamation that the bull was about to run, and calling on every burgess to close his shop and house; that strangers (unused, perhaps, to the custom) were to be protected by a special "yard" appointed for the passing of travellers without hurt. "Which proclamation made, and all the gates shut up, the bull is turned out of the alderman's house, and then hivie skivie, tag and rag, men, women, and children of all sorts and sizes, with all the dogs in the towne, promiscuously running after him with their bull clubs, spattering dirt in each other's faces, that one would think them to be so many

Furies started out of Hell for the punishment of Cerberus.

“A ragged troupe of boyes and girls
Doe pellow him with stones:
With clubs, with whips, and many nips,
They part his skin from bones.”

This brutal exhibition was only too much like many of the pastimes of our ancestors, in its utter disregard for the feelings of the dumb creation, which was regarded as specially sent by Providence to afford amusement in “pellowing” with stones and other barbarous tortures.

At Northampton, three-quarters of a century later, they raced with bulls, in a more sportsmanlike fashion; a plate was given, and each bull was ridden by a jockey, booted and spurred, and armed with a goad “of the usual size.”

The bulls started from the gates of Abingdon Abbey, now the property of Lord Overstone and a lunatic asylum, but once the ancient demesne of the Thursbys, and the residence of Shakspeare’s granddaughter.

It was apparently a merry time when the nephew of the purchaser of Abingdon (the second of the Thursby family) was in possession of the property. In one of the early volumes of the *Northampton Mercury* occurs the following advertisement:—

“On Tuesday, in Whitsun week, being the 26th of May, 1724, will be run for, from the gate of William Thursby, Esq., leading into Wellingborough-

road, down Abingdon-street, to the Pump upon the Corn-market Hill, in Northampton, a plate of £5 value, by any bull, cow, or bullock, of any age or size whatsoever, that never won the value of £5 in money or plate. Each rider to have boots and spurs, with a goad of the usual size. Every bull, &c., to pay one shilling entrance, which is to be given to the second best bull, &c.; the winning beast to be sold for £20 (if desired) by the subscribers. They are to start at the gate above-mentioned, at five o'clock in the afternoon. If any disputes arise, to be decided by the majority of subscribers then present."

Those were the days of open fields, and the farmers along the line of the proposed route were naturally somewhat alarmed at what might happen if the bull were to bolt from the appointed course, and choose one for himself across country. They appear to have remonstrated, and the programme was accordingly modified. In a subsequent number of the *Mercury* there appeared a second advertisement, as follows:—

"Complaints having been made that great damage will be done to the corn by the bulls, &c., starting at the gate of William Thursby, Esq., it is ordered by a great many of the subscribers that upon Tuesday in Whitsun week, being the 26th instant, at four in the afternoon, the bulls, &c., are to start from the bridge, near Swallbrook Spring, run down Abbingdon-street, into Northampton, and end at the Pump upon the

Corn-market Hill. The winning bull, ox, or cow, to be rid by the rider from the same pump, by the Hind Inn, and down the Drapery to the George Inn: where the treasurer will be to deliver the Plate, five pounds in money, and the stakes to the second best bull, &c.

“The bulls, &c., to enter at Hill’s Coffee-house in Northampton, at nine in the morning, the day of running, and pay one shilling entrance each bull, &c., which goes to the second best bull, &c., as aforesaid. No less than four to start for the Plate.”

If, as is certain enough, we are not a whit better than we should be, it is consolatory to know that, in some respects at least, we are a little better than our forefathers. We have abandoned bear-baiting, and bull-running, and bull-racing.

Northampton in 1724 was a somewhat aristocratic town, and the route chosen for this extraordinary race was through its most aristocratic portion. It was a town mainly of large inns, and of the residences of the smaller gentry. The intercourse with London was not so easy as in later times, and Northampton was a kind of metropolis for its surrounding neighbourhood.

Balls and assemblies were frequent, and they brought thither the surrounding aristocracy. Hill’s Coffee-house, wherever it stood, was, no doubt, the fashionable resort of the bloods of the day. In reference to these bull-races, however, we must bear in mind that cattle in those days were commonly used for draught

at the plough, and in carts and waggons employed in agriculture. The racing bull, therefore, was to a certain extent a trained animal, and the race was not exactly the same thing that it would be with animals taken fresh from the pasture or the stall. Still, no amount of education would make a seat on bull-back very secure or agreeable, and the fun must have largely consisted in the frequent unshipping of the riders; perhaps in the animal making a sudden raid among the spectators, overturning some and scattering the rest in all directions, amidst shrieks and laughter. The triumphal ride from the Pump to the George was not the worst-devised part of the programme. To make a bull, hot from a pell-mell chase, march, with stately step and slow, down a street thronged with shouting and laughing people argues a skill in "noble horsemanship" which might well "witch the world."

Bull-baitings may be incidentally mentioned in connection with bull-races and running the bull; they are thus described:—

"Here follows the manner of those bull-baitings which are so much talked of. They tie a rope to the root of the horns of the bull, and fasten the other end of the cord to an iron ring fixed to a stake driven into the ground; so that by this cord, being about 15 feet long, the bull is confined to a sphere of about 30 feet in diameter. Several butchers, or other gentlemen that are desirous to exercise their dogs, stand round about, each holding his own by the ears, and

when the sport begins they let loose one of the dogs. The bull defends himself by sliding one of his horns under the dog's belly (who creeps close to the ground to hinder it), and tries to throw him so high in the air that he may break his neck by the fall.

"This often happens. When the dog thinks he is sure of fixing his teeth, a turn of the horn—which seems to be done with all the negligence in the world—gives him a sprawl thirty feet high, and puts him in danger of a damnable squelch when he comes down. This danger would be unavoidable if the dog's friends were not ready beneath him—some with their backs to give him a soft reception, and others with long poles, which they offer him slantways, to the intent that, sliding down them, it may break the force of his fall. Notwithstanding all this care, a toss generally makes him sing to a very scurvy tune, and draw his phiz into a pitiful grimace; but unless he is totally stunned by the fall, he is sure to crawl again towards the bull, with his old antipathy, come on't what will. Sometimes a second frisk into the air disables him for ever from playing his old tricks; but sometimes, too, he fastens upon his enemy, and when once he has seized him with his eye-teeth, he sticks to him like a leech, and would sooner die than leave his hold," &c.

In the county of Northampton horse-racing was of as high antiquity, perhaps, as bull-baiting, and probably of much older practice than bull-racing.

The racecourse at Harlestone is still to be seen. Up to 1860 it was open to anybody who chose—and many did choose, on fine summer evenings—to ride or drive round it. The course is situate in Harlestone Firs, belonging to his Excellency Earl Spencer, now a close preserve, and only the running track remains uncovered with fir trees; but this spot, now sacred to pheasants and hares, was previously the scene of many sporting events. Nearly two centuries and a half ago, the Corporation of the ancient borough of Northampton bound themselves, on receipt of £200 from William Lord Spencer, to give a silver cup every year on the Harlestone racecourse:—

“The Corporation of Northampton, by deed bearing date January 16, 1632, in consideration of the sum of £200 paid by William Lord Spencer, and other gentlemen of the county, obliged themselves to provide yearly a gilt silver cup and cover, of the value of £16 13s. 4d., to be ridden for on Thursday in Easter week yearly; with covenant that upon notice given on the Friday in the race week that they will return the said money within the year following, then they shall not be tied—so are the words of the deed—to provide the cup any longer.”

Not only over the circular course at Harlestone, but in other parts of the county of Northampton, racing was a common sport two and a-half centuries ago, as is shown by an agreement entered into by two members of the Throgmorton family, and dated July 13, 1612:—

“It is agreed between Henry Throgm’ton and Thomas Throgm’ton, the daye and yeare above written, that the abovenamed are to mete together the Tuesday after Michaelmas at Brackley Cwoorse, and there to bringe a graye mare and a graye shorne mane nagg, and each of them to ridde the same course upon equal wate in their own persones for X quarters of oats.”

The course at Brackley spoken of here is probably identical with a portion of the ground over which steeplechases are still occasionally run. A great change has occurred since the “graye mare and the gray shorne mane nagg,” belonging to the Squires Throgmorton, ran for ten quarters of oats at Brackley. There is now scarcely a county in England which does not boast a race meeting. An annual plating affair it may be, but still of importance in its own neighbourhood, generally supported by the gentry of the district, and serving to keep alive the love of the sport, at the same time that it supplies the occasion for a general holiday.

CHAPTER VI.

RACING IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA—THE
TROTTING HORSE OF AMERICA.

THE history of the principal places of sport in England having been traced, it is, perhaps, worth while to notice those of America. At present most of the races—and all those of any importance—in the New World are run between horses either driven in harness or ridden by jockeys over trotting courses, and at the pace called in America a trot, but which is a style of going altogether different from our old-fashioned trot. Although the horses in the States are derived mainly from English strains of blood, and in Canada almost entirely so, yet the genius of one man really developed a new animal. The man was Hiram Washington Woodruff, and the animal the trotting horse of America; of both it will be well to speak at some length.

As a matter of course, in the opinion of all Americans, and of some Englishmen, the Americans are “bound” to win the English Derby some day; as they are also “bound” to beat our University oarsmen, our cricketers, billiard players, and, indeed, in their own expressive phraseology, “knock us into a cocked hat,” and “chaw up” our old-fashioned notions

on matters of sport "some." At present, however, these things have not come to pass, and England is pre-eminent in all manly sports. Harvard has not beaten the picked crews of Oxford and Cambridge, nor has Mr. Ten Broeck or Mr. Sanford won the Derby. The black belt and orange cap of Mr. Ten Broeck were so regularly seen on our racecourses some years ago, that no field seemed complete without them; and the plucky Yankee, who could not easily be "choked off his fancy" in a selling plate, was a conspicuous figure at Newmarket, Epsom, Goodwood—indeed, at every race meeting of any note in England.

It was the opinion of Mr. Richard Ten Broeck, as it is of many of his countrymen, that things in the Old World wanted setting right, that "'mer'cans" could "whip creation," and as easily on the turf as in any other department of Science and Art. With this intention, this gentleman, who was well known and highly respected in the Transatlantic sporting world, left his estate, and came over to England. His horses, whether American or English bred, however, can hardly be called successful on our turf; though he possessed the most conspicuous examples of American bred animals that have performed in the old country. After Mr. Ten Broeck had been for some time in England, he bought a number of horses bred here; and when he finally quitted our Turf for the retirement of his native country, he was the possessor of a rather extensive stud of indifferent

platers. Of his American bred horses, owever, Prioress, Starke, Optimist, and Umpire made considerable reputations, and won some valuable stakes for their owner. In 1857, Prioress was the heroine of a dead heat with two other animals for the Cesarewitch—Queen Bess and El Hakim. There was great excitement on the Heath when the three O's appeared above Mr. Clark's box, particularly as the betting on the great autumn event was unusually heavy. Recommendations were made to the owners of the respective animals to make a sporting event of the race, and not to listen to the counsels of those who whispered divide. They agreed to do so; and the deciding heat between the three animals was won by the American-bred Prioress. In the following year, she bore Mr. Ten Broeck's colours to the front in the Great Yorkshire Handicap at Doncaster. But her owner had better animals in his stable. In 1859, Starke won the Goodwood Stakes; and two years later this stout stayer carried off the Goodwood Cup and the Brighton Stakes. In the same year his stable companion, Optimist, won the Ascot Stakes. Umpire, too, was a very good horse; and after having won the Nursery Stakes at Goodwood in 1859, started, if not absolutely first favourite, at all events close up in the betting with Wizard and Thormanby in 1860. Everybody would rejoice to see a Derby carried across the Atlantic by an American-bred animal, provided he was the best colt of his year, for there

is no international jealousy between us; and it is gratifying to see, as was the case this year, an American-bred colt—Mr. Sandford's c. by Baywood, out of Earring—entered for the Blue Riband of the Turf. English sportsmen would only be too happy to see the appearance among the entries of a colt "bred in Australia," "bred at the Cape," or "bred in Canada." Such a circumstance, which is by no means impossible in the future, will do much towards a pleasant enhancement of the interest which has already made the Derby a household word throughout the world.

With regard to the last-mentioned colony, a good trade is being done with the mother country in exported horses. These horses are bred from English stock, with the exception of the Province of Quebec, where there is an old and very remote intermixture of imported French blood. Although the grass lands of Ontario are proverbially fine, and much attention has been given to breeding and rearing thoroughbred and half-bred stock, no animal has been developed which, like the trotting horse of the States, Canadians can look upon as peculiarly their own. The French horse of Lower Canada never had justice done him, owing to the greed with which owners snapped up the large prices offered by United States buyers for every stallion of promise. In Ontario there has not been this over-sale of promising animals, and no visitor to Canada can drive along the roads, or in any part of the country, with-

out noticing the fine cattle that pull the gentleman's buggy or the farmer's plough.

In the Upper Province, the base of the stock of horses is purely English. The Canadian breeders have ever numbered in their ranks men of energy and enterprise, who have lost no opportunity and spared no expense to secure the best blood. Among these gentlemen, Mr. T. C. Patteson, of Eastwood, stands in the front rank as a successful breeder of thorough blood stock. In horses, their attention has been directed chiefly to such sires and dams as were likely to produce stout, weight-carrying hunters and roadsters, rather than to breeding trotters or racers. Therefore, they have bought English stallions of a character suited to this end. But in their breeding of cattle they have eclipsed the world, having given two thousand nine hundred guineas for a heifer, and two thousand five hundred guineas for a bull, besides buying for years the best blood that came to the hammer, or was to be had privately from English breeders. The Hon. George Brown, of Bow Park, Brantford, Ontario, a senator, and one of the leading men in the Dominion, is the buyer who gave the above great sums for pedigree cattle; and similar spirit has been shown by our Canadian fellow-subjects in their dealings with the thoroughbred horse. There are in the stock of the province of Ontario few traces of any French crossings. Many fine trotters have been bred in the province, and trotting is a favourite

sport, though it has not taken that hold upon the people of Canada that it has of their neighbours in the States. Horses of this kind are imported second-hand from America, but they are also derived from English stock; so that we may justly consider the horse of the United States and Canada to have been originally purely English in blood, being sprung from a cross between the native stock of the country and the imported Arabian blood dating from the reign of James the First. This blood, both in America and Canada, has been constantly recruited and improved by coverings with the best English sires imported from time to time.

How great is the interest Canadians have in the horse trade may be seen by glancing at the results of the trade for the last few years. In the year ending June 30, 1870, they imported into the Dominion 183 horses—52 in British vessels, 37 in foreign vessels (mostly French), and 94 by land carriage—viz., from the United States—making a total of 183, worth 19,381 dols. In the previous year, that of 1868-9, the number of horses imported was only 167, but on the other hand the value was greater, being 26,246 dols. There is a remarkable excess of exports over imports. In the year ending June 30, 1869, the number of horses exported was 10,355; value, 859,174 dols.; and in the following year they rose to 16,461, worth no less than 1,458,111 dols. Of the 16,461 in 1869-70, Ontario exported 7,316, against 83 imported, of which 79 were from the

United States, and 3 from Great Britain. For the year 1873-4, 5,411 horses were exported, while 794 were imported—9 from Great Britain, and 785 from the United States. These horses, however, are not all that were imported, because a large number came in among the 600 animals admitted under special exemption for the improvement of stock, mostly from Great Britain. A large exportation is going forward still, and it will depend on the relation of the price paid for the imported horses to the price received for the exported ones, together with the respective character of the horses, whether exportation is being carried too far or not.

The breeders in Canada work their horses at the plough from three till five or six years of age, and then well-bred animals, with bone and substance, will fetch a remunerative price, either for the market in the States or Canada; and within the last few months England is becoming a formidable competitor both for Canadian horses and oxen—a source of congratulation to breeders in the colony. These gentlemen, many of them keen-witted Scotchmen, are well aware of the value of the thoroughbred English sire at the stud, and they take care to get the best blood they can, being justly of opinion that the pure-bred stallion will get stock with better action, much greater powers of endurance, and better temper than those got by the half-bred coach horse that used, years ago, to be commonly seen taking

his rounds in due season in the more remote parts of the Upper and Lower Provinces.

In the United States of America, as might be expected, trotting and racing, having once become recognized institutions, have extended with the rapidity that characterizes all the institutions of that country. There are now excellent races at New Orleans, in April, under the auspices of the New Orleans Jockey Club; at this meeting there are hurdle races. At Jerome Park, New York, under the American Jockey Club, there is excellent racing in June and October, extending over several days. For the Withers Stakes at the June Meeting this year there were fifty-nine entries; for the Belmont Stakes sixty-seven; and for the Jerome Stakes, at the October Meeting, fifty-four entries. In July there are races at Monmouth Park, Long Branch; July and August at Saratoga Springs, under the auspices of the Saratoga Association; in May at Baltimore, under the Maryland Jockey Club. These race meetings are all first-rate. There is also always pretty good sport to be found at the Lexington, Kentucky, Meetings, at Louisville, Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, and several other places.

The races are very well conducted, whether running or trotting be the sport. There are an American Jockey Club, and a "National Association for the Promotion of the Interests of the American Trotting Turf," of which Colonel Charles W. Woolley, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is President, and Mr. Thomas J. Vail,

of Hartford, Connecticut, Secretary and Treasurer. Large sums are won on the American Turf every year by the best, or—what is for this purpose the same thing—the luckiest animals. Aristides, got by Leamington, last year won for Mr. McGrath, his owner, 15,700 dols. ; Olitipa won 10,650 dols. ; Wildiddle, belonging to Mr. Little, got by Australian, won 7,893 dols. ; and Ballankeel, got by Asteroid, won for Mr. W. Jennings 6,025 dols. From these figures, showing the amounts put together by the principal running horses of the American Turf last year—though the amounts given in stakes, either in respect of added money, or of a pool constituted by all the nominators, do not compare for a moment with the great prizes of our Turf—it will be seen that substantial sums of money are to be won.

For his seven thousand dollars Wildiddle had to run five times first and twice second. Ballankeel for his six thousand, five times first and once second; while Aristides ran four firsts and two seconds for the respectable sum of 15,700 dols. with which he credited his owner.

The taste for the sport is rapidly growing in all parts of the United States. There are about two hundred “recorded colours” in which the jockeys of American turfmen ride, and nothing is more common than for several persons to join together in owning and training a horse or horses. Confederation is well enough known with us, but we have not yet arrived at the practice of entering an animal as Carr

and Co.'s Jeremy Diddler, or Hunter and Travers's Catch-me-if-you-can; yet these notifications on American race-cards, and in the American Turf Register, are very common.

The trotting horse of America is a really distinct species of the equine race, and can hardly be considered apart from Hiram Woodruff, who developed the breed and made it famous. So highly is this animal valued, that the best stallions for getting trotters command a fee of £100. This was the case with Hambletonian, the property of Mr. Rysdyk, who, after Dexter's great performances, raised the fee of his sire to £500. Hambletonian, who died last year, was for nearly a quarter of a century without a rival among the trotting sires of the States. He was a rich dark bay, with two white heels, and a star on his forehead, and was foaled in Orange County, near the City of New York, in 1849. For necessary reasons, Hambletonian was never trained to race; but at two years old, or a little over, he was put to the stud, recommended for selection as a sire by his fine appearance, immense power and bone, and good breeding. He stood sixteen hands high, and his action was very fine. His admirers assert that, if he had been broken and trained as a trotter, his own name would have gone down to posterity in company with that of his son Dexter, Flora Temple, Lady Suffolk, Goldsmith Maid, and other animals capable of performing the greatest trotting feats on record. The best American trotters are descended from an

imported English horse, named Messenger, of whom Mr. George Wilkes says, in an often quoted passage, that "when Messenger came charging down the gang-plank of the ship which brought him over, the value of not less than one hundred millions of dollars struck our soil." Hambletonian was the grandson of Messenger, and, through Messenger's blood, Hiram Woodruff and his disciples have added half-a-minute in the mile to the speed of the trotting horse.

"This," says Hiram Woodruff, "is effected by our method of breeding, training, and driving trotting horses, aided by the enterprise and ingenuity which provide vehicles, harness, and all the paraphernalia of that combination of lightness with strength which is modelled upon the plan of the best trotting horse himself."

This passage is extracted from Mr. Woodruff's admirable work, the "Trotting Horse of America," from which a great deal of information may be gained about a fine art, that "magnetic touch upon the rein which the horse no sooner feels than he seems inspirited and animated with new life," and from which the reader may learn for himself how enthusiastic a sportsman America has produced. Hiram Woodruff, greater as a driver than as an author, and great as both, was devoted to the Messenger blood, and we may share his regard for the old English sire; for without Messenger in the States we should never have had Dexter, and without Dexter

Hiram Woodruff would never have written his capital book on the trotting horse.

Hiram Woodruff's place at Long Island was a favourite place of resort for many years with all sporting foreigners when they visited the States; and they always received a very hearty welcome from its honest owner, about whose stables were in old days constantly to be seen, Mr. Bonner, the owner of Dexter, and sometimes Ulysses Grant, since President of the United States. Hiram Washington Woodruff, the "maker" of the trotting horse of his native country, and a great cause of the popularity of trotting as a sport in the States, was born in 1817, and died, in his fifty-first year, in 1867. He declined, at an early age, to be apprenticed to any trade, the desire to "have something to do with horses" being as strong in the breast of the American boy as it ever was in that of any of the famous masters of horsemanship in the old country. In his book on the horse, which was first published after its author's death, Mr. Woodruff details at length those opinions he had derived from a long and unique experience of the best way of rearing, training, and driving the trotting horse. His facts are of interest for comparison with the modes of training adopted by our best English "educators of the horse." One maxim of our author's was always to feed the young horses under his charge thoroughly and well. As yearlings he allowed the colts under his charge four quarts of oats a day, with abundance of other good food. He

gave oats sparingly until the animal was put to some work; but he admitted his process was slow—colts trained by other methods looking at two years old like three-year-olds, while his were still plainly babies. At three years old, colts trained on the forcing system looked more like horses than those trained by Hiram Woodruff did at five. But then his charges began to make up for lost ground. At five or six years of age the horses of other trainers were at their best in all respects—could trot faster and for a greater distance without tiring than when younger or older. But Mr. Woodruff considered his trotters best at eight years old, or even ten, in many cases of horses of strong constitution. “If,” says he, “anybody thinks to follow the old starving cornstalk, fed-in-the-snow system, under cover of what I have said on this subject, he must go to the devil his own road. My system is one of generous feeding, but not of stuffing a young colt with all the highly stimulating food he can be possibly got to swallow.”

The English trainer may learn something useful from this novel system. Although the thoroughbred from its infancy, when it leaves the paddock and the side of its dam, up to maturity, is probably now, and long has been, treated with greater skill and judgment than any other animal in the world, it has been too much the policy of the English trainer to turn out a precocious two-year old. The great value of two-year-old stakes, it must be admitted, and the popularity of two-year-old racing with owners and the

public, are to be blamed for the substitution in modern times of the short (sprint) race, and the two-year-old appearance to face the starter in public, to the older and slower system of long races, and six and seven-year-old competitors still in their racing prime. But what will be said of these animals, under the care of Hiram Woodruff, which their astute trainer considered were at their best when they had reached what anybody in England connected with racing pursuits, except Mr. Hughes of Epsom, would consider the impossible age of ten? And as the great American trainer believed in animals at ten years old to trot his great matches, so he stuck very persistently to his faith in the famous Messenger as a sire. The influence of Eclipse on English thoroughbred stock was deservedly great; but that of Messenger upon the trotting stock of America was infinitely greater. He covered in the States for twenty seasons, beginning at a very moderate fee, and ending with £100 per mare. It is estimated that he was the sire of at least a thousand horses; his sons and grandsons went out broadcast through the country, distributing the Messenger strain, and mostly conferring upon the fourth generation the fine qualities they inherited from their sire. It was the opinion of Mr. Woodruff that the blood of Messenger would "hit" or "nick" with almost any other strain; and that, so strong was the constitution of horses of Messenger's get, their blood always predominated after several crosses. The result

briefly may be said to be the trotting horse of the present day, whose doings both in harness and in the saddle are something marvellous. It is the opinion of judges that a horse can trot a mile in three seconds less time when under the saddle than when harnessed to a sulky, and in six seconds less time than when harnessed to a waggon. It is, however, almost the invariable practice in the States to trot for wagers with the horse harnessed to a light machine, built especially for racing purposes, into the mechanism of which hickory and steel enter largely instead of the iron-tree and pigskin.

One mile has been trotted in harness by—

	TIME.
<i>Goldsmith Maid</i> , Boston, Sept. 2, 1874	2m. 14 sec.
<i>Occident</i> , San Francisco, Sept. 17, 1873	2m. 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
<i>Lula</i> , Rochester, Aug. 11, 1874	2m. 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
<i>American Girl</i> , Rochester, Sept. 25, 1874	2m. 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
<i>Gloster</i> , Rochester, Aug. 14, 1874	2m. 17 sec.
<i>Dexter</i> , Buffalo, Aug. 14, 1867	2m. 17 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.
<i>Red Cloud</i> , Buffalo, Aug. 7, 1874	2m. 18 sec.
<i>Lady Thorne</i> , Narragansett Park, Oct. 8, 1869	2m. 18 sec.
<i>Lucy</i> , Buffalo, Aug. 9, 1872	2m. 18 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.
<i>Judge Fullerton</i> , Prospect Park, L. I., June 6, 1874	2m. 19 sec.
<i>George Palmer</i> , Narragansett Park, Oct. 8, 1869	2m. 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.
<i>Bodine</i> , Beacon Park, Boston, Sept. 8, 1874	2m. 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
<i>Flora Temple</i> , Kalamazoo, Oct. 15, 1859	2m. 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.

These are the best times in harness at which one mile has been done.

TWO MILES (*in harness*).

	TIME.
<i>Flora Temple</i> , Eclipse Course, L. I., Aug. 15, 1859	4m. 50 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
<i>Dexter</i> , Fashion Course, L. I., June 14, 1867	4m. 51 sec.
<i>George M. Patchen</i> , Union Course, L. I., July 12, 1860	4m. 53 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.
<i>Reindeer</i> , Louisville, June 21, 1860	4m. 58 sec.

TWO MILES (*in harness*).

	TIME.
<i>General Butler</i> , Fashion Course, L. I., July 23, 1867 ...	4m. 59 sec.
<i>Dreadnought</i> , Fleetwood Park, L. I., June 29, 1870 ...	4m. 59½ sec.
<i>John Morgan</i> , Louisville, Oct. 25, 1860 ...	5m. 00½ sec.
<i>Tennessee</i> , Louisville, June 11, 1872 ...	5m. 00 sec.
<i>Stonewall Jackson</i> , Fashion Course, L. I., Oct. 4, 1864 ...	5m. 01 sec.
<i>Princess</i> , Eclipse Course, L. I., June 23, 1859 ...	5m. 02 sec.
<i>Bashaw Junior</i> , Chicago, Aug. 22, 1868 ...	5m. 02¼ sec.
<i>Lady Moscow</i> , Union Course, L. I., June 13, 1849 ...	5m. 04 sec.
<i>Prince</i> , Fleetwood Park, N. Y., June 29, 1870 ...	5m. 04 sec.

THREE MILES.

In Harness.

<i>Huntress</i> , Prospect Park, L. I., Sep. 23, 1872 ...	7m. 21¼ sec.
<i>Flora Temple</i> , Centreville, L. I., Sep. 27, 1860 ...	7m. 23¾ sec.
<i>Black Maria</i> , Hamilton, Ohio, Oct. 6, 1866 ...	7m. 35 sec.
<i>Stonewall Jackson</i> , Fashion Course, L. I., Oct. 12, 1864 ...	7m. 39 sec.
<i>Dutchman</i> , Beacon Course, N. J., July 4, 1839 ...	7m. 41 sec.
<i>John Morgan</i> , Louisville, Ky., Oct. 27, 1860 ...	7m. 43½ sec.
<i>Lady Moscow</i> , Centreville, L. I., May 21, 1850 ...	7m. 44¾ sec.
<i>Boston Girl</i> , Centreville, L. I., Aug. 12, 1852 ...	7m. 45 sec.
<i>Lady Suffolk</i> , Centreville, L. I., Oct. 17, 1849 ...	7m. 45½ sec.
<i>Trustee</i> , Centreville, L. I., Oct. 17, 1849 ...	7m. 45½ sec.
<i>Shark</i> , Fashion Course, L. I., May 19, 1863 ...	7m. 47¾ sec.
<i>Canada Sam</i> , Sandusky, Ohio, Sep. 15, 1858 ...	7m. 50 sec.
<i>O'Blenis</i> , Union Course, L. I., Oct. 28, 1852 ...	7m. 52 sec.
<i>Americus</i> , Beacon Course, N. J., June 27, 1844 ...	7m. 52½ sec.
<i>Ripton</i> , Beacon Course, N. J., May 15, 1843 ...	7m. 53 sec.
<i>Pelham</i> , Union Course, L. I., July 1, 1852 ...	7m. 54 sec.

To Saddle.

<i>Dutchman</i> , Beacon Course, N. J., Aug. 1, 1839 ...	7m. 32½ sec.
<i>General Butler</i> , Fashion Course, L. I., Aug. 1, 1863 ...	7m. 34 sec.
<i>Lady Suffolk</i> , Hunting Park, Phila., May 15, 1841 ...	7m. 40½ sec.
<i>Charlotte Temple</i> , Harlem, N. Y., Aug. 1834 ...	7m. 42 sec.
<i>Columbus</i> , Harlem, N. Y., Aug. 1834 ...	7m. 45 sec.
<i>Ripton</i> , Beacon Course, N. J., May 15, 1843 ...	7m. 53 sec.
<i>Rattler</i> , Beacon Course, N. J., Oct. 6, 1838 ...	7m. 54½ sec.

To Wagon.

<i>Longfellow</i> , Sacramento, Sept. 21, 1868 ...	7m. 53 sec.
<i>Prince</i> , Centreville, L. I., Sept. 15, 1857 ...	7m. 53½ sec.
<i>Lancet</i> , Union Course, L. I., Sept. 15, 1857 ...	7m. 53¾ sec.
<i>Flora Temple</i> , Eclipse Course, L. I., June 17, 1859 ...	7m. 54 sec.
<i>Pet</i> , Union Course, L. I., Oct. 21, 1851 ...	7m. 59½ sec.

FOUR MILES.

In Harness.

TIME.

<i>Top Gallant</i> , Philadelphia, Oct. 18, 1829	...	...	11m. 04	sec.
<i>Trustee</i> , , 1849	...	...	11m. 06	sec.
<i>Whalebone</i> , Philadelphia, Oct. 18, 1829	...	...	11m. 17	sec.
<i>Sir Peter</i> , Hunting Park, Phila., Oct. 14, 1829	...	...	11m. 23	sec.

To Saddle.

<i>Dutchman</i> , Centreville, L. I., May, 1836	...	...	10m. 51	sec.
<i>Lady Suffolk</i> , Centreville, L. I., June 30, 1840	...	...	11m. 15	sec.
<i>Ellen Thompson</i> , Beacon Course, N. J., May 6, 1842	...	...	11m. 33	sec.

To Wagon.

<i>Longfellow</i> , San Francisco, Dec. 31, 1869	...	...	10m. 34½	sec.
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FIVE MILES.

In Harness.

<i>Lady Mac</i> , San Francisco, Apr. 2, 1874	...	...	13m. 00	sec.
<i>Morrissey</i> , Detroit, Aug. 26, 1868	...	...	13m. 11	sec.
<i>Fillmore</i> , San Francisco, Apr 18, 1863	...	...	13m. 16	sec.

To Wagon.

<i>Americus</i> , Centreville, L. I., Oct. 21, 1841	...	...	13m. 58	sec.
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TEN MILES.

In Harness.

<i>John Stewart</i> , Riverside Boston, June 30, 1868	...	...	28m. 02½	sec.
<i>Prince</i> , Union Course, L. I., Nov. 11, 1853	...	...	28m. 08½	sec.
<i>Captain McGowan</i> , Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 3, 1860	...	...	28m. 11½	sec.
<i>Gypsy Queen</i> , Louisville, Ky., Oct. 27, 1860	...	...	28m. 39	sec.
<i>Julia Aldrich</i> , San Francisco, June 15, 1858	...	...	29m. 04½	sec.
<i>Mattie Howard</i> , San Francisco, Dec. 25, 1873	...	...	29m. 13½	sec.
<i>Duchess</i> , 1856	...	...	29m. 17	sec.
<i>General Taylor</i> , San Francisco, Feb. 6, 1857	...	...	29m. 41½	sec.
<i>Fanny Jenks</i> , Oct. 2, 1844	...	...	29m. 59	sec.

To Wagon.

<i>Princess</i> , San Francisco, Mar. 2, 1859	...	...	29m. 10¾	sec.
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TWENTY MILES.

In Harness.

<i>Captain McGowan</i> , Riverside Boston, Oct. 18, 1865	...	...	58m. 25	sec.
<i>John Stewart</i> , Fashion Course, L. I., 1868	...	...	58m. 30	sec.
<i>Trustee</i> , Union Course, L. I., Oct. 20, 1848	...	...	59m. 35½	sec.
<i>Lady Fulton</i> , Centreville, L. I., July 12, 1855	...	...	59m. 55	sec.

To Wagon.

<i>John Stewart</i> , Fashion Course, L. I., Sep. 22, 1868	...	...	59m. 23	sec.
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FIFTY MILES.

In Harness.

<i>Black Joke</i> , Providence, R. J., July, 1835	...	...	3h. 0m. 57	sec.
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FIFTY MILES (<i>in harness</i>).				TIME.
<i>Ariel</i> , Providence, July, 1846	...	...	...	3h. 55m. 40½ sec.
<i>To Wagon.</i>				
<i>Spangle</i> , Oct. 15, 1855	...	...	...	3h. 59m. 4 sec.
ONE HUNDRED MILES.				
<i>In Harness.</i>				
<i>Conqueror</i> , Centreville, L. I., Nov. 12, 1853	...	...	...	8h. 55m. 53 sec.
* <i>Fanny Jenks</i> , Albany, N. Y., May 5, 1845	...	...	...	9h. 38m. 34 sec.
<i>Fanny Murray</i> " " May 15, 1846	...	...	...	9h. 41m. 26 sec.
† <i>Kate</i> , Centreville, L. I., June 7, 1850	...	...	...	9h. 49m. 0¼ sec.

These tables show clearly the best times which the American drivers have been able to make with their trotting horses. They are extraordinary, and far in advance of anything that can be done by the fast trotting horses of other countries, not specially bred for several generations for this sort of work, and not specially trained for the contests that are so popular in the United States.

Generally the fastest and best recorded performances in America are:—

HORSE-RACING.				TIME.
½ mile— <i>Olitipa</i> , 2 yrs., 97 lbs., Saratoga, N. Y., July 25, 1874...	...	...	...	0m. 47¾ sec.
¾ mile— <i>Chinaman</i> , 111 lbs., Oakland, Cal., Jan. 9, 1875	...	...	...	1m. 15¼ sec.
1 mile— <i>Kadi</i> , catch weight, second heat (first in 1m. 42½ sec.), Hartford, Ct., Sept. 2, 1875	...	...	...	1m. 41¼ sec.
1 mile— <i>Searcher</i> , full weight 90 lbs., Lexington, Ky., May 13, 1875	...	...	...	1m. 41¾ sec.
1 ⅙ miles— <i>Bob Woolley</i> , 3 yrs., 90 lbs., Lexington, Ky., Sept. 6, 1875	...	...	...	1m. 54 sec.
1 ¼ miles— <i>Grinstead</i> , 4 yrs., 108 lbs., Saratoga, N. Y., July 24, 1875	...	...	...	2m. 8¾ sec.
1 ½ miles— <i>Tom Bowling</i> , 4 yrs., 104 lbs., Lexington, May 12, 1874	...	...	...	2m. 34¾ sec.
1 ⅝ miles— <i>Ten Broeck</i> , 3 yrs., 90 lbs., Lexington, Sept. 9, 1875	...	...	...	2m. 49¼ sec.

* Stoppages, 18m. 27s. included.

† Stoppages included.

HORSE-RACING.

· TIME.

1¼ miles— <i>Reform</i> , 3 yrs., 83 lbs., Saratoga, Aug. 20,	
1874	3m. 5¼ sec.
„ — <i>D'Artagnan</i> , 3 yrs., 110 lbs., Saratoga, July	
24, 1875... ..	3m. 6½ sec.
2 miles— <i>True Blue</i> , 4 yrs., 104 lbs., Saratoga, July 30,	
1873	3m. 32½ sec.
2½ miles— <i>Mate</i> , 6 yrs., 113 lbs., Saratoga, July 31, 1875	3m. 46¾ sec.
2⅓ miles— <i>Preakness</i> and <i>Springbrook</i> , 114 lbs., dead	
heat, Saratoga, July 29, 1875... ..	3m. 56¼ sec.
2½ miles— <i>Katie Pease</i> , 4 yrs., 105 lbs., Buffalo, N. Y.,	
Sept. 10, 1874	4m. 28½ sec.
3 miles— <i>Norfolk</i> , 4 yrs., 100 lbs., Sacramento, Cal.,	
Sept. 23, 1865	5m. 27½ sec.
4 miles— <i>Fellowcraft</i> , 4 yrs., 108 lbs., Saratoga, Aug. 20,	
1874	7m. 19½ sec.
50 miles—Nell H. Mowry, using 10 horses, changing or	
dismounting and remounting at the end of each mile,	
San Francisco, Cal., May 29, 1875	2h. 2m. 36½ sec.
150 miles—Jack Power, 25 horses, San Francisco, Cal.,	
May 2, 1858	6h. 43m. 31 sec.
200 miles—Nell H. Mowry, 30 horses, Bay View Park,	
San Francisco, Aug. 2, 1868	8h. 0m. 0 sec.
300 miles—Nell H. Mowry, 30 horses, as above	14h. 9m. 0 sec.

HURDLE RACES.

1 mile— <i>Lobelia</i> , 143 lbs., four hurdles, Fashion Course,	
L. I., Sept. 11, 1869	1m. 51¼ sec.
2 miles— <i>Capt. Hutchinson</i> , full weights, eight hurdles,	
Columbus, O., July 3, 1875	3m. 50 sec.

STEEPLE CHASE.

3 miles (about)— <i>Duffy</i> , 160 lbs., thirty-six leaps, Sara-	
toga, N. Y., Aug. 5, 1873	5m. 48¾ sec.

TROTTING.

1 mile— <i>Goldsmith Maid</i> , in harness, with running horse	
at wheel, against time, 2m. 14¾ secs., Mystic Park,	
Boston, Mass., Sept. 2, 1874; in 2m. 14¾ sec., sec-	
ond heat. Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1874 ...	2m. 14 sec.
1 mile— <i>Dexter</i> , under saddle, Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 18,	
1866	2m. 18 sec.
1 mile— <i>Mambrino Gift</i> (Rochester, Aug. 13, 1870) and	
<i>Smuggler</i> (Mystic Park, Boston, Sept. 15, 1874),	
second and third heats respectively—fastest stallion	
time	2m. 20 sec.

TROTTING (*continued*).

TIME.

1 mile— <i>Judge Fullerton</i> , to waggon, San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 21, 1874	2m. 20¼ sec.
1 mile— <i>Jessie Wales</i> and <i>Darkness</i> , double harness, Cranston, R. I., June 22, 1870	2m. 27¾ sec.
2 miles— <i>Flora Temple</i> , in harness, Aug. 16, 1859	4m. 50½ sec.
2 miles— <i>General Butler</i> , first heat, June 18, 1863, and <i>Dexter</i> , second heat, Oct. 27, 1865, both to waggon	4m. 56¼ sec.
3 miles— <i>Huntress</i> , in harness, Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 21, 1872	7m. 21¼ sec.
4 miles— <i>Dutchman</i> , under saddle, May, 1836	10m. 51 sec.
4 miles— <i>Trustee</i> , in harness, Union Course, L. I., June 13, 1849	11m. 6 sec.
5 miles— <i>Lady Mac</i> , in harness, San Francisco, Cal., April 2, 1874	13m. 0 sec.
5 miles— <i>Little Mac</i> , to waggon, Oct. 29, 1863	13m. 43¼ sec.
10 miles— <i>John Stewart</i> , to waggon, Boston, Mass., June 30, 1868	28m. 2½ sec.
10 miles— <i>Prince</i> , in harness, Union Course, L. I., Nov. 11, 1853	28m. 8½ sec.
20 miles— <i>Captain McGowan</i> , in harness, half-mile track, Boston, Oct. 31, 1865	58m. 25 sec.
20 miles— <i>John Stewart</i> , to waggon, Fashion Course, L. I., Sept. 22, 1868	59m. 23 sec.
50 miles— <i>Ariel</i> , in harness, driver weighing 60 lbs., Albany, N. Y., 1846	3h. 55m. 40½ sec.
50 miles— <i>Spangle</i> , waggon and driver weighing 400 lbs., Union Course, L. I., Oct. 15, 1855	3h. 59m. 4 sec.
100 miles— <i>Conqueror</i> , in harness, Union Course, L. I., Nov. 12, 1853	8h. 55m. 53 sec.

PACING.

1 mile— <i>Billy Bayce</i> , under saddle, Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 1, 1868	2m. 14¼ sec.
1 mile— <i>Pocahontas</i> , waggon and driver weighing 265 lbs., Union Course, L. I., June 21, 1855	2m. 17½ sec.
2 miles— <i>Hero</i> , in harness, Union Course, L. I., May 17, 1853	4m. 56½ sec.
3 miles— <i>Oneida Chief</i> , under saddle, Beacon Course, Hoboken, Aug. 15, 1843	7m. 44 sec.
3 miles— <i>James K. Polk</i> , in harness, Centreville Course, L. I., Sept. 13, 1847	7m. 44 sec.
4 miles— <i>Longfellow</i> , to waggon, California, Dec. 31, 1869	10m. 34½ sec.

These times may be relied upon as accurate, as the Americans are very careful in the matter of timing their races.

Dexter, the idol of Hiram Woodruff's heart, and one of the best specimens of the trotting horse, is thus described by the master who loved him so well:—"Great as the achievements of Dexter have been, I see no reason to believe that he has yet reached his highest development. It is now a long time since I took Mr. Foster to his box, and pointing out his very remarkable shape—the wicked head, the gamecock throttle, the immense depth over the heart, the flat oblique shoulder, laid back clean under the saddle, the strong back, the mighty haunches, square and as big as those of a cart-horse, and the good wiry legs—predicted to him that here stood the future Lord of the Trotting World."

Mr. Woodruff subsequently remarks that his prophecy had not, at the time of writing his book, been wholly fulfilled, but he adds, "my faith in its accomplishment is not at all shaken." He died in March, 1867; and the grass was not yet green on his grave in the Cypress-hills Cemetery when his predictions with regard to Dexter were fulfilled. That an American can rise to enthusiasm over the sport of trotting, and that an American driver can write with something akin to a feeling of true poetry when he pens a description of a great struggle, let this passage from Hiram Woodruff's book bear witness.

In the summer of 1843, it appears, there was a great trotting match set down for decision between Americus, Lady Suffolk, and Dutchman. The deciding heat lay between Lady Suffolk and Dutchman. Hiram Woodruff drove the latter, and George Spicer, a celebrated whip, steered the former.

The first heat had been won by Dutchman. The second, after a stoutly contested race, fell to Americus. The third heat, after a tremendous race, ended in a dead heat between the winners of the two first heats, Lady Suffolk being ruled out for not winning a heat in three. Here were all the elements of excitement for the lovers of sport; not an *habitué* of the Heath or Epsom but would have willingly journeyed across the Atlantic to witness such a contest between such good animals. The enthusiasm of the spectators was roused to a high pitch, and the betting was very heavy, the Dutchman having the call, on account of Hiram Woodruff being his pilot. Now let us hear the pilot's description of the last and deciding heat. Says Mr. Woodruff:—

“The long summer day had drawn rapidly to a close. At the same time the heavens were overcast; and, with fading gleams of dim, yellow light, the sun sank into great banks of clouds. They mounted higher and higher, and seemed to lie like a load on the weary earth. The heat was intense, and not a breath of air was stirring to break the ominous repose. With the last flicker of the day the swift scud began to fly overhead, and the solid-seem-

ing clouds to lower up, and come on like moving mountains. It was dark when we got into our sulkeys; and soon after the start the storm burst upon us with a fury that I have never since seen equalled. The wind blew a hurricane, and the pelting rain fell in torrents, as though the sluices of the skies had opened all at once. Nothing could have overpowered the mighty rush of the wind and the furious splash of the rain, but the dread, tremendous rattle of the thunder. It seemed to be discharged right over our heads, and only a few yards above us. Nothing could have penetrated the thick, profound gloom of that darkness, but the painful blue blaze of the forked lightning.

"I could not see, in the short intervals between the flashes, the faintest trace of the horse before me; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole course, the surrounding country, to the remotest and most distant thing, would be revealed. We noticed as the horses faced the howling elements, their ears lay back flat upon their necks. Between these flashes of piercing, all-pervading light, and the succeeding claps of thunder, the suspense and strain upon the mind were terrible. We knew that it was coming so as to shake the very pillars of the earth we rode on, and until it had rattled over our heads we were silent. Then, in the blank darkness, as we went on side by side, we would exchange cautions. Neither could see the other, nor hear the wheels nor the stride of the horses, by reason of the wind and rain.

“Look out, Hiram!’ Spicer would say, ‘or we shall be into one another.’

“A few strides farther on, and I would sing out—

“Take care, George; you must be close to me.”

In the midst of these great difficulties the race was run, the Dutchman, in the latter part of the course, gradually losing ground, until, at last, Americus drew away, and won easily, Hiram Woodruff pulling up when he reached the Stand, at the end of the second mile.

“I have,” says the great driver, “seen a great many summer storms in my time, and have been out in not a few of them; but of all that I remember, none quite equalled, in terrific fury and awful grandeur, that which burst upon the Beacon Course just as we began that heat. Spicer says the same.”

That passage in which he describes the storm will be sufficient to prove that Hiram Woodruff could write, as well as train and drive trotting horses. The enthusiasm of so single-hearted, simple-minded, and honest a man for the sport *par excellence* of Americans, proves that it is a good sport, and worthy the attention of more sportsmen in this country than it receives; and the affection of “Old Hiram” for his cattle establishes the fact that the best specimens of the trotting horse are only a little way behind the “long-tailed uns,” beloved of the Tykes. Such a man as Hiram Woodruff could not love a bad horse; and no man knew better than he

did what a good horse was, or how to get the most out of him in the kindest way.

Australia is another of our colonies to which Englishmen have carried their love of the thoroughbred horse, and in which the Turf is in a flourishing condition. The dates at which the great events at the Antipodes come off sound to us all wrong. The Australian Derby Day, for instance, is November 6th. This race, however, is not the Blue Riband of the Turf there: the chief event is the Melbourne Cup, run for at the Spring Meeting of the Victoria Racing Club, on November 9th—the Prince of Wales's birthday, which is duly honoured on the other side of the world—something like a hundred thousand persons annually congregating on the course on that day to witness the race for the Melbourne Cup. There are also meetings of some importance in other parts of the Australian colonies. Not only have Canada, the United States, and Australia taken a great number of our thoroughbred horses, but the Cape has likewise been a large customer. Racing at the Cape was brought to the front rank by Lord Charles Somerset; but since his time has suffered a decline. Our blood stock has also been for many years very largely exported to Russia, Germany, France, Italy, and Austria—that Hungary can breed a race-horse of high class is sufficiently shown by Kisber's performance in the Derby of 1876. The representative buyers of these coun-

tries choose approved sires and mares for the stud almost exclusively, rarely purchasing young stock. They are nowadays well posted in the secrets of pedigrees and breeding, and generally manage to get good value for their money. Their favourite colours, for either stallions or dams, is a dark brown—if these can be got. Next to dark brown they prefer a dark bay, and usually object to purchasing chestnuts.

The French and Hungarians have now both carried off the Derby, and there is no reason not to suppose that in due course they may repeat their triumphs on Epsom Downs. They possess some of our best strains of blood; they have the assistance and advice of English stud grooms, and admirably arranged stud farms for the rearing of their foals.

Ever since *Gladiateur*—believed by some judges to have been the best horse since *Bay Middleton*—carried the greatest honours and profits of the British Turf across the Channel, a repetition of the feats performed by the splendid son of young *Monarque* and *Miss Gladiator* has been threatened by French breeders, and for several years was anticipated by British prophets. Jennings's lot at Newmarket were said, year after year, to be dangerous; but nothing like the hero of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and Leger of his year has been found.

At that time only Count de Lagrange was thought dangerous; but every year shows a larger list of French names among the entries for the Derby. In 1876, M. P. Aumont, M. Moreau Chaslon, M. H.

Delamarre, M. E. Fould, M. Lefèvre, M. le Baron Schickler, and the Count F. de Lagrange, all appear as nominators of one or more animals for our great prize. All these gentlemen have been distinguished on the Turf as owners of horses of great excellence; but all the performances of French-bred animals are eclipsed by those of the mighty Gladiateur. Like the Flying Dutchman, Surplice, Daniel O'Rourke, and West Australian—all of them good performers on the Turf, and the last-mentioned, perhaps, a better horse than the famous Frenchman—Gladiateur was a complete failure at the stud. Some of his offspring won minor races, sweepstakes, and handicaps; but at his death he had quite out-lived his reputation, though he had twice been sold for breeding purposes for large sums of money. To the "lottery of breeding"—as great a certainty as the "uncertainty of the Turf"—possibly must be ascribed the failure of Gladiateur at the stud, as he had every possible advantage in being put to the best mares, and everything in his favour.

On the Turf he was *facile princeps*, performing moderately well as a two-year old, but at three winning the Two Thousand Guineas; the Derby, in which he beat nothing better than Christmas Carol and Eltham, two as bad animals as ever were placed second and third in a Derby at Epsom. Their conqueror, however, beat them in a canter, and crossing the Channel, won the Grand Prix de Paris; came back to England, and secured a couple of races at

Goodwood; journeyed to Doncaster, and carried off the St. Leger from Mr. Graham's good mare Regalia, winner of the Oaks; made another successful journey to Longchamps, and returning to Newmarket, won the Newmarket Derby; and, carrying the hopeless weight of 9st 12lbs, ran well forward in the Cambridgeshire.

At four years old he won the Ascot Cup from Regalia and Breadalbane, and all who witnessed the extraordinary rapidity with which his immense stride enabled him to make up his lost ground in that race will be of opinion that this performance was more to his credit as a racer than any of his previous achievements on the Turf. In West Australian's time, the Grand Prix de Paris did not exist, and Lord Lyon was unfortunately not entered for it. For these reasons, perhaps, Gladiateur stands alone as the only animal that has yet won the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the Grand Prix de Paris, and the Great St. Leger Stakes. He took, of course, a great reputation with him to the stud; but disappointment followed disappointment with his progeny. He was purchased by Mr. Blenkiron during the Franco-Prussian War, at the sale of Count de Lagrange's stud; and on the death of the Middle Park breeder he was sold to Captain Ray and a friend for a little more than half the sum which Blair Athol, who was a year his senior, fetched under the hammer of Mr. Tattersall on the same afternoon. But although the grand "pale-faced"

chestnut fetched upwards of five thousand guineas—twelve thousand five hundred guineas—more than the only winner of the four great three-year old events, experience has proved that he was by far the cheaper purchase of the two.

To judgment and perseverance, quite as much as to good luck, Count de Lagrange owed the possession of *Gladiateur*; and we cannot longer shut our eyes to the fact that, with a liberal expenditure of money in the purchase of our best sires and mares, and in providing every necessary appliance for the breeding of young stock, our neighbours across the Channel are likely in the future to become even more formidable rivals than they have been in the past. In addition to this great and spirited competition for the production of first-class racers, the French Government have for years employed agents in this country to buy up sires and mares of a class suitable to produce good cavalry horses. Russia, Germany, and Austria have resorted for years past to similar tactics; and by this means the supply of our sound thoroughbred horses, suitable for service in country districts, has been enormously reduced. It is the opinion of Sir Charles Legard, of Mr. Henry Chaplin, and Mr. Edmund Tattersall, three able judges of matters relating to horseflesh—not only in connection with the Turf, but in the rural districts—that the time has come for the British Government to follow in the footsteps of Continental Governments, and provide a National Stud. And in this opinion

everybody who has calmly considered the question, will concur. Farmers may be left alone to bring the breeds of cattle and sheep to the greatest degree of utility and perfection, because the trade in well-bred oxen and sheep is more profitable to them at present, and seems likely to remain so, than any other branch of agricultural economy. Breeding horses, however, as every farmer—except here and there, perhaps, a Yorkshire or Leicestershire enthusiast who has been exceptionally lucky—will affirm, does not pay; and for this reason Government should take the question up, and found a stud worthy of the historic excellence of the English breeds of horses of all sorts, and of the vast importance of a plentiful supply of good sound animals to the nation in time, not only of war, but of peace. Mr. Chaplin having recently made a motion on this subject in the House of Commons, in commenting upon it at a meeting of the Scarborough Conservative Association, Sir Charles Legard said “that there was the greatest possible interest felt throughout the country in the question of the supply of horses, and in the motion brought forward by his friend, Mr. Chaplin, for preventing their number from diminishing and their quality from deteriorating. The failure of the motion was to be regretted, as the matter was one of the first national importance. In former years England had enjoyed a proud pre-eminence for her breed of horses; but we could not ignore the fact that, during the last twenty-five years, there had been

a great emulation among foreign nations in this direction, and there had been displayed a determination to obtain at any cost the best blood of our country. He did not wish to deprecate this honourable competition, but he wished to enforce his opinion that Mr. Chaplin's motion was one worthy of support, and that Government—whether Liberal or Conservative—should take steps for preventing the country from being drained of its best equine blood. He contrasted with the conduct of our Government that of Prussia, France, and Austria, who had agents in this country buying up all the thoroughbred horses. Previous to the late war, Prussia had had agents in three kingdoms buying up all the short-legged, sound hackney mares, and these they had crossed with pure-bred stallions, producing the fine class of horses ridden by the Uhlans. The effect of this precautionary action on the part of the Prussian Government had been plainly manifest in the late war. The supply of our thoroughbred horses was far inferior to the demand, and he urged the necessity of Government taking up the question, and providing national studs."

Lord Rosebery has also lately brought the matter before the House of Lords in a very able speech, in which he strongly urged upon the Government the necessity of taking early and energetic action in relation to the supply of horses; and Mr. Edmund Tattersall has thus strongly expressed his views on the importance of forming a national stud :—

“Having, many years since, brought the subject before the London Farmers’ Club, I need not repeat my opinion that England ought to have a national stud for breeding stallions to be distributed over the country. Austria has about 4,000 stallions, Germany about 2,000, and Russia, I am told, even more, belonging to the Governments. What has answered so well there, surely would answer here ; and, in the richest country in the world, to talk of the expense is simply absurd.

“I am not going over the arguments again which were so well put before the House of Lords by Lord Rosebery, and borne out by the evidence before the committee. But there is one point I wish to put before the public ; and I am sorry, in this instance, to say that Mr. Chaplin himself will point the moral of my tale, although, perhaps, he would not like to do so himself. It has been justly said, ‘ Mr. Chaplin is a master of fox-hounds, a spirited agriculturist, an enlightened country gentleman. The county of Lincoln—in which he lives—and the adjoining county of York are the chief sources from which our horse supply is drawn.’

“Now, it happens that Mr. Chaplin was the owner of Dalesman, one of the most powerful thoroughbred stallions in England, and he had also bought or hired Knowsley, a magnificent horse of the highest breeding and power for the use of the country. These two horses represented in value perhaps from £7,000 to £8,000. In one week they both died ! Now, how

ever rich a country gentleman may be, or however public-spirited, very few can afford, or would be willing to supply, such a loss. But if these horses had been the property of the Government, their loss would have been an item of no great amount, as such fatalities do not often occur, and the average of loss over a given number of years would be small.

"The same thing happened to me, on a smaller scale, as Plaudit dropped down dead soon after I bought him, and he would now have been cheap at £2,000.

"I only quote Mr. Chaplin's case as an additional reason for having, at all events, national studs of stallions; and I hope that Mr. Chaplin will bring the question before the members of her Majesty's Government, who have already done the horse-breeders of England a great favour in remitting the tax on horses, which remission is a boon to all classes."

The importance to all classes in this country of securing a supply of useful animals seems hardly to require argument; while the uncertainty of life in costly sires, the "lottery of breeding," and the certain unprofitableness of breeding horses of any sort, except under very exceptional circumstances, as compared with the breeding of cattle and sheep, seem sufficiently to establish the necessity for action on the part of the Government, private breeders being hardly likely to do more in the future than they are doing now.

Upon the uncertainty of life in connection with thoroughbred stock, mentioned by Mr. Tattersall, it

may be remarked that as a rule the most famous sires of the British Turf have been long-lived. The Godolphin Arabian, Flying Childers, Eclipse, and Highflyer, all lived to a green old age. The Godolphin Arabian lived to be twenty-nine; Flying Childers died at the age of twenty-seven, Eclipse and Highflyer at twenty-six. In the present century, Touchstone, Bay Middleton, Orlando, Venison, Slave, Gladiator, the Flying Dutchman, Voltigeur, Newminster, and Stockwell all lived to a good old age. But the early deaths of Beadsman, Kingston, Lord Clifden, and many less famous sires, well justified the term applied to them by the late Sir Tatton Sykes—"casualty stock." To take, for example, the case of Lord Clifden. He won the St. Leger Stakes; and subsequently, in 1870, Mr. Gee, an enterprising breeder of thoroughbred stock, bought him for four thousand guineas. He died at Dewhurst Lodge at the age of fifteen; while Touchstone, his grandsire, was vigorous till he was thirty years of age. If Lord Clifden had lived during another fifteen years, and retained his reputation, he would have been the means of putting a large sum of money into Mr. Gee's pocket. As it was, his comparatively early death was a loss to Mr. Gee and to the stud, and serves well to illustrate the lottery attendant on all dealings in Sir Tatton's "casualty stock."

The twelve thousand five hundred guinea Blair Athol is just in his prime at the age at which Lord Clifden died, and the Stud Company, which owns him,

may reasonably hope to have the benefit and profit of his services for another ten years to come; but he has more than once been a cause of great anxiety to those who have charge of him, and who treat Mr. Tattersall's "finest horse in the world" to the four or five hours of slow exercise a day which the late Mr. Blenkiron considered the only sure way of keeping a stallion in good health.

That the Governments of leading Continental countries are pursuing a wise policy in sparing no expense to secure a good breed of horses in large numbers there cannot be the slightest doubt; and sooner or later—and it is to be hoped sooner rather than later—the English Government must follow their example. France began many years ago by importing Diamond, the great opponent of Hambletonian in many of his matches; Lottery, Tarrare, Nunnykirk, Gladiator, Foig-a-Ballagh, Weathergage, Saucebox, Lanercost, and many other sires have followed Diamond from the shores of perfidious Albion to the haras, governmental and private, of fair France. The Americans, Austrians, Russians, Prussians, our fellow-subjects in Canada and Australia—besides the French—have drawn largely for upwards of a century past upon our supplies, and have all of them taken some of our best horses. The descendants of our blood stock are to be found in all these countries in great numbers; and wherever the English racehorse has gone, a taste for horse-racing has gone with him. Even Italy has

drawn largely upon us for horses, chiefly for cavalry purposes, and some attempts have been made by the young Italian nobles, aided by English committees, to get up races in the English style. An Italian Derby, however, is a matter for the far-off future, as far as a judgment can be formed from present appearances. *Apropos* of Italian racing, as the race of the *barberi* on the Corso, at Rome, is now a matter of history, a few words may be said here about these riderless races, which are of great antiquity.

To the credit of the Italian press and of the upper classes, be it said, these barbarous sports have been discontinued since 1872, when they were last run.

These races of horses without riders were run at Pisa, Lucca, and Florence, as well as at Rome, where the contests were decided in the narrow and dangerous Corso. The animals competing wore feathers and ribbons on their heads, and had a number in white on their flanks, by which they were distinguished for betting purposes. The sport was cruel, and, owing to the narrowness of the street in which the horses ran, was attended with considerable danger to human life; for these races formed one of the most popular features of the old Roman Carnival with the lower classes, who crowded the Corso in vast numbers. At the foot of the Obelisk—originally brought by the Emperor Augustus from the Temple of the Sun, in Heliopolis, and presented to the Circus Maximus—tribunes were erected for the accommodation of the officials of the municipality

and the princely families. The horses were trained animals—of late years, often, some of the starters were weedy English thoroughbreds—used to such races; and for a week or ten days before the races they were walked a few hours daily over the Corso, from the starting-post to the goal. They were urged to put forth their powers by prickings fastened to a surcingle: the faster the horse galloped, the faster the prickings at his flanks worked. There were commonly four of these prickings, two on each side, with four needles in each.

The start was effected in this way: a rope was drawn across the street, and held at either end by a soldier: the horses were drawn up to this rope, which at a given signal was dropped, and the horses were slipped like greyhounds. Familiar with the process, they usually showed considerable anxiety to start, and careered madly over the pebbles of the narrow street, until they were stopped by running against a tarpaulin or canvas screen drawn across the street at the end of the course. By this means they were readily and suddenly stopped, and at once caught by grooms and soldiers who were there for that purpose. The spectacle of half a dozen or eight jaded “screws” goaded by the prickings into the semblance of a race, and further urged on by the shouts and missiles of the crowd, was anything but edifying; and it is creditable to the authorities that this feature of the Carnival has now for several years been discontinued.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ENGLISH RACE-HORSE—HIS ORIGIN.

IT is by no means a settled point among men of science where the ancient Briton first came from: whether he emigrated from Gaul, crossing the Channel in a frail and barbarous boat; whether he came from Ireland or the Low Countries; or whether he was “developed” on our island itself.

With these theories we need not busy ourselves. If our remote ancestor emigrated from the mainland to found the greatest empire the world has ever seen; or if he began, in farther distant ages, his life as an indeterminate something—half animal, half vegetable—on some rocky coast of England or Scotland, it seems probable that his horse shared the fortunes of the now nobler animal. If he crossed over from France, he probably brought his horse with him. If he was “developed” in the course of ages, it is at least not unlikely that his horse underwent at the same time similar processes of development, in order, by the wise and kindly provision of nature, to be on the spot, ready bitted and groomed, when the newly perfected lord of creation should be ready to jump on his back.

With our earliest progenitors, doubtless, the horse stood just after the wife and just before the dog in the order of regard. The British horse was undoubtedly small of stature and hardy of constitution, able to pick up a living off the scant herbage where a larger and finer animal would have starved; serviceable in carrying weights disproportionate to his size, sure-footed, and, it is reasonable to suppose, slow.

When Cæsar landed in Britain, he found a large force of cavalry existing in the island. This fact seems hardly reconcilable with the statement of the Venerable Bede that the English first used saddle-horses in A.D. 631. The statements of the military and ecclesiastic historians may, however, easily be made to tally. The horse may have been used by the barbarian hordes that gave the Roman conqueror so much trouble only as an implement of warfare, enabling the heavy cavalry of that time to move rapidly from one strategic position to another; while the employment of the animal as a pleasant vehicle of peaceful locomotion may have first occurred to the minds of the English of the seventh century. The number of horses Cæsar found in Britain will also serve to establish the fact that the horse had been known to the natives of the island for a long period of time, as it is impossible they could have imported horses in large numbers; and under all the circumstances of climate, and means of feeding, any large increase in numbers, in the ordi-

nary way of propagation, would be a work occupying a long period of time. It is to be presumed that between the time of Cæsar's invasion of Britain, B.C. 53, and the time when Bede wrote, the breed of horses in Great Britain—or at all events, in southern portions of it—had greatly improved; and this, not by crossings with imported blood, but from the fact that with the advance from pure savagery to something approaching civilization on the part of the master, the horse would be better fed and better cared for, and more warmly housed; and in this way, though the breeding was always in and in, the size of the animal would increase and his appearance improve. The Romans would introduce into Britain their knowledge of farriery; and from the establishment of the Roman empire in Britain, it is probable the condition and breed of the horse improved from century to century, until, in Bede's time—the early part of the eighth century—he would be an animal well worthy of the saddle the learned priestly historian says was then for the first time placed on his back.

As civilization advanced, the British breed of horses improved, till, in the reign of James I., we had in England a native breed of horses, stout but slow, of sterling merit, and of great powers of endurance—great “goodness,” as capacity for staying was then termed; and these animals are the stock from which the British racehorse of more modern times has been derived, and from judicious crossings

of which with imported sires the finest breed of horses the world ever saw has been produced.

The blood stock bred from the Markham and other Arabians, barbs, and Persian horses and English mares, in the reign of James the First and the reigns of succeeding monarchs, was, it is stated, by no means the first appearance of the running horse in England. In the ninth century it is said that Hugh, the founder of the royal French house of Capet, sent over some running horses as a present to the King Athelstan. Edward III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., all kept running horses; but it is by no means clear that they were used for racing purposes, or that running horse, in those days, meant any more than a horse that could gallop very fast on occasion. The last-named monarch was a great admirer of horsemanship, and himself an accomplished rider—Wolsey first coming prominently before his notice, and securing his royal favour, through having ridden very rapidly on a journey when he was carrying a message to the King.

In the reign of the self-willed Tudor prince, the native breed of horses had developed in various species serviceable for a variety of uses. There were *gentill* horses or chargers, palfreys, hobys, clothseks (used for carrying the cloak-bag), chariot horses, trotting horses, curtals, gambaldynge horses, and amblynge horses. Though there may have been little difference between some of these animals, there was enough to distinguish them by.

In the reign of Elizabeth, 1588, when the great Spanish Armada was off our coasts, and, happily, wrecked, some Spanish horses were washed ashore in the North, and ultimately conveyed to Newmarket; and this is the first important admixture of foreign blood with that of the native breed—always assuming that it is the fact that these Spanish horses reached Newmarket or other towns of England, for on this point there is no very strong evidence.

In 1602, in the reign of James I., the breeding of thoroughbred horses for racing purposes, and the improvement of the native breed generally, received a great impetus from the *penchant* of the monarch for sport. In his reign the first imported Arabian was brought into England. This was the Markham Arabian, so called after Mr. Markham. It has always been said that James gave £500 for this stallion; and the error, running from one writer to another, and appearing last in a work entitled "A Book of the Horse," is worthy of correction. In the records of the Exchequer of that reign, it is set down that the King gave only a little more than £150 for the Markham Arabian; and it appears from these records that James never spent more than £400 in all, in any one year of his reign, for the purchase of horses. As to the Markham Arabian, there is this particular entry:—

"*Item.*—December 20, 1616, paid to Master Markham for the Arabian horse, for his Majesty's own use, £154.

“Item.—The same day, paid to a man that brought the same Arabian horse and kept him, £11.”

This horse is the equine father of the Turf; but, as he failed to race well, his performances threw discredit upon Oriental blood in England, and tended to check the importation of animals of Eastern origin for some considerable time; in fact, until the reign of Anne, when the Darley Arabian was brought to this country, and laid the foundation of our present racing stock. The horses imported from the East of most note are:—

The Markham Arabian (James I.).

Place's White Turk (Charles II.).

Darley Arabian (Anne).

Brown Arabian.

Honeywood's Arabian.

Sir Thomas Oglethorpe's Arabian.

The Cullen Arabian Mare.

The Newcombe Bay Mountain Arabian.

The Damascus Arabian.

The Lonsdale Bay Arabian.

The Coombe Arabian.

Mr. Bell's Grey Arabian.

The Godolphin Arabian, Barb.

The Curwen Bay Barb.

Mr. Wilkinson's Barb Mare.

Mr. Compton's Barb.

The Thoulouse Barb.

The Marshall or Selaby Turk.

The Byerley Turk.

The Acaster Turk.

The Belgrade Turk.

Duke of Berwick's Turk.

Sir William Strickland's Turk.

The Helmsley Turk.

Dodsworth (foaled in England).

This list comprises the most celebrated animals brought into England from the East during a number of years prior to 1770. The influx of Eastern blood produced by judicious crossings with our native stock was of the greatest possible benefit to our horses, and resulted in the production of a perfect horse. Of the Oriental sires in this list, the most famous is the Godolphin Arabian—improperly so-called, for he was a Barb. He was of a brown bay colour, stood fifteen hands high, and, it is supposed, was foaled about the year 1724. Most of our best horses trace their pedigree back to the Godolphin Barb. He was bought out of a cart in Paris, brought to England by Mr. Coke, given by him to Mr. Williams, the proprietor of the St. James's Coffee House, afterwards becoming the property of the Earl of Godolphin. His first foal was Lath, a horse pronounced by the judges of that day to be nearly as good an animal as Flying Childers. Lath was out of Roxana, and was foaled in 1732. The Godolphin Barb afterwards got a great number of excellent foals, which proved to be the best racers of their day, and effectually established the fame of their distinguished sire. The Godolphin Arabian died in 1753, and is be-

lieved to have been twenty-eight years of age at the time of his death.

Though always called an Arabian, he is generally admitted to have been a Barb, as he had all the characteristics which distinguish the Barbary horse. His portrait is conclusive evidence that he was not a Turk, and, situated as Paris then was, it was the likeliest place to get a thorough Barb, as the French had prosperous settlements in Africa, especially their factory on the Senegal. One of their agents there thus describes the horses of the Moors he saw brought down to the great annual gum fair:—"The Moors of the Zahara have a race of horses somewhat similar to the Arabs, and, like them, they scrupulously keep their alliances and genealogy. In these cases they devote themselves to rearing and perpetuating fine races of this animal." This gentleman, M. Golberry, adds that he found from the Moors that they would be willing to sell to the French some of the finest horses of this race for about fifty pieces of blue cloth a head. The cloth was called Guinea, and was worth about twenty shillings the piece. This would make the price the Moors put upon their best animals, in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, about fifty pounds each. "These horses," M. Golberry says, "have not so elegant a head and rump as those of Arabia; but the legs, chest, and body have much more powerful proportions."

This description exactly tallies with the portraits

of the Darley and Godolphin Arabians, both of whom possessed greater length, room, power, and leverage, and covered more ground as they stood, than the Arab horse.

The Cullen Arabian was brought from Constantinople by Mr. Mosco, who sold him to Lord Cullen. Mr. Mosco obtained him from the British Consul at Constantinople, to whom he was presented by the Emperor of Morocco. He had been bred in that country at the Royal stud, his pedigree was long, and the purity of his blood considered undoubted. He was the sire of Carnullus, Dragon's dam, and other famous animals.

The Damascus Arabian : This sire stood at Newmarket in 1766, and his fee was one guinea. He got a superior animal in Signal, who first started in that year, and ran so well that Damascus's price was raised to five guineas in 1767, and afterwards to ten guineas a mare. Advertisements to this effect in the newspapers describe him as of the purest Arabian blood. He was a fortunate horse at the stud.

St. Victor's Barb was the sire of the celebrated Bald Galloway. The Bald Galloway was the sire of Lord Portmore's Snake, and of Cartouche, Lath, and Cade.

The Strickland Turk was the property of Sir William Strickland, Bart., and was at the stud from 1720 to 1730, getting some good racers among his progeny.

Wilson's chestnut Arabian : This sire, the pro-

perty of Mr. Charles Wilson, was originally brought into England by the Earl of Kinnoul, Ambassador at Constantinople, who gave what was thought a high price there for him, namely, upwards of £200. He was considered a very highly bred horse by the Turks, who sold him to Lord Kinnoul. His stock were none of them first-rate performers, except Primrose and Negro, both of whom could race.

The Newcombe Bay Mountain Arabian was bought directly from the Sheik of St. John Dirackri by Captain Burfoot, who sold him to Mr. Newcombe. The English breeders and *cognoscenti* of the day were unanimous in their opinion that the Newcombe Arabian was one of the finest Eastern horses that had been brought to England, having great bone and substance, and nearly resembling the Godolphin Arabian in most respects. His stock began to race in 1768.

The Coombe Arabian, who is also described in the stud-book pedigrees as Mr. Piggot's grey Arabian, and likewise as Lord Bolingbroke's, was brought direct from the East. He covered at Chesterton Hall, near Stilton, in Huntingdonshire, in 1770.

Tarran's Black Barb covered in 1720. Lord Oxford's Arabian in 1730.

Bethell's Arabian, 1735, was the sire of Selima granddam, of King Herod. This horse got an immense number of racers, and is almost unrivalled in his success at the stud.

The Northumberland Arabian, afterwards the property of Mr. Leedes, and hence called the Leedes

Arabian, was foaled in 1755. The Duke of Northumberland, anxious to contribute to the improvement of the breed of horses in this country, sent Mr. Phillips, a noted judge of horses, to the East, to procure, regardless of price, the best Arabian he could find. Mr. Phillips accordingly purchased this sire of the King of Sennah in Arabia Felix, for a large sum of money. He returned to England with the horse, who stood as a private stallion in the Duke's stud till 1766, when he became the property of Mr. Leedes, and served mares at from three to five guineas. Mr. Phillips at the same time brought into England the Golden Arabian, sire of Aurora and others.

Bell's Arabian, brought to England in 1765, stood near Barnet, Middlesex, and covered at ten guineas. He was obtained from Beny Suckr, described as the "Principal Chief of all the Arab Tribes," who gave his assurance and testimonial that the horse was of the breed most valued by the Arabs, and of the purest Eastern blood. His stock were small, but several among them raced.

The Saanah Arabian, history unknown, 1770, got some good winners.

Hutton's bay Barb, grandsire of Marske, and great-grandsire of Eclipse, 1732. His most celebrated progeny were Black Chance and Black Legs.

Sir Michael Newton had two Arabians, a bay and a grey, 1735, which got some winners.

Mr. Panton's Arabian, 1760, was the sire of some good animals.

Admiral Keppel, 1749, imported a fine Barb mare, which he presented to the Duke of Cumberland. Many other noblemen and gentlemen likewise became possessed of mares of pure Eastern blood, which they often mated with the stallions they had imported. The breeding from the Oriental stock was necessarily very much in and in, contrary to the practice of the present day; and—contrary, likewise, to what might have been expected from such a course—the results were very good, some of our best early racers having been produced in this fashion of breeding from near relatives on both sides.

The greatest names in the early Stud Books are undoubtedly Herod, Match'em, and Eclipse. The pedigree of these horses show how largely they partook of the imported Eastern blood.

The Byerly Turk

got		
Jigg	...	{ out of a Spanker mare. Spanker
got		{ got by D'Arcy's Yellow Turk.
Partner	...	out of a Curwen bay Barb mare.
got		{ out of a Fox mare (Meliora), Old
Tartar	...	{ Fox by Clumsy, a son of Wilkes's
		{ Old Hautboy by the white D'Arcy,
		{ or Sedbury Turk out of a Royal
		{ mare.
got		{ out of a blaze mare (Cypron) by
Herod	...	{ Childers Darley Arabian. Selima,
		{ the dam of Cypron, was got by
		{ Bethell's Arabian.

In the instances of Match'em and Eclipse, the Eastern blood is quite as prevalent. The pedigree of the latter great race-horse is given elsewhere; that of the former is as follows:—

The Godolphin Arabian

got		{	out of a Bald Galloway
			mare (Roxana). The Bald
			Galloway, by St. Victor's
Cade	...	{	Barb, his dam by Fen-
			wick's Why-not (son of
			Barb), his granddam a
			Royal mare.
got		{	out of a Partner mare.
			Partner by Jigg, son of
Match'em	...	{	the Byerly Turk, his dam
			by the Curwen grey
			Barb.

The descendants of these three great animals, of course, all of them trace their origin in the male line from the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, and the Godolphin Arabian.

The prices at which the imported Eastern horses covered (bred mares) varied very much; in fact, from "nothing at all," as was the case with the Damascus Arabian in his first season in England, to the twenty guineas and five shillings at which Oronoko covered in 1752. A guinea and a shilling, a guinea and a half and a shilling, two guineas and four and sixpence, were common prices. Five and ten guineas were by no means rare fees; but anything over ten

guineas was very uncommon. In an advertisement of the fact that the Damascus Arabian would cover mares, it is stated that he was bred by a chief of Arabia noted for his breed of horses, and, when a foal, presented to the Bashaw of Damascus, and given by him to a rich Turk merchant of Aleppo, with whom the Bashaw had great dealings in money affairs, of whom he was there bought, at two years old, by an English gentleman, in whose possession he continued till his arrival in England. This account may be seen, certified on stamped paper, in Smeaton.

“N.B.—For the encouragement of breeders, mares that shall be properly certified to have won a 12st. King’s Plate, or to have had a colt or filly that ever won a 12st. King’s Plate, will, for this season, be covered for nothing.”

Such an advertisement would not, nowadays, prove any “encouragement to breeders,” or any inducement to them to send their approved mares to an imported sire. But there was in those days the general opinion among breeders that the way to obtain valuable produce was to send their mares to horses of pure Oriental blood. They were very particular in the matter of genuine history and pedigree, many of the certificates and testimonials being countersigned by persons of high official position. Doubts as to the purity of the blood of such sires were set at rest by the owners of newly imported horses, as in the following invitation to send mares at

ten guineas a-piece to Gibson's Grey Arabian:—"This horse, which is near fifteen hands high, extremely beautiful, remarkably strong, and in perfect health, was purchased at Yedmine, in Arabia Felix, of the Immaum or King of Sinna, for £400 sterling."

The way in which these imported Arabians were brought to England is shown as follows:—Mr. Gibson's horse "was brought from Yedmine, down the Red Sea to Bombay, and from thence to England on board the *Earl Elgin*, Indiaman, as upon inquiry will most undoubtedly appear; so that, considering how very few (if any) horses that are called Arabians have such authentic proof of their being really so, the distance of the place from whence he came—famous in Arabia for the best breed of horses—and the length and hazard of the voyage, it may be presumed no man could undertake to bring a horse of equal merit from thence for less than £2,000."

The mayor of the town could be called upon to sign the account of the antecedents of an imported sire, stamping with his authority the genuineness of the breed. The arts of puffing by advertisement, however, were looked upon as necessary, as, for instance:—"There is flowing in Ramper's veins a more extraordinary collection of foreign blood than most stallions can boast of." But Ramper, with all his illustrious Eastern pedigree, served at a guinea and a shilling.

Mr. Bell, who was anxious to procure mares for

his grey Arabian at ten guineas, announced that he had been purchased, at the distance of thirty days' journey from St. John D'Acre, the nearest seaport to the Desert of Arabia, by an Armenian named Philip John, whom he sent out on his mission with an unlimited commission to buy "the most genuine-bred horse he could find in all Arabia." Philip John is described as being perfectly acquainted with the language and manners of the Arabs, and of great skill as a judge of horses. He found the great Sheik Beny Suckr, and opened the campaign by making Beny a few useful presents, and finally purchased the grey Arabian out of the Sheik's own stud. Armed with an "undoubted assurance and testimonial" of the horse being of the true Jelfy blood—the most valued breed in all Arabia—and in every respect a true and perfect Arab horse, and escorted by ten Arabs during a journey of thirty days through the desert to St. John D'Acre, Philip John starts with his prize. He has still the long overland journey to Aleppo before he takes ship to England, which in due time he reaches. Such a recital exhibits the great difficulty attendant upon procuring Arabian sires for the use of our stud, the risks run and trouble taken by Englishmen to secure the best Oriental blood. It is no wonder that Mr. Bell "flatters himself that his having procured this inestimable horse, at so very great an expense of time and money, for the service of the noblemen and gentlemen breeders, will entitle him to their favour."

The advertisements, however, were not always so true in fact as that put forth in 1765 by Mr. Bell; nor was the animal almost invariably described, not only as "allowed by all who have seen him to be the finest Arabian in this kingdom," but as "the finest high-bred horse in Arabia Felix," on all occasions entitled to such a description. A learned writer on pedigree remarks of one of them, referring to an Arabian, "nothing can be more absurd than this advertisement," adding that it serves to show how little accounts of pedigree are deserving of credit—the illustrious animal being described as having been bred in the mountains, by a King who gave him to a Governor of Mocha at two years old, and the next year selected him to wear a medal as the best horse in Arabia.

Good wine, it has long been said, needs no bush. The truth of this is further shown by the following notice of the greatest horse of his day:—

"At ten guineas and five shillings, King Herod, at Nether Hall, near Bury, Suffolk. His pedigree and performances are so well known, it is needless to publish them."

Ten guineas and five shillings for the groom continued for a long time to be the price at which the best and most successful sires of the day rendered their services at the stud.

Place's White Turk—so called after Mr. Place, Master of the Horse to Oliver Cromwell—the Helmsley Turk, Fairfax's Morocco, and Barb, were the first

sires to ameliorate and fine the blood of the native stock. The first really great Eastern horse, however, that was brought into England was the Darley Arabian. The Duke of Newcastle, a great sportsman, and the author of a work on horsemanship, had written down the Markham Arabian on account of his small size; and the effect of his Grace's opinion had been to cause the current of opinion among breeders to set directly against the infusion of Eastern blood among our own stock. This feeling, however, had subsided by the time the Darley Arabian came to do such useful work, and prepared the way for the Godolphin Arabian, although this horse was at first thought so little of that he was employed as a teaser. During twenty years, however, he served at the stud, and did invaluable service to the blood stock of the country. He got Flying Childers, reputed to be the fastest horse known.

It was not until about the year 1764, however, that the Stud Book began to make its appearance, consequently the records of the produce of mares before 1760 are very imperfect, and, where they exist, generally untrustworthy. This is explained, says a contemporary writer, by the fact that at the time William, Duke of Cumberland, came to Newmarket, about 1753, the Turf was at a very low ebb, there being at the time very few breeders of race-horses; indeed, there were but two or three in the North of England. A few noblemen and gentlemen kept race-horses, it is true; but they appear to have main-

tained this portion of their establishment rather from a love of state, or from the fact that their fathers kept running horses before them, than from any love of the sport.

The year 1753, the date of the Duke of Cumberland's going to Newmarket, was also the date at which the greatest sire the turf had then seen died, full of years, at Hogmagog, in Cambridgeshire. Nothing is known of the pedigree of the Godolphin Arabian, none having been given with him when he was brought to this country. He was a horse of very good temper, and his only weakness appears to have been his amiable liking for a cat, a portrait of which is seen in the pictures of the great Barb. His most celebrated progeny, perhaps, were Lath, Cade, Regulus, Blank, Babraham (called after the name of a village near the Duke of Leeds' estate, at Hogmagog, or Gogmagog, in Cambridgeshire), and Bajazet.

Of the celebrated stallions mentioned in the list, the Helmsley Turk belonged to the Duke of Buckingham. Place's White Turk belonged to a gentleman of that name in the time of the Commonwealth and the reign of Charles the Second. This horse was the sire of Wormwood, Commoner, and the great-granddams of Windham, Grey Ramsden, and Cartouch, whose names appear with credit in the Stud Book.

Royal mares were so called from Charles the Second having sent his Master of the Horse to the Continent with instructions to purchase some foreign

mares for breeding. These mares (and their produce very often) have been denominated Royal mares by the drawers of equine pedigrees.

The Duke of Berwick brought a Turkish horse from the siege of Buda, in the reign of James the Second. This animal was the sire of Snake, Brisk and Piping Peg, belonging to the Duke of Kingston, and Coneyskins, the dam of Hip.

The Byerly Turk was originally a charger ridden by Captain Byerly in King William the Third's Irish campaign, 1689. This horse did not cover many mares of high breeding; but when he did, he was successful in getting good stock. The Duke of Kingston's Sprite, reputed nearly as good as the famous Leedes, the Duke of Rutland's Black Hearty and Archer, the Duke of Devonshire's Basto, and Lord Bristol's Grasshopper, were among his progeny.

The D'Arcy White Turk was the sire of Old Hautboy, Grey Royal, Cannon, and other animals known to fame.

The D'Arcy Yellow Turk was the sire of Spanker, Brimmer, and other good performers. The Selaby Turk—otherwise the Marshall Turk—belonged to a brother of Mr. Marshall, who was Stud Master to three successive Sovereigns—William, Anne, and George the First. This horse was luckiest in his filly foals, getting, among others, the dams of Windham and Derby Ticklepitcher, and the great granddam of the Bolton Sloven and Fearnought.

The Thoulouse Barb, afterwards the property of

Sir J. Parsons, was the sire of Bagpiper, Blacklegs, Motley, and the dam of Cinnamon.

The Darley Arabian was acquired by the brother of a Yorkshire squire of that name. He was a merchant in the Levant, and, like a true son of the premier county, he carried his tastes for sport into the East with him. Being a member of a hunting club, he was able to form such connections with distinguished sporting men, among the native princes and chiefs, as to enable him to get one of their best horses. Mr. Darley consigned his Arabian, as soon as he became possessed of him, to England; and here he soon distinguished himself at the stud. He covered very few mares except those of his owner; but he got Childers and Almanzor; brother to Almanzor, who met with an accident, and never ran in public; Cupid, Brisk, Dædalus, Dart, Skipjack, Uranica, Aleppo, and Lord Lonsdale's and Lord Tracy's mares.

Curwen's Bay Barb, Muly Ishmael, King of Morocco, presented to Louis the Fourteenth. Mr. Curwen procured this horse and the Thoulouse Barb from Count Byrom and Count Thoulouse, natural sons of Louis, one of whom was the Master of the Horse to his father, and the other an admiral in the French Navy.

The Curwen Bay Barb did not cover many mares except those of his owner and Mr. Pelham; but he got Mixbury and Tantivy (Galloways), Brocklesby, Little George, Yellow Jack, Bay Jack, Monkey,

Dangerfield, Hip, Peacock, Flatface, and many other good animals, his reputation at the stud coming next after that of the Godolphin and Darley Arabians as a sire of good animals whose progeny have been famous in racecourse story.

Greyhound was foaled in England; he was got by King William the Third's white Barb Chillaby, out of [Slugey, a natural Barb mare. Greyhound was sire of the Duke of Wharton's Othello, Osmyn, Rake, Goliah, Favourite, Desdemona, and other good stock.

Dodsworth, also foaled in England, was a natural Barb. His dam, a Barb mare, was imported in the time of Charles the Second, and was one of the animals called Royal Mares. At twenty years old she fetched forty guineas, when in foal with Vixen by the Helmsley Turk. This was after the death of Charles, and the master of his stud bought her. Dodsworth, her most famous offspring, was the sire of many good animals.

The Honywood Arabian, otherwise called Sir J. Williams's Turk, was the sire of that celebrated pair, the two True Blues, both the property of Mr. Honywood. For a space of five years the first True Blue was the best plate horse in England, holding his own against all comers. It is reported that this Turkish horse covered no thoroughbred, or as they were then called "bred," mares, except the dam of the two True Blues. The Belgrade Turk was taken at the siege of Belgrade by General Merci, and pre-

sented by him to the Prince de Craon, who gave him afterwards to the Prince of Lorraine. Sir Marmaduke Wyvill afterwards purchased him, and in his possession he died in 1740.

Our ancestors enjoy the reputation of having had the habit of calling a spade a spade. This honest virtue was perhaps strained when Mr. Crofts, the gentleman who owned a beautiful grey Arabian entire horse, distinguished by a few red ticks on his rear hip, called his horse Bloody Buttocks. At Mr. Crofts' death his papers were overhauled to find the pedigree of this barbarously-named animal; but nothing more could be precisely made out than that he was a horse of Arabian breed, with small red marks on his hip.

He was the sire of some very good animals, despite his name. The force of barbarism, however, could no farther go than when the unimaginative squire who owned him called his two best daughters Bay and Grey Bloody Buttocks. But in these days the nomenclature of the Turf, as the art of naming horses appropriately has since been called, did not much avail.

Crofts' Bay Barb was got by Chillaby, out of a pure Barb mare, known as the Moonah Barb.

The Cullen Arabian was imported by Mr. Mosco. He was the sire of Camillus, Matron, Sour Face, and other animals of note.

The Coombe Arabian—otherwise described in the early Stud-books as the Pigot Arabian—and the Bo-

lingbroke Grey Arabian, got Methodist, the dam of Æsop, and others.

The Compton Barb, also called the Sedley Arabian, got Coquette, Greyling, and others.

These names include most of the great "Pilgrim Fathers" of the British Turf. Sojourners in a foreign land, they did their duty, and, at the same time, immeasurable good for the English breed of horses. Their histories, with one exception, are unromantic. The Godolphin Arabian, who arrived at an opportune moment, and was able to carry on the work begun by the Turks and Barbs who had preceded him, is said to have been bought out of a cart in Paris, and afterwards used at first in England in the performance of the vicarious functions of a teaser. The editor of the "General Stud-book" (1808) says, *apropos* of this matter, that he was once informed by a French gentleman, whom he had not afterwards seen, that the Godolphin Arabian had actually drawn a cart in the streets of Paris; and upon this evidence alone rests the story. That he was a great horse his progeny abundantly prove, and an immense advance upon the first Arabian or Barbary horse brought into England—the Markham Arabian, which the Duke of Newcastle says he saw: "the above Arabian, a small bay horse, and not of very excellent shape."

To this introduction of Eastern blood, grafted upon our stout native stock, we owe our modern race-horses; and many among our best runners trace their descent from the Godolphin horse. The accounts

given of these several important sires and originators of our racing stock, show that the "fathers of the flock" were much more largely Turkish and Barbary horses than Arabians; and there seems little reason to doubt that the greatest of them all—the Godolphin horse—was a pure Barb.

That the horse of the desert has wonderful properties, at this day, cannot be denied; that the introduction of Oriental blood into England at the time it took place was of immense benefit to our stock is on all hands admitted; but for nearly a century English stock has been indebted nothing to the further introduction of Oriental blood, and an English race-horse would run the choicest steeds of the desert to a standstill. At the present day, a second-rate English race-horse can beat, and easily beat, the best Oriental animals. The English horse has not only better pace and better staying powers, but better pluck. The Arab will not bear the pinch at the finish, and the late Mr. Atwood was the last man who ran half-bred Arabs with a view to winning on English racecourses with them.

It has been seen how the first English race-horses of merit were bred—namely, by a crossing with Oriental blood. All English breeders recognize the authority of the Stud-book, which contains the pedigrees of our blood stock. If the pedigree of a horse is wanted, it is traced back to some well-known racer; or if required from the beginning, to some one or other of the imported sires

of Eastern origin enumerated above, or until it is lost in obscurity. There are exceptions to the rule that the best horses of their day have always been bred from the so-called pure blood of pedigree sires and dams. Bay Malton and Sampson, two of the best performers of their time, had a stain of coarse blood in their veins; but such exceptions may be taken to prove the rule that no cocktail or imperfectly bred horse has ever been able to hold his own on the racecourse with the best thoroughbreds of his year at weight for age. For nearly a century every horse foaled has been duly recorded, and the most exact pedigrees exist of all our racers. A careful examination of these will show that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred there is no flaw or stain in their long pedigrees; their descent being derived, through generation after generation, from judicious crossings of the thoroughbred sire with the thoroughbred mare, in such a way as to produce a happy "nick" of the two bloods, and the result of a first-rate horse.

To the descendants of the original union between the Barbary, Turkish, and Arabian horses and the native or sometimes imported mares, Englishmen, with their true love for the horse, have paid the highest degree of attention; and to a plentiful supply of the best food, warmth, properly graduated exercise, and perfect grooming, almost as much as to judicious crossings through succeeding generations, is to be attributed the excellence of our race-horses

—a superiority which has been maintained through a great number of years. Our country is not naturally so well adapted for the breeding and rearing of the race-horse as that of more genial and warmer climates. France has a better climate for the purpose of raising blood stock than our own—less damp, less variable, and warmer; so that foals in France are earlier, as a rule, and considerably in advance of ours at a given age. And the French have been successful in breeding some very fine animals, several of which—*Gladiateur*, *Fille de l’Air*, *Sornette*, *Boiard*, *Mortemer*, and others—have held their own against and, more than that, have beaten the best English horses in the great weight-for-age races, and over distances of ground in Cup courses. We have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that these animals, though born on French soil, came from English stock, that the stud-farms were directed by Englishmen, and the animals ridden to victory by English jockeys: French lads have yet to learn the arts of jockeydom.

The origin of the native stock mated with the first imported Barbs and Turks it is impossible to trace with clearness; but the lords of the harem have a history. The horse in the East is treated with as much veneration and half as much skill as it is in Yorkshire. The French General Daumas asked the Emir Abd-el-Kader what was the origin of the Arab horse. The Emir, in his poetic way, called the General “a fissure in a land dried up by

the sun," but he informed him that Allah created the horse out of the wind, as He created Adam out of mud. The Emir's account of the creation of the horse of his country is that when Allah willed to create the horse, He said to the south wind, "I will that a creature proceed from thee—Condense thyself!" and the wind condensed itself, and the result was the horse.

The Emir divides the history of the Arab horse into four periods—the first, from Adam to Ishmael; the second, from Ishmael to Solomon; the third, from Solomon to Mohammed; and the fourth from Mohammed to Napoleon the Third. It is with the last that we are practically interested. The Arabs require in their race of horses moral qualities commensurate with the physical. The Emir says "the thoroughbred horse has no vice," though English trainers will not agree with him on this point; and he claims for his native breed courage, fire, a proud bearing, love for their masters, and the unpleasant habit of letting no one else mount them. The Arab horse shares the emotions of pain or pleasure experienced by his master; he consistently refuses to touch what another horse has left; and he takes great pleasure in "troubling with his feet whatever limpid water he may meet with."

The Arabs undoubtedly have for ages paid great attention to the breeding and rearing of their horses. They have a preference for mares over horses, on account of the value of their produce,

the easiness of their paces, and their greater hardiness.

The Arab notion of a perfect horse is an animal with large, brilliant eyes, wide apart; black, broad nostrils, close together; with long neck, shoulders, haunches, and buttocks; broad forehead, loins, flank, and limbs; with the back shin-bone and pasterns short; the whole accompanied by a soft skin, fine flexible hair, powerful lungs, and good feet, with heels well off the ground.

The favourite colours or coats are:—

The White: "Take the horse white as a silken flag, without spot, with the circle of his eyes black."

The Black: "He must be black as a night without moon and stars."

The Bay: He must be nearly black, or streaked with gold.

The Chestnut: "Desire a dark shade; when he flees beneath the sun, it is the wind. The Prophet was partial to chestnuts."

The dark dappled Grey, called "the grey of the wild pigeon" if resembling the stone of the river: "He will fill the douar when it is empty, and will preserve us from the combat on the day when the muzzles of the guns touch each other."

The Greys are generally esteemed when the head is of a lighter colour than the rest of the body.

The Yellow Dun, which must be dark, with black tail and mane.

White is the colour for princes, but does not stand heat. The black brings good fortune, but fears rocky ground. The chestnut is the most active: "If one tells you that he has seen a horse fly in the air, ask of what colour he was, and if he replies 'Chestnut,' you must have a chestnut." The bay is the hardiest and most sober: "If one tells you that a horse has leaped to the bottom of a precipice, ask of what colour he was, and if he replies 'Bay,' believe him."

Ben Dyab, a renowned chief of the desert, who flourished in the year of the Hijra 955, happening one day to be pursued by Saad-el-Zenaty, Sheikh of the Oulad Yogoub, turned to his son and asked, "What horses are in front of the enemy?" "White horses," replied his son. "It is well; let us make for the sunny side, and they will melt away like butter." Some time afterwards, Ben Dyab again turned to his son, and said, "What horses are in front of the enemy?" "Black horses," cried his son. "It is well; let us make for stony ground, and we shall have nothing to fear—they are the negroes of the Soudan, who cannot walk with bare feet upon the flints." He changed his course, and the black horses were speedily distanced. A third time Ben Dyab asked, "And now what horses are in front of the enemy?" "Dark chestnuts and dark bays." "In that case," replied Ben Dyab, "strike out, my children, strike out, and give your horses the heel; for these might, perchance, over-

take us had we not given barley to ours all the summer through."

The coats despised are—

The Piebald: "Flee him like the pestilence, for he is own brother to the cow." The horse with white main and tail no chief would condescend to mount. There are some tribes even that would not allow him to remain a single night with them. They call such a one Sefeur-el-ihoudy, "the Jew's yellow." It is a colour that brings ill luck. "The iron grey, and the Jew's yellow; if his rider returns from the flight, cut off my hand."

The Roan: This is called Meghedeur-el-deum, "a pool of blood." The rider is sure to be overtaken, but will never overtake.

The horse is to be valued that has no white spots except a star on the forehead, or a simple white stripe down the face. The latter must descend to the lips, and then the owner will never be in want of milk. It is a fortunate mark. It is the image of the dawn. If the star is truncated, or has jagged edges, it is universally disliked; or if the animal adds to that a white spot in front of the saddle, no man in his senses would mount it.

The same authority, General Daumas, in his "Horse of the Sahara," contributes some interesting facts as to the treatment of the horse by the Arabs.

"Grooming," he says, "is unknown to the Sahara. The horses are merely wiped down with woollen

rags, and covered with very good djellale, or rugs that envelop both the croup and the chest. In truth, labour of this sort is little wanted, the horses being habitually placed in a healthy spot, on raised ground, and sheltered from draughts. Arabs who have observed us grooming our horses morning and evening with elaborate carefulness, contend that this continual rubbing of the epidermis, especially with the currycomb, injures their health, and renders them delicate and impressionable, and consequently incapable of supporting the fatigues of war, or, at all events, makes them more liable to disease.

When the weather is hot, and facilities exist for the purpose, their horses are washed morning and evening. Frequently, in winter time, they are fastened up inside the tents, which are very roomy, to shelter them from the sun and rain. The great thing is to keep them clean. One day a horse was led up to the Prophet, who examined it, rose up, and, without saying a word, wiped its face, eyes, and nostrils with the sleeve of his under-garment. "What, with your own garments!" exclaimed the bystanders. "Certainly," replied he; "the angel Gabriel has more than once rebuked me, and has commanded me to act thus."

In winter the covering is kept on day and night, and in summer until three o'clock, when it is taken off, but put on again at eight for the whole night, to preserve the animal from cold and dew, which are all the more dangerous, say the Arabs, because the

skin has been heated throughout the day by a burning sun. The following proverb expresses their dread of the cold of summer nights:—"The cold of summer is worse than a sabre-cut."

If the Arabs do not, like ourselves, attribute much importance to grooming, they are, on the other hand, very careful and particular in their choice of the food and, above all, the water they give their horses. "Many a time during the early days of the Conquest, while on an expedition, after long marches in an intolerable heat, with a south wind blowing that choked us and drove the dust and sand into our faces; when, horse and foot alike panting, exhausted, without power of motion, we delivered ourselves up, worn out as we were, to a fatiguing sleep, often interrupted by the alerts caused by the enemy prowling around us—at such a time I have seen the Arabs go a league from the bivouac in order to water their horses at some pure spring known to themselves. They preferred to risk their own lives to experiencing the pain of watering their horses at the scanty rivulets in the encampment, quickly converted into filthy drains by the trampling of men and beasts of burden."

The system of grooming and hygiene among the Arabs, however, is infinitely behind our own. They have many proverbs about the horse; they are very dainty in their choice of the colour of his coat, or of the spots upon it, which, according to

their traditions, bring good or ill luck to his owner ; but nobody can inquire into their treatment of the horse and think that at this day he is in any respect as well off in the enclosure of an Emir in Arabia as his kinsman is in the Royal stables of the Sovereign of England at Pimlico.

It is curious to compare the notions of the Arabs with our own as to the just proportions of a horse. The Arabs assert that they can tell beforehand, by certain methods, what will be a colt's stature and character when he becomes a horse. These methods vary in different localities, but those most generally adopted are the following:—For the height, take a cord, and, passing it behind the ears and the nape of the neck, then bring the two ends together on the upper lip, just below the nostrils. Having established this measure, they apply it to the distance from the foot to the withers. It is an article of belief that the colt will grow as high as this last measurement out-tops the withers.

When it is desired to ascertain the value of a horse by his proportions, they measure with the hand from the extremity of the dock to the middle of the withers, and take note of the number of palms. They then begin again from the middle of the withers to the extremity of the upper lip, passing between the ears. If in the two cases the number of palms is equal, the horse will be good, but of ordinary speed. If the number of palms

behind is greater than in front, the horse will have no "go" in him. But if the number of palms between the withers and the extremity of the upper lip is more considerable than in measuring from the tail to the withers, rest assured the animal will have great qualities. The more the number differs to the advantage of the fore part, the greater will be the value of the horse. With such an animal, say the Arabs, they can "strike afar" (go a long distance), thus expressing the pace and bottom promised by such proportions. With a little practice they easily come to judge by the eye, so as to have no occasion to measure. While a horse is passing, they compare rapidly, starting from the withers, the hind part with the fore part, and, without going into details, the animal is judged.

These proportions are reputed among the Arabs to constitute the perfect horse. It has never fallen to the lot of an Englishman to see a horse admitted to be perfect by the Children of the Desert, unless it was an animal they wanted to sell, when anything on four legs would serve for the Arab model of perfection. But it is generally admitted, not only by the praisers of things gone by, but by all judges of horseflesh, that Eclipse was a model of what a race-horse should be.

Mr. Darvill, an able judge, forty years ago thus describes a race-horse:—The head of the race-horse should be small and lean, his ears small and

pricked, his eyes brilliantly large, his forehead broad and flat. His throat should be clean and fine from the butt of the ear down to the centre, with a good space between the jawbones, which latter should be thin. The neck should be moderate in length, and wide: a high crest is objectionable. The neck should be rather of a ewe or deer-like shape than loaded on the top. The back should be straight, and moderately long; the loins should have great strength and substance of muscle; the girth should be deep, and the ribs well-arched. The shoulders should lie particularly well back, and should be deep, broad, and have great muscular power. The chest should be of moderate breadth; the fore-arm broad, long, and muscular; the knee-joint should be large, broad, and flat in front; the leg from the knee to the fetlock short, the fetlock-joint large, and the pastern large and strong. The feet should have a moderately oblique crust and open heels; the hips should be wide, having a great breadth between them; the hock should be broad and wide, with a clean, lean appearance; the hind leg, like the fore one, should be short, broad, flat, and straight.

So much for the true principles on which the horse should be formed. Upon his formation depends his action, and upon his action his pace. So important is the exactly correct formation of the race-horse, that it is observed that the "excellence of all horses is mechanical, and that the smallest deviation from a true formation of the acting parts

operates so powerfully as to render them, under certain conditions, nearly powerless."

Wind also is of the first importance. The old race-horses were described as of much speed and goodness. Goodness meant staying powers, or, as we say, bottom.

Although it is perfectly true, as stated by Mr. Blaine in his "Outlines of the Veterinary Art," that "for *racing* we require that the greatest possible amount of bone and muscle and sinew should be got into the smallest bulk, and that, in addition to great flexibility and some length, the limbs must be strongly united, the chest deep and capacious, and the hinder extremities furnished with powerful muscles; for *hunting* we must have a similar yet somewhat bulkier horse, with powerful loins and more powerful quarters; and for the hackney, while we do not undervalue the strength of the loins and the quarters, we look more to the elevated withers, the deep and muscular shoulders, and the straight and well-formed leg"—yet there is a nearer and truer proportion between the several parts of these kindred animals than many persons are willing to allow, and this sketch of them in Eclipse will not only be interesting but useful to the general horseman.

Eclipse's proportions were as follow :—

The length of the head of the horse is supposed to be divided into twenty-two equal parts, which are the common measure for every part of the body.

Three heads and thirteen parts will give the height of the horse from the foretop to the ground. Three heads from the withers to the ground. Three heads from the rump to the ground. Three heads and three parts the whole length of the body, from the most prominent part of the chest to the extremity of the buttocks. Two heads and twenty parts the height of the body, through the middle of the centre of gravity. Two heads and seven parts, the height of the highest part of the chest from the ground. Two heads and five parts, the height of the perpendicular line which falls from the articulation of the arm with the shoulder, directly to the hoof. One head and twenty parts, the height of the perpendicular line which falls from the top of the fore leg, dividing equally all its parts to the fetlock. One head and nineteen parts, the height of the perpendicular line from the elbow to the ground. One head and nineteen parts, the distance from the top of the withers to the stifle. The same distance also gives the distance from the top of the rump to the elbow. One and a half heads the length of the neck from the withers to the top of the head. The same measure also gives the length of the neck from the top of the head to its insertion into the chest. One head, the width of the neck at its union with the chest. Twelve parts of a head, the width of the neck in its narrowest part. The same measure gives the breadth of the head taken below the eyes. One head and four parts, the thickness of

the body from the middle of the back to the middle of the belly. The same measure gives the breadth of the body—also the rump, from its summit to the extremity of the buttocks; also the distance from the root of the tail to the stifle; also the length from the stifle to the hock; also the length from the extremity of the hoof to the hock. Twenty parts of a head, the distance from the extremity of the buttocks to the stifle; also the breadth of the rump or croup. Ten parts of a head, the breadth of the fore legs from their anterior part to the elbow. Ten parts of a head, the breadth of one of the hind legs taken beneath the fold of the buttocks. Eight parts of a head, the breadth of the ham taken from the bend; also the breadth of the head above the nostrils. Seven parts of a head, the distance of the eyes from one great angle to another; also the distance between the fore legs. Five parts of a head, the thickness of the knees; also the breadth of the fore legs above the knees; also the thickness of the hams. Four parts of a head, the breadth of the pastern or fetlock joint; also the thickness of the coronet. Four and a half parts of the head, the breadth of the coronet. Three parts of a head, the thickness of the legs at their narrowest part; also the breadth of the hinder legs or shanks. Two and three-quarter parts of a head, the thickness of the hind pasterns; also the breadth of the shanks of the fore legs. Two and a quarter parts of a head, the thickness of the fore pasterns; also the breadth

of the hind pasterns. One and three-quarter parts of a head, the thickness of the fore and hind shanks.

Eclipse's form, peculiar yet beautiful, was the object of universal comment among the *cognoscenti*. His shoulders had great size, lowness, and obliquity; his fore-quarters were short, his quarters ample and finely proportioned, the muscles of his fore-arm and thigh greatly developed. He ran before the time of Benson's chronographs, and probably, although the fleetest racer of his day, was no better than a dozen horses who have trod the Turf since his decease. The Duke of Cumberland bred him. At the Duke's death he was sold to a Mr. Wildman, a sheep salesman, for 75 guineas. Colonel O'Kelly found out that Wildman had a good horse, and bought a half-share in Eclipse for 250 guineas—some months afterwards buying the remaining moiety for 750 guineas more. He was a thick-winded horse, moved freely in his gallops, and came out on the Turf when he was five years old. During one year and five months—his career on the Turf—he not only never was beaten, but never was fully extended; in the words, now proverbial, of Colonel O'Kelly, it was always "Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere." Eclipse won the large sum of £25,000 for his owners. At the stud he got three hundred and thirty-five winners, who won among them a hundred and sixty thousand pounds, exclusive of Plates and Cups. This great horse died in 1789, at the age of twenty-five years. Appended is his pedigree,

Not only does the pedigree of Eclipse exhibit in a remarkable degree the descent of our greatest horses from Arabian or other Eastern blood—Bartlett's Childers, the Darley Arabian, a Barb mare, the Lister Turk, the D'Arcey White Turk, Hutton's Bay Turk, the Leeds Arabian, Hutton's Grey Barb, the Godolphin Arabian, and a Royal mare, all appearing among the distinguished ancestry of this great horse—yet, as Mr. Smith points out ("Breeding for the Turf," p. 5), of these ancestors of Eclipse, Marsk was sold for a trifle when the Duke of Cumberland's stud was dispersed, suffered to run wild in the New Forest, subsequently purchased by the Earl of Abingdon for one thousand guineas, and before his death covered at a fee of one hundred guineas a mare. Squirt, the sire of Marsk, was rescued from an untimely doom by the importunities of a groom, who saw his merit. He was the property of Sir Harry Harpur, and was actually being led to the dog kennel for execution, when he was reprieved at the last moment, at the intercession of his friendly groom. Bartlett's Childers, the sire of Squirt, was never trained at all; and Snake, the sire of Squirt's dam, was never trained. On the dam's side, Eclipse's own dam, Spiletta, only started in one race in her life, and then was beaten; and her grandsire, the Godolphin Arabian, was said to have been purchased out of a water-cart in Paris.

Eclipse, as is seen from his pedigree, was a horse derived almost entirely from Eastern blood, from the

imported Arabians, Turks, and Barbs, brought into this country subsequently to the arrival of the Markham Arabian in the reign of James the First. At the time that this Arabian was brought into England, the wild horse still roamed the plains of Arabia Deserta; few, if any, can now be found, and the only wild breeds of horses are those to be found on the plains of Great Tartary and in various parts of South America. It is believed that both these now wild and distinct races of horses are animals descended from sires and dams once domesticated. The horse of the Ukraine has no particularly savage characteristics, and the horse of South America is believed to be the descendant of horses that were originally taken over to Peru by the Spaniards.

Mr. Youatt names the following breeds of horses now in the old world:—

(1.) The Barb: Native of Barbary, Morocco, and Fez. Characteristics: Lower than the Arabian. Fourteen hands one inch maximum height. The shoulders flat, chest round, joints inclined to be long, head particularly beautiful. Superior to the Arab horse in form; but without his spirit, speed, or endurance. The Barb—the Godolphin, so-called Arabian, being the most distinguished—contributed largely to the excellence of the British thoroughbred; some of the best racers are likewise descended from African mares.

(2.) The Dongola horse, coming from a district

lying between Egypt and Abyssinia, is distinct from all other Oriental breeds. These horses stand sixteen hands high, but the length of the body from the shoulders to the quarter is considerably less. They are, therefore, different from the Arabian and the English racer, as both of these horses are longer by some inches than their height. The Dongola horse has a long and slender neck, a fine crest, withers sharp and high, giving a beautiful forehead; but the breast is too narrow, the quarters and flanks too flat. It is stated that a horse of this breed was sold in Cairo in 1816 for a sum equal to £1,000 of our money; but the English stud owes nothing to the Dongola horse. He has never been used in England.

(3.) The Arabian, found farther East. Distinguished by his bright eye, fine head, small ears, wide nostrils, and his unique shoulder. His height rarely exceeds fourteen hands two inches. To this breed of horses we are largely indebted for our unrivalled stock of animals, suited to all purposes of the Turf, the field, and the road.

(4.) The East Indian horse, whose average height is fourteen and a half hands, is high-crested and showy-looking; but has the want of bone below the knee common to all horses throughout India. There are four varieties of this horse—the Iranee, the Cozakee, the Mojinniss, and the Tazsee. The English stud is not indebted to this race.

(5.) The Chinese horse: ill-formed, weak, and

spiritless—conscious that his destination is rather the stock-pot than the saddle.

(6.) The Persian horse, as beautiful as the Barb and the Arabian, but not of equal stoutness. This horse was celebrated long before the Arabian was known to Europeans. His average height is fourteen to fourteen and a half hands: on the whole, taller than the Arab.

(7.) The Toorkoman horse, a native of Turkistan, part of South Tartary, north-east of the Caspian Sea. This horse is larger than the Arab, standing fifteen to sixteen hands high, and said to be "inexhaustible under fatigue," of high value—two or three hundred pounds in his own country — never imported into England for stud purposes.

(8.) The Tartar and Calmuck horse is almost in a wild state on the immense plains of Central Asia and European Russia. Small and badly made, and easily beaten, on the 4th of August, 1825, by two English "leather flappers," Sharper and Mina, over a forty-seven miles course. This pair of fifth-rate English horses were opposed by the best Tartar horses from the Don, the Black Sea, and the Ural. Mina fell lame and gave in, but Sharper completed the course in two hours and forty-eight minutes, beating the best of the Tartar horses by eight minutes. At the start the English horses were outweighed, carrying three stone more than the Cosacks, and the native horse that ran up to Sharper was ridden for twenty-three miles by a mere child.

(9.) The Turkish horse: Possibly originally descended from the Barb or the Arab, and crossed with Persian and other strains. The body is longer than that of the Arabian horse, and the crupper more elevated. This breed has contributed largely to the improvement of our English horses—the Byerly Turk and the Helmsley Turk being household words in the Stud-book.

(10.) The German horse is large, heavy, and slow. The Hungarian is an exception; and in Prussia proper, judicious crossing and the intermixture of English blood from selected sires has worked wonders to improve the old breed.

(11.) The Swedish Finland and Norwegian horse: Twelve hands high, and speedy in proportion to his height.

(12.) The Iceland horse: According to some accounts of Norwegian origin, to others of Scottish; hardy and diminutive.

(13.) The Flemish and Dutch horse: Large, strong, and well-formed. Our cart horse is largely indebted to sires of Flemish extraction.

(14.) The French horse: Except in the cases of the ponies of Auvergne and Poitou, and horses of Limousin and Normandy, much mixed with English blood, attended with the best results.

(15.) The Spanish horse: The best is a degenerate descendant of the Spanish jennet of former days. The best horse in Spain is inferior in all ways to a Yorkshire half-bred.

The Italian horse: Altogether degenerate and valueless, except when bred in Italy from English imported stock.

Of all these different breeds of horses, England in every variety has the best, as might naturally be expected; and we are indebted to the Barb, Arabian, and Turk only for the improvement of our native breed of horses, to securing which result vast capital and great knowledge and skill, have for generations been brought. When horse-racing became fashionable in this country, it was considered desirable by breeders to import Eastern sires and mares, and this was done with the most happy results, but by no means without demur on the part of many owners of brood mares of the old stock; for every horse brought into the country was by no means perfect, either in shape or action. Considerable prejudice set in against the Arabian—or more properly the Barb—on the Duke of Newcastle's written opinion that he was not a perfect horse by any means; and therefore, for many years after, if a horse was imported, his chance of being kept at the stud depended in great measure upon his getting good mares at his first entry there. If the Godolphin Arabian had been mated with a bad mare to begin with, it is possible that he would never have had another. Squirt got Marsk, and his name was made; Old Traveller got Dainty Davy and Squirrel, with the same result as far as he was concerned.

Again, the best runners of those days were by no

means the best horses at the stud. Little Driver won £1,450 in £50 plates, and only got one good horse—Cicero. Sloe and Fox Cub, good performers, were bad sires. Ascham, a horse full of Arabian blood—being by Regulus out of Mr. Panton's Crab, granddam by the Bald Galloway, great-granddam by the Darley Arabian, Regulus by the Godolphin Arabian, Crab by the Alcock Arabian, Bald Galloway by St. Victor's Barb—stands in like predicament as a bad stud horse. Mirza (once matched against Snap for 10,000 guineas, and to give him 4 lbs.), Old England, Lath, and Bay Malton were all good runners on the Turf, and very indifferent stallions. But indifferent performers have made good stallions—to wit, Blank, Cade, Syphon, Shepherd's Crab, and Snake.

Three remarkable exceptions about this time, however, were found in Match'em, got by Cade; Herod, got by Tartar; and Regulus, got by the Godolphin Arabian—all three of whom were splendid performers on the Turf, raced a great deal, and afterwards did great service at the stud.

Flying Childers was bred in and in; but his descendant, King Herod, had a numerous and distinguished progeny—four hundred and ninety-seven winners among them, who earned for their owners upwards of two hundred thousand pounds in stakes.

These instances tend to show the lottery of breeding; but in the face of these lucky chances, there can

be no doubt that the breeder who enters upon his difficult and disappointing task with every patience and skill is very favourably handicapped as against the man who merely trusts to chance to produce that great triplet of qualities in thoroughbred stock—symmetry, temper, and constitution.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ENGLISH RACE-HORSE—HIS TRAINING AND TREATMENT—MODERN METHODS—THE OLD STYLE.

IN the old times, when a string of "running horses" was part of the state and establishment of a nobleman or country gentleman, who kept race-horses rather because his father kept them before him than for any love either of the animals who ate his old oats or of the sport they afforded, the training ground was a gentle slope in the park, the stables were a little better in point of size, and no better in point of ventilation, than those his coach-horses stood in, and the same head groom was at once breeder and trainer. With the general progress of the sport it became gradually more common for gentlemen who owned race-horses to employ a separate and superior groom, who came to be called a trainer. Not, however, until many years after the private employment of a trainer by owners for their own studs, and in their own training grounds, did the public trainer, who took in horses to train for their engagements from as many employers as his accommodation permitted, come into existence. For

many reasons, however, it is desirable that horses should be trained on such grounds as Langton Wolds, Middleham Moors, or Newmarket Heath, rather than at home in the parks of their owners. At Newmarket, from the Valley to the Warren Hill, there is every variety of gallop afforded; and with the exception of the Curragh of Kildare, which is in all respects as good, the grounds about Newmarket afford the best training grounds in the United Kingdom, and perhaps in the whole of Europe. Different trainers have different methods of dealing with the animals entrusted to their care. Some are guided by the good old rule of thumb which served to train Eclipse, Match'em, and Herod; others are scientific veterinaries as well as able and trustworthy masters of the peculiar art of "winding up" a horse to the "concert pitch" which shall enable him to fulfil his engagements, and win a fair share of them. Upon general principles, it may be said that it is admitted that in the case of horses of strong constitution that by severe exercise in gallops and sweats their wind is improved, they are relieved of any grossness or superfluous fat, and their lungs have room to expand. The amount of exercise, the distances to be compassed in the many gallops, and the nature of the diet, will depend upon the distance of the course to run over in the actual race, the experience of the trainer, and the constitution of the horse. Hearty feeders put on flesh in an incredibly short time, and therefore require constant sweating

to keep them in condition; horses of spare habit, on the other hand, require only gentle and regular exercise. All must depend upon the trainer's own opinion. In the stable he ought to be absolute as the captain of a man-of-war on the quarter-deck. Whether he is fit for his command will be shown by what his horses do at the post, when he has some of the right sort under his charge. Skill in the trainer may save a groggy leg or nurse a doubtful wind; but no skill can make a slow, bad horse perform to advantage in good company. It is the practice in giving sweats to horses of different ages to send a two-year-old two and a half miles, a three-year-old three and a half miles, a four-year-old four miles, and five, six, and aged horses five miles for their sweat, at a fair pace. But this rule must be variable, according to the constitution of the horse and the time of the year. Horses intended to run in public in March or April will begin their sweats in February; and horses that lay on their flesh quickly will require a gallop of the nature of a sweat three times in a fortnight. The length of the ordinary gallop for two-year-olds is from half to three-quarters of a mile; late in the autumn, a mile; and in open weather in winter, as a three-year-old, he may be sent habitually a mile and a-half. Older horses are galloped daily over the length of ground of the course for which they are being trained. Air in plenty, water in plenty, clean straw, hay, and corn of the best quality, perfect grooming and cleanliness,

regular and suitable exercise, absolute quiet in the stables when the horses are at rest, in illness all that the best veterinary skill can do—these are the conditions under which the modern race-horse is trained; and the men who have charge of him, entrusted with great responsibility, bring to the discharge of the onerous and anxious duties a careful and scientific training, energy, professional ability, and in most cases integrity, hardly exceeded by persons engaged in any other calling.

In the matter of physic, although every trainer has some pet nostrums of his own—handed down to him, perhaps, from his grandfather as valuable secrets of what was then called farriery, but now is veterinary medicine, and in which he sincerely believes, and very likely with every reason for doing so—still it is no longer the rule for the trainer to be also the physician, and there is almost always a veterinary surgeon of repute within easy call of the training stable, public or private, to the great advantage both of the horse and his owner. What used to be done to the horse in the way of physicking him for ailments, real and imaginary, may be gathered from the extracts which follow from the “Gentleman’s Jockey,” now a rare book, which ran into eight editions, the eighth being published in 1687, and sold at the Maiden-Head, against St. Dunstan’s Church, in Fleet-street. Many of the recipes given are marked “Proved,” “Approved,” and not a few, “This is approved and infallible.” As samples of

the veterinary practice of the seventeenth century, let us take four prescriptions which are by no means exceptional in this curious catalogue of horse-medicines :—

“The master medicine of all medicines for a back sinew-strain, or any grief, pain, straightness, shrinking, or numbness of joints or sinews :—

“Take a fat suckling mastive whelp, slay it, and bowel it; then stop the body as full as it can hold with gray snails and black snails; then roast it at a reasonable fire. When it begins to warm, baste it with six ounces of the oyl of spike, made yellow with saffron, and six ounces of the oil of wax; then save the drippings, and what moisture soever falls from it, whilst any drop will fall from the whelp, and keep it in a gally pot. With this ointment anoint the strain, and work it in very hot, holding a hot bar of iron before it; and thus do both morning and evening, till the cure be finished.”

“An admirable water for any sore eye, or to clear any dim sight, as the Moon Eyes and the like :—

“Take the stone called *Lapis Calaminaris*, and heat it red-hot in the fire; then quench it in half a pint of white wine, and thus do twelve times together. Then add unto it half so much of the juice of houseleek, and with this bathe the eye twice or thrice a day, and it is excellent against any imperfection therein.”

“For a horse that hath got an over-reach, or a tread of the heel :—

“First, search it well to the bottom, and take out all the gravel, and wash it with stale ; then take a good handful of nettles and a good handful of salt, put them in a cloth, and bind them to the sore. Do this two or three mornings together, then set the shoe on with a leather under it ; then pour in some hogs’-grease scalding hot ; after pour in rosin scalding hot, presently after which put in some wheat-bran.

“Approved, PEPPER.”

“For a horse that is mangy :—

“Take a gallon of strong ale and a pound of tobacco-stalks, half a pound of allum, a pint of salt, one pennyworth of mercury ; boil these all together until they be half boiled away ; the day before, let the horse blood, and curry him with a comb ; when the horse is dressed, wash the manger with scalding water, and smoke the saddle with allum or brimstone, smoked hay or straw.

“Approved, MR. WILLES.”

It will be seen from these that the treatment of that age was not homœopathic, and was brutal to a degree. The “Gentleman’s Jockey” had ten authors, who contributed their recipes, “collected by long practice, experience, and pains.” The popularity and reputed value of the work is shown by its having reached an eighth edition, and no doubt “mastiff whelps” were slain, and tobacco-stalks,

alum, and strong ale, salt and mercury, boiled together and administered in liberal applications to the long-suffering "friends of man" who had the misfortune to live in that age. Of the ten authors, the last and greatest was a farrier, of the highest repute in his profession, Mr. Nathaniel Shaw. The nine authors contribute ninety-eight "proved" recipes: Mr. Shaw, out of his great experience, furnishes more than double that number. It has hitherto been believed by veterinary surgeons to be impossible to make a horse vomit: Mr. Shaw, however, could do it, and this is how he went about it:—

"Here follow Nathaniel Shaw's receipts, which are all approved things; and he is accounted as able a farrier as any in London. I have both proved myself and seen him prove most of them, both inward and outward; and although the former receipts in this book will do much good, yet these go beyond them in many things, both for cheapness and readiness of the cure.

"A rare receipt to cause a horse to vomit:—

"Take two of the greatest roots of *Polypodium* as you can get from the oak, wash and scrape them very clean, and tie it to his snaffle or bit; then let it be steeped in oil of spike a whole night, and in the morning, fasting, put on his bridle with the roots tied to his bit, and ride him softly an hour or better with it in his mouth; and if he be troubled with any rheumatick or flegmatick humour, or with any cold or filthy matter, which may any way pester, clog, or

annoy his stomach, this very thing will force him to vent or vomit it up at his mouth or nose, or it will cause him to cough and sneeze much, that you shall see him to send forth a great abundance of filth and evil slimy matter from his stomach and head, and in a short time he will become very clean in his body; for this will both refine his blood and exhaust all the waterish humours in such sort as, by temperate ordering of him and doing as heretofore is prescribed, you may keep him a long time sound, perfect, and serviceable; and this you may give to an horse newly taken from grass, or to any other horse that hath taken a cold, or to any other filthy, foul, foggy, or pursy horse whatsoever; and this, upon trial, upon all occasions before mentioned, you shall find to be most admirable. This being done, I conceive it to be very good to give them white wine and honey, and the cordial formerly set down."

It is only natural that a large portion of the two hundred and sixty odd pages of which the "Gentleman's Jockey" consists should be devoted to the proper mode of training the running horse, and it is very curious and interesting to compare the method of training in use at that day with that adopted in our own. This remarkably interesting book begins as follows:—

"An Introduction to the Reader; or, a gaining of satisfaction to all reasonable practicers, and confuting the wilful self-conceited.

“ I will not dispute the several opinions of men in this kingdom touching the keeping of the running horse, because I know many are idle and frivolous, some uncertain, and a few in the right way; only in this I would clear one paradox which is strongly maintained and infinitely pursued by many of our best professors, and that is the limitation and length of time for the preparing or making ready of a horse for a match or great wager. There be divers—nay, some which I know carry the goddess Isis on their backs—that affirm a horse which is exceeding fat, foul, newly taken from grass or soil, or lofty, liberal, and unbounded feeding, cannot be brought to performance of his best labour under six months—five is too little, and four an act of impossibility—by which they rob their noble masters of half a year’s pleasure, thrust upon them a tiring charge to make the sport loathsome, and get nothing but a cloak for ignorance and a few false-got crowns, which melt as they are possessed. Yet, as heretics cite Scripture, so these find reasons to defend want of knowledge: as the danger of so early exercise; the offence of grease too suddenly broken; the moving of evil humours too hastily, which leads to mortal sickness; and the moderation or helping of all these by a slow proceeding, and bringing of the horse into order by degrees and time, or, as I may say, by an ignorant sufferance. These reasons, I know, have the show of a good ground, for the early exercise is dangerous, but not if free from violence. . . .

“Of the running horse and divers other choice secrets not formerly published :—

“The first ordering of the running horse, according to the several estates of their bodies.—Where a horse is matched (or to be matched) for a running course, you are principally to regard the estate of the body in which the horse is at the time of his matching, and this estate of body I divide into three several kinds.

“1. The first is, if he be very fat, foul, and either newly taken from grass or soil.

“2. The second, if he be extreme lean and poor, either through over-riding, disorder, or other infirmity.

“3. The third, if he be in a good and well-liking estate, having had good usage and moderate exercise.

“If your horse be in the first estate of his body, you shall take longer time for matching, keeping, and bringing into order, as two months at the least, or more, as you can conclude your wages.

“If your horse be in the second estate of body—that is, very poor—then you shall also take as long time as you may; yet you need not so much as in the former, both because grease cannot much offend, and exercise may go hand in hand with feeding.

“If your horse be in the third estate of body (which is a mean between the other extremes), then a month or six weeks may be time sufficient to diet him for his match.

“Now, as you regard these general estates of

bodies, so you must have an eye to certain particular estates of bodies; as, if a horse be fat and foul, yet of free and spending nature, apt quickly to consume and lose his flesh, this horse must not have so strict a board; neither can he endure so violent exercise as he that is of a hard disposition, and will feed and be fat upon all meats and exercises.

“Again, if your horse be in extreme poverty through disorder or mis-usage, yet is by nature very hardy, and apt both soon to recover his flesh and long to hold it, then over this horse you shall by no means hold so liberal and tender a hand, nor forbear that exercise which otherwise you would do to the horse which is of a tender nature, a weak stomach, and a free spirit—provided always you have regard to his limbs, the imperfection of his lameness.

“Thus you see how to look into the estates of horses’ bodies, and what time to take for your matchings.

“I will now descend to their several orderings and dietings; and because in the fat horse is contained both the lean horse and the horse in reasonable estate of body, I will in him show all the secrets and observations which are to be employed in the dieting and ordering of all three, without any omission or reservation whatsoever. For truth, sir, I have vowed unto you, and truth I will present you.

“How to diet a horse for a match that is fat, foul, and either newly taken from grass or soil, being the first fortnight :—

“ If you match an horse that is fat and foul, either by running at grass or standing at soil, or any other reasons of rest, or too high keeping, you shall, for the first fortnight at least, rise early in the morning, before day, or at the spring of day, according to the time of the year, and having put on his bridle, washed in beer, and tied to the rack, take away the dung and other foulness of the stable; then you shall dress the horse exceeding well—that is to say, you shall first curry him all over from the head to the tail, from the top of the shoulder to the knee, and from the top of the buttock to the hinder cumbril; then dust him all over, either with a clean dusting cloth or with an horse’s tail, or such like thing, made fast to an handle; then curry or rub him all over with the French brush, beginning with his forehead, temples, and cheeks, so down his neck, shoulders, and forelegs, even to the setting on of his hoofs, so along his sides, and under his belly; and lastly, all about his buttocks and hinder legs, even to the ground. Then you shall go over all those parts which the brush hath touched with your wet hand, and not leave, as near as you can, one loose hair about him, nor one wet hair; for what your hands did wet your hands must rub dry again. Then you shall take an hair cloth, and with it rub the horse all over in every part, but especially his face, eyes, cheeks, between the chops, on the top of his forehead, in the nape of the neck, and down his legs, fetlocks, and about his posterior.

“Lastly, you shall take a clean woollen cloth, and with it you shall rub the horse all over, beginning with his head and face, and so passing through every part of the horse’s body or limbs which hath been before mentioned; then take a wet mane-comb, and comb down mane and tail. When this work is finished, take a fair large body-cloth, of thick, warm housewife’s kersey (if it be in the winter season, or of fine cotton or other light stuff if it be in the summer season), and fold it round about the horse’s body; then clap on his saddle, and girt the foremost girth pretty straight, and the other girth somewhat slack, and wisp it on each side the horse’s breast, that both the girths may be of equal straightness; then put before his breast a warm breast-cloth, and let it cover both his shoulders. When the horse is thus accoutred and made ready, you shall take a little beer into your mouth, and spit it into the horse’s mouth, and so draw him out of the stable, and take him back, leaving some ordinary groom behind you to trim up your stable, to carry forth your dung, and stake and top up your litter. For you are to understand, and it is a general principle, that your horse must stand upon good store of fresh dry litter continually—both night and day; and it must ever be of wheat-straw if possible, or oat-straw if forced by necessity; as for barley-straw and rye-straw, they are both unwholesome and dangerous—the one doth heart-burn, the other causeth scouring.

“When you are thus mounted, you shall walk forth your horse a foot pace (which we call rocking)—for you must neither amble nor trot—at least, a mile or two, or more, upon smooth and sound ground, and as near as you can to the steepest hills you can find; there gallop your horse very gently up those steep hills, and rock or walk him softly down, that he may cool as much one way as he warmeth another. And when you have thus exercised him a pretty space, then, seeing the sun beginning to rise, or prettily risen, you shall walk your horse down either to some fresh river or some clean pond that is fed with a sweet spring, and there let your horse drink at his pleasure. After he hath drank, you shall gallop and exercise him moderately, as you did before; then walk him a pretty space, and after, offer him more water; if he drink, then gallop him again; if he refuse, then gallop him to occasion thirst; and thus always give him exercise both before and after water.

“When he hath drunk (as you think sufficiently), then bring him home gently, without a wet hair about him.

“When these things are performed, you shall then bring the horse into his stall, and first tie his head up to the rack in his bridle, then with hard wisps rub all his four legs down with as great strength as you can; then unloose his breast-cloth, rub his head, neck, and breast exceeding much with a dry cloth; then take off his saddle and hang it bye; and after

take off his body-cloth; then rub over all the horse's body and limbs, especially his back, where the saddle stood; and then clothe him up, first with a linen sheet, then over it a good strong housing-cloth, and above it his woollen body-cloth, which in the winter is not amiss to have lined with some thin cotton or other woollen stuff, but in the heat of summer the kersey itself is sufficient.

"When you have girt these clothes about him, stop his surcingle round with reasonable big, soft, and thick wisps: for with them he will lie at best ease, because the small, hard wisps are ever hurtful.

"After your horse is thus clothed up, you shall then pick his feet, and stop them up with cow dung, and then throw into his rack a little bundle of hay, so much as a halfpenny bottle in a dear inn, well-dusted and hard bound up together; and this he shall tear out as he standeth on his bridle.

"After the horse hath stood on his bridle for more than an hour, or an hour and half, you shall then come to him and rub his head, face, and the nape of his neck with a clean rubber, made of new, rough hempen cloth—for this is excellent for the head, and dissolveth all gross and filthy humours; and then you shall draw his bridle, and, with a very clean cloth, make the manger as clean as may be; and if he hath scattered any hay therein, you shall gather it up, and throw it back into his rack. Then you shall take the quantity of a quart, or better,

of sweet, dry, old, and clean-dressed oats, of which the heaviest and the whitest are the best, as those which we call the Poland oats, or the cut oats, for those only are wholesome—the others which are unsweet breed infirmity; those which are moist cause swelling in the body; those which are new breed worms and pain in the belly; and those which are half-dressed deceive the stomach, and bring the horse to ruin. As for the black oats, though they are tolerable in the time of necessity, yet they make foul dung, and hinder a man's knowledge in the state of the horse's body.

“This quart of oats you shall put into a sieve that is somewhat less than a riddle, and a thought bigger than a reaving-sieve, such a one as will let light oats go through, but will keep a full oat from scattering. In this sieve you shall reeve, drop, and top your oats very much, that there may be neither dust nor any other foul thing in them; and so give them to the horse to eat; and if he eat them with a good stomach, you may then sift and give him as much more, and so let him rest till it be near eleven of the clock. Then come to the stable again, and having rubbed the horse's head, neck, and face, you shall then take another quart, or better, of oats, and, as before, top and reeve them through your sieve, and so give them to your horse. Then, closing up your windows and light, that the horse may remain so dark as possible, leave it till one of the clock. And here you are to understand that the darker you keep your horse

in your absence, the better it is; and it will occasion him to feed, lie down, and take his rest, where otherwise he would not. And therefore we commonly use to arm the stalls wherein those horses stand, round about, and aloft, and over the rack, with strong canvas, both for darkness, warmth, and that no filth may come near the horse.

“ At one o’clock, or thereabouts, come to the horse again, and sift and dress him another quart of oats, as before showed, and give them him, after you have rubbed well his face, head, and nape of the neck; then making the stable clean and sweet, give him a little knob of hay, and so leave him till four o’clock in the evening if it be in the summer, after three if it be in the winter and the short season.

“ At four o’clock in the evening come again to the stable, and having made all things clean, then bridle up the horse; having wet the snaffle with beer, and tied him up to the rack, then take off his clothes, and dress him in all points, and every way as was showed you in the morning. After he is dressed, then clothe and saddle him as was also showed for the morning; then bring him out; then mount his back and ride him forth, as you did in the morning, but not to the hills, if possible you can find any other plain and level ground, as meadow pasture, or any other earth, especially if it lie along by the river. But in this case you can be no chooser, but must take the most convenient ground you can find, to make a virtue of necessity. There air your

horse in the evening, as you did in the morning, galloping him both before and after his water; then rocking him gently up and down.

“After you have watered your horse, and spent the evening in airing till within night (for nothing is more wholesome or sooner consumeth foulness than early and late airings), you shall then air him home to the stable door, there alight, and whatsoever you did in the morning, either within doors or without, do the same also now at night, and so leave the horse on his bridle an hour, or an hour and a half; then come to him again, and as you did in the forenoon so do now—rub him well, draw his bridle, cleanse the manger, put up his scattered hay, sift him a quart and better of oats, and give them him, and so let him rest till nine of the clock at night.

“At nine of the clock at night, which is bedtime both for your horse and yourself, come unto him, and first rub down his legs hard with hard wisps, then with a clean cloth rub his face, head, chaps, nape of the neck, and fore parts. Then turn up his clothes, and rub over his fillets, buttocks, and hinder parts; then put down his clothes, and sift him a quart of oats, and give them him. Then put into his rack a little bundle of hay (as hath been before showed), top up his litter, and make his bed soft, and so betake both him and yourself to your rests till the next morning.”

From this quaint account of the ordering of the

racers, or running horse, two centuries ago, in the days of heats, matches, and six and eight mile courses, we see that there is a considerable resemblance, though there is a wide difference in many parts, between the old and the new systems of training the thoroughbred horse for his engagements. Under both dispensations the object aimed at by the trainer is, by diet and exercise and a proper system of hygiene, to take off superfluous flesh, improve the wind, and discipline the animal to great endurance at a high speed. This question of training has ever been of the first importance in racing matters, as winning or losing undoubtedly depends upon it. A good horse badly trained can rarely win a race, but good training will sometimes make a bad horse win. In a word, there is all the difference in the world between a horse in good and the same horse in bad "form." "Form," in its application to racing matters, means that condition of the animal in which he is in a state to go his best pace over his best distance, in company with other good horses, and accredit himself something more than respectably, without feeling unduly the effects of such races. When in "form," he is in fine condition, fresh, healthy, vigorous, bright in the eye, and clean in the coat, clear in his wind, straight and handsome, and without any jot of superfluous flesh or adipose membrane about his frame. To bring a horse at the right time into this condition is the end of the trainer's art.

The "Gentleman's Jockey," as previously stated, was published in 1687, and shows the state of the farrier's art, and the methods of training horses in vogue towards the end of the seventeenth century. The "Complete Sportsman," published about 1770, a book of high repute and authority in its day, which ran through several editions, enables us to estimate the advance made by farriers and trainers in a century, and to compare the state of things existing at the close of the eighteenth century with that we know obtained at the end of the previous hundred years. Another century has passed since the publication of the work under consideration. The modern trainer's art is enormously in advance of the practice laid down in both the "Gentleman's Jockey" and the "Complete Sportsman;" while veterinary science—especially surgery—has arrived at a state that may, in the hands of such professors as Mr. Barrow of Newmarket, be accurately described as perfection.

The first edition of the "Complete Sportsman; or, Country Gentleman's Recreation," by Thomas Fairfax, Esq.; title page without date, but probably published about 1770, "contains the whole Arts" of English sport generally; the author recommending his book to a large circle of readers by the following lines, which appear on his title page:—

"A Sportsman's Skill, whoever means to claim,
Must read our Book, and then he'll know his Game;
'Twill Bowlers, Coursers, Racers, Hunters suit,
Or teach the Fowler flying Birds to shoot."

The following are among Mr. Fairfax's voluminous directions:—

Suppose a horse is to run for a Plate, and that the hour of starting is at hand, when the drum beats, or the trumpets sound, according to the custom of the place where you run, to give notice for stripping and weighing, be sure, in the first place, to keep out the wind and to strengthen you. If you are light, you must carry weight; let it be equally quilted in your waistcoat; but it is better if you are just weight, for then you have no more to do than just to dress you according to your own fancy. Your cloaths should be of coloured silk, or of white holland, as being very advantageous to the spectators. Your waistcoat and drawers must be made close to your body, and on your head a little cap, tied on. Let your boots be gartered up fast, and your spurs must be of good metal; then mount, and come to the starting-place, when, going off briskly or gently, as occasion requires, make your horse perform the course or heat according to your intended design. Particularly as you run the same, and that your horse excels in goodness more than speed, start him roundly, and run him to the very top of what he can do during the whole course or heat; and by that means, if the horse you run against be not so good at the bottom, though he has more speed, you will beat him, because he will run off it a great way before he comes to the end. But, on the contrary, if your horse's talent be speed, all you can do is to

wait upon the other horse, and keep behind him till you come almost to the Stand, and then endeavour to give a loose by him. Sometimes, when you are to run more heats than one, it will be your policy to lose a heat, and in that case you must, for the easing and safeguard of your horse, lie behind as much as you can, provided you bring him within distance.

The position to be observed is that you place yourself upon your twist, with your knees firm, and your stirrups just at a length, that your feet, when they are thrust home in them, you can raise yourself a little in the saddle; for your legs without that allowance will not be firm when you come to run. The counterpoise of your body must be forward, to facilitate your horse's running, and your elbows must be close to your body. Be sure, above all things, that you do not incommode your horse by swaggering this way or that way, as some do; for since weight is a great matter in running, and that a troublesome rider is as bad as so much more weight, there is no need to say how necessary it is to take great care of your seat and hand. But these things are but learned by experience and practice.

A Plate being run for in heats, every man that rides must be just weight at starting, in great scales for that purpose, and at the end of the same heat; for if you want of your weight at coming in, you shall lose your heat, though you are the first horse. You have half an hour between the first and second to rub your horses, and at the warning of the drum and

trumpet again you mount, &c., as before, and so till all is done, which is three, and sometimes three heats and a course.

If you do not breed racers yourself, be sure you buy no horse that has not extraordinary good blood in his veins, for the charge of keeping is great, and a good one eats no more than a bad, and requires no more attendance. Some, to save twenty or thirty guineas in the price of a young horse, have lost hundreds by him afterwards.

Perhaps the most noteworthy points in Mr. Fairfax's instructions are the starting of horses and warning of the time for stripping and weighing, answering to our saddling bell, being given commonly on our racecourses by sound of trumpet or drum, "according to the custom" of the place, and the extreme severity of the races run in heats in old-fashioned times. The author of the "*Complete Sportsman*" was not the first Englishman to find out that "a good one eats no more than a bad one, and requires no more attendance;" but the axiom will be admitted, without the smallest show of argument, by every owner who has had the misfortune to possess his share of animals of the "wrong sort."

An attempt was often made at this time—1770, A.D.—to get the right sort from the East direct; but the difficulties thrown in the way of the country gentleman desirous of obtaining a true Turk continued to be very great. As far as Turkey was concerned the price was high; and the Grand Vizier,

while ready to oblige Christian Princes and great nobles, was anxious to restrict the exportation of blood-stock from the lands of the Faithful.

The would-be Darleys of Yorkshire and Cambridgeshire might well take alarm at such an account as that given in the following extract from a contemporary record:—"Some merchants tell us that there cannot be a more noble and diverting sight to a lover of horses than to walk into the pastures near Constantinople about soiling time, when he may see many hundred gallant horses tethered; and every horse has his attendant, or keeper, with his little tent placed near him to lie in, that he may look to him and take care to shift him to fresh grass.

"The price of a Turkish horse is commonly one hundred or one hundred and fifty pounds; and when bought it is difficult to get a pass, the Grand Signior being so very strict that he seldom, but upon very extraordinary occasions, permits any of his horses to be exported. But if you should attain a liberty so to do, and travel by land, unless you have a Turk or two for a convoy, you will be sure to have them seized on by the way."

Under such restrictions, and subject to such accidents and mischances, the importation of horses into England from Constantinople was hardly likely to be thought an attractive or lucrative pursuit.

A comparison between the practice of 1770 and 1670 in farriery does not show much advance in a century. On all occasions that a horse requires physic

he is to have administered to him something nasty or intoxicating. If the expression may be permitted, the whole veterinary pharmacopœia was unnatural and awful, as were the bleedings and drenchings, and the leeches and boluses, with which the physicians and surgeons of the day treated their patients. The treatment of the sick horse was undoubtedly far worse, improbable as it may seem, than that of the sick man.

Mr. Fairfax teaches the stud-grooms of his day:—

How to order a horse for a Match or Plate.—If he appear sluggish or melancholy, then give him half an ounce of diapente in a pint of good old Malaga sack, which will both cleanse his body and revive his spirits.

Eggs were as much article of diet as spirits, ales, and wines, and nearly as often prescribed as aloes or resin:—

Take two pecks of beans and a peck of wheat, and let them be ground together, but not too fine; and dress one peck of the meal through a fine range, and knead it up with new ale yeast, and the whites of a dozen new-laid eggs, and bake this in a loaf, which is to be given the horse when you set him, and the other (without the eggs) at ordinary times.

It had probably been found, in the experience of most trainers, that the food mentioned above produced no inconsiderable amount of thirst in the subjects to whom it was administered. Accordingly, Mr. Fairfax:—

If he is parched, he is to have a julep, made of gin, two quarts of barley water, and two ounces of syrup of lemons. During the last fortnight of his training he is to have more whites of eggs—twenty at a time—with half a strike of oats, “stirred together, let lie all night to soak, and spread abroad next morning in the sun till they are dry.”

So numerous and so potent are the drinks ordered for animals in training for a Match or Plate, that cases of intoxication must have been frequent even among the most temperately-disposed horses. A heated state of the blood followed, as a matter of course, and then the trainer had to “cool him” again; but even this was done with ale and brandy.

His body is to be cooled and kept moist with ale. In a morning a toast or two of white bread steeped in sack. His legs are to be chafed with piece-grease and brandy warmed together. His exercise in his final preparation is to be taken in galloping after hounds following the drag of an unsavoury cat.

Mr. Fairfax says:—“He is to be trained on train-scents of a dead-cat following hounds.”

From these directions it will be learned that the preparation of a horse for a four-mile race run in heats in the days of our great-grandfathers was a fearful and wonderful achievement. Both groom and steed must have had iron constitutions to stand it. Probably the principle of the selection of the fittest was in full operation, and the weakest went to the wall. The horse whose legs could not stand the

brandyings, or whose weaker stomach essayed to reject the daily doses of gin, must have succumbed to the system; while there can be not the slightest doubt that, assuming Mr. Fairfax's instructions were literally obeyed, no horse of that time could ever have won a race sober.

The old-fashioned method of training a race-horse and getting him into proper form was, as we have seen, unscientific and rough; but we cannot doubt that it was infinitely in advance of the veterinary art as practised by our earliest stud-grooms. The modern system of training boasts all the advantages that long experience, running hand in hand with considerable scientific knowledge, can give; and it is a very doubtful matter if horses will ever be better trained than they are now, by our best trainers, by any system that may be devised in the future. The present treatment of racing stock when in the hands of the trainer has recently received attention from a writer of great practical experience, who, professedly writing for "muffs," might well take counsel with experts on this subject of the highest interest and importance to the lovers of the English thoroughbred. As the papers referred to contain all the latest practical information on the subject of the race-horse in training, they may fitly be reproduced in an abridged form here. Succinctly put, the following is the story of the racing colt or filly, from the stud-farm to the winning-post:—

All the horses are, of course, thoroughbred.

Three-fourths of them are of noted blood. The best of them are worked so early, and run so hard and so often, that most of them are done up somehow or other at three or four years of age, although many last for some years longer. When, from any cause they become *hors de combat*, they are put to the stud; and as the age of a horse counts from New Year's day, no matter how much later in the year he is foaled, breeders naturally try to have them as early in the spring as possible—say from February to April. Ordinary horses, half-breeds, &c., come into the world, at farms and elsewhere, some months later in the year. Thoroughbreds, like others, are weaned when about six months old. While with their dams they learn to eat corn early, there being a manger for the dam in one corner of the hovel (in and out of which they can run at pleasure), and a smaller one for the foal, with bars across through which the mare cannot get her full-grown nose and eat her foal's corn, in another corner. When weaned the foals are shut up three or four together in a loose box for two or three days, so that they may forget their dams and become accustomed to each other. After that they are let out into a paddock together, the same three or four. A paddock contains some four acres, where there is some good grass for them to feed on; but besides this they have plenty of green food, and a peck of corn amongst four of them three times a-day, the last feed being a double one, because they are shut

up early and it is a long time till morning. The reason why, unlike common foals, they are shut up at all is that, being wild, high-spirited things, they might hurt themselves in the night or early morning, when no one was near to prevent them. Of course, in addition to other food, they have always plenty of hay. They will follow the stud-groom or paddock man into the hovel as sheep follow their shepherd. A colt or filly is called a yearling till he or she is fifteen or eighteen months old. Up to this time they have nothing on their necks but "foals' collars." Then, however, the trainer puts on a cavasson and bit simultaneously—which is not generally done with common horses. With these they are led about for a few days. Of late years they are "broken in" in a couple of weeks; but many experienced men think it takes a month to do this properly. After being led in bit and cavasson for a few days, a roller, side-reins, cheek martingale, cropper, and flank girth are put on. The flank girth is unknown to ordinary horsebreakers; it is strapped over the loins and under the flanks. When first put on, many of the young things go half-mad, kicking, rearing, and squealing. The idea—contrary to Rarey—is to let them get the mischief out of themselves. It might be thought it would teach them to kick. No dumb jockey, German rider, or anything of that kind is used. When they have been treated a week or so thus, the saddle is put on, and they are driven, like a horse in a plough, with long reins, till

they are fit for mounting—another week or fortnight—and, when once mounted, the grooms do not “Rareyise” them, they master them.

Horses’ mouths are spoiled by ploughmen; but with experienced stable-boys, who, unlike the stablemen in a London mews, are most of them between thirty and fifty, and have served long apprenticeships to the treatment of race-horses from birth to death, the long rein plan is the best for “mouthing” a colt or filly in a short time. When the grooms can get them to walk before them at whatever pace they please, and can turn them about in every direction, they consider them fit for mounting. It is a common practice to tie a wisp of straw to the crupper, across the loins, and let it flap about as it may. This has a sort of aggravated effect of the flank girth already spoken of. It makes the yearlings kick and plunge furiously sometimes, and the plan followed is to let them kick themselves quiet. They find, like the wilful boy who has the good fortune to be in firm, judicious hands, that sulk, obstinacy, and violence are of no avail, and they succumb to their master and to circumstances, as, in the long run, most beasts must do. With the treatment indicated, the most refractory of yearlings will soon be fit for mounting. The instructions on this point are almost verbatim these:—“Throw yourself across the saddle; don’t use stirrups. Do this at both sides, to accustom the yearlings to anything; though, of course, the near side is the proper one to mount at. Pat.

him" (*i.e.*, pat, caress, or, as poor Rarey used to say, "gentle him"); "go on in this manner for a day or two, till you can see you can get fairly into the saddle. Do all this by yourself alone with him. Never have another man to bother him or you. Once in the saddle, ride him about quietly at a walk for two or three days before you begin to trot or canter him, making him used to the short bridle-reins as you sit on your saddle, during which time you 'mouth' him, as common horsebreakers call it. This requires 'hands' and judgment; often a command of temper, and some nerve. After this, trot or canter him, on roads or anywhere, for a few days, to get him steady before you put him to any sort of work. He will be now, say, eighteen or twenty months old, but he would be called a two-year-old; then begin to 'train' him. Suppose you break him now—July, 1879—by New Year's-day he is a real two-year-old, and you begin to train him for his two-year-old performances in 1880."

In training a young thing, the usage is to commence with canters on the Heath about a quarter of a mile long, two or three times a day, till he becomes used to his work. This sort of thing is continued for a few weeks. Then he is put into regular work for his engagements. "Work" means a change from the previous mere exercise into a faster pace and longer distances. At this stage of his career he should have two or three canters of a half or three-fourths of a mile daily. It often happens

that frost interferes with this part of the preparation.

Owners want to have them tried by New Year's-day. Some bring them up five months before; but three months are sufficient. Too early training is a great mistake. Some begin at them by the beginning of August, and many of them are worn out before they are wanted. They are "tried" in this way:—An old horse, whose pace is known, leads; seven or eight two-year-olds, belonging, perhaps, to different people, but in the hands of the same trainer, are tried together. The gallop is five or six furlongs long. The trainer's head man starts them; the trainer himself is, on his hack or pony, a sort of winning-post. The lads do their utmost to get to the front, as if they were riding the latter part of a real race. And this is the first trial of a horse's pace and pluck. He is half-trained already, and he is kept on in work for seven or eight days longer. Then he is tried again, to see if he has been fairly proved. All this takes place before New Year's-day. Some seem bad for the first or second time; but they are kept in work, for they often improve. As the most experienced nurse or parent cannot predict the development, mental or physical, of a child, so the sharpest trainer may be deceived in a yearling or a two-year-old colt or filly.

Once in training, the routine life of all horses in training is pretty much as follows:—

Suppose, for example, a winner of the Derby who

is a favourite for the Leger. Suppose he won the Derby, or had had a sharp finish for it. He would afterwards have a couple of days' rest, walking exercise, and comfort in his box. It must be remembered he has been doing hard preparative work before. These horses are as used to railway travelling as men are—from their *quasi* babyhood. After the short rest, the training is continued, and the Derby winner is put into strong preparation for Doncaster. This training is a question of judgment. Some horses want very much more work than others; and, irrespective of a tendency to accumulate fat and useless flesh, their legs have, of course, to be considered. Very often the legs will not do the work the gross body may require. The Turkish bath—which one would think might be of material use in such cases—does not seem to be in good repute.

The daily life of a horse "in training" is somewhat like this:—The groom, stableman, or whatever else he calls himself, goes to him at, say, five o'clock a.m. He is then dressed over; he has a couple of double handfuls of corn without water; is saddled. Then he goes out to his work. That varies. As a sort of average, it may be said to consist in an hour's walk, one or two canters, and then a sharp gallop of a couple of miles in clothes. He comes in warm, if not actually sweating. He is then dried and dressed, and, when cool, may have as much water as he chooses. Then he gets a double feed of corn and a small armful of hay, and is left alone till five o'clock

p.m. Notice that he is out only once a day, which is thought quite enough, considering the work he gets while he is out. At five p.m. he is dressed again and watered, and has a quatern or a quatern and a half of corn—in fact, as much as he will eat. Then he is left till eight in the evening, when he is “set fair,” as it is called in the language of the stable, and that means that he is bedded and made comfortable for the night.

In the manner above set out is the modern thoroughbred trained for his engagements.

Mr. Thomas Dawson, of Middleham, is the originator of the modern and improved system of training thoroughbreds. He was the first trainer to see the fallacies of the old method and to act upon his own well-considered opinions. He did away with the drenchings and profuse sweatings, and the short supplies of water, introducing in their stead plenty of old oats and hard work. Messrs. Joseph, Matthew, and John Dawson learnt their art of their brother at Middleham, where for many years there were upwards of a hundred and twenty horses in training, forty or fifty of which were Mr. Thomas Dawson's own property. Mr. Matthew Dawson to this day quotes “my brother Tom” as an oracle on horseflesh, and the thanks of owners are certainly justly due to him for the radical and salutary change he has effected in the training world.

Prominence has been given to the “Gentleman's

Jockey" and Mr. Fairfax's "Complete Sportsman" as two representative books—one belonging to the seventeenth and the other to the eighteenth century; and this position they deserve, as they enjoyed a large circulation and great popularity, and for a great number of years were looked upon as works of authority upon the subjects they treated of. It must, however, by no means be supposed that the first of them is the earliest book of the kind in the English language.

The records of the sports of hunting and hawking are of greater antiquity than those relating to horse-racing and the breeding of horses. Two curious manuscripts of the year 1380 exist in the Cottonian collection at the British Museum, giving full rhyming directions how to acquire the whole secrets of the "crafte of hontynge" as practised by those worthy gentlemen, John Gyfford and William Twety, "yat were wyth Kyng Eduard the Secunde." This manuscript, which is profusely illustrated with paintings of the chase, is entitled "Explicit le Venery de Twety and of Maystr. John Giffarde." Another famous manuscript on hunting is that called "The Mayster of the Game." As a trustworthy description of the ancient English chase, this manuscript is unrivalled. The book, which is divided into thirty-six chapters, is the work of Edmund de Langley, of Langley, near St. Albans, who married Isabel, daughter of Peter, King of Castile, created Duke of York 1385, having twenty years earlier been ennobled as Lord of Tindal and Earl of Cambridge.

To the Lady Juliana Barnes, a "gentlewomyn of excellent gifts," who wrote the far-famed "Boke of St. Albans"—"so called because it was printed in yt town, a thin fol., in 1481"—we are indebted for the earliest extant description of what our ancestors in the fifteenth century deemed desirable in a horse.

The Lady Juliana Barnes probably quoted rather than originated the following lines:—

THE PROPRYTEES OF A GOOD HORSE.

A good horse sholde have xv. propretees and condycons. That is to wyte—thre of a man, thre of a woman, thre of a foxe, thre of a hare, and thre of an asse.

Of a man, bolde, prowde, and hardy.

Of a woman, fayr-brested, fayr of heere, and easy to lippe upon.

Of a foxe, a fayr taylle, short eeres, wyth a good trotte.

Of a haare, a grete eye, a dry hede, and well runnyng.

Of an asse, a bygge chyn, a flatte legge, and a good hove.

The black letter of Dame Julyan Berners, or Barnes, who flourished in the time of Henry the Sixth, is very rare, especially in a perfect state. The Bodleian boasts two copies, and the King's Library at the British Museum has an excellently preserved copy, "Emprynted at Wesmestre by Wynkyn de Worde, the yere of th' yncarnacion of our Lorde M.CCCC.LXXXXVI."

One hundred and fifty *fac-simile* copies were issued in London by Harding and Wright, in 1810, with genealogical tables and biographical sketch of the interesting authoress, whom Holinshed describes as a "gentlewoman endued with excellent giftes bothe of body and of minde. She wrote certaine

treatises of hawkinge and huntinge, delighting greatly herselfe in those exercises and pastimes." Oldys alludes to her as "a second Minerva in her studies, and another Diana in her diversions." Bale speaks of her as "an illustrious female, eminently endowed with superior qualities, both mental and personal. Among the many solaces of human life, she held the sports of the field in the highest estimation." She was a fine horsewoman; her "proprytees" show that she knew what a horse should be; and she is the mother of sporting prints of all kinds, for she wrote the first treatise on sporting ever issued from the printing press.

CHAPTER IX.

MODERN NEWMARKET—NOTES ON JUDICIOUS CROSSES—
STRAINS OF BLOOD—SOUNDNESS.

WITHIN the memory of men yet young, Newmarket has been transformed as with the wand of a fairy. Twenty-five years ago the place was almost deserted, property was unsaleable, the tradesmen were poor, and without even the hope of becoming rich. When Mr. Driver, the well-known auctioneer, offered for sale the Royal Palace, which was put up for sale by the personal directions of her Majesty and the late Prince Consort, in dread of a return of the days of Royal Turfites, not a bid could be got for at least half an hour; then the thirty people present insisted on the reserve price being declared, and, when the auctioneer yielded, an advance of about £100 on the reserve was made, and the property knocked down to a speculative buyer. Owners of race-horses would not send them to Newmarket. It was said to be impossible to train a Derby winner on the Heath. When things were almost at their worst, Lord Exeter died, and wise men shook their heads, and said that the glory of Newmarket had perished for ever. From 1848,

when Surplice won, down to 1863, no Derby winner was trained at head-quarters; and from 1848 down to 1865 no winner of the St. Leger, except the mighty Stockwell, hailed from the Suffolk town. It seemed as if Hayhoe and Godding were fighting against destiny. Suddenly the wheel of fortune made a marvellous revolution. Mr. Joseph Dawson, with Lord Stamford's horses, came to Heath House, Newmarket, and won the Two Thousand Guineas with Diophantus, in 1861. In 1863, Mr. Naylor's Macaroni, trained by Mr. Godding, won the Two Thousand Guineas, and defeated Lord Clifden by a head in the Derby. Then Count Lagrange sent his stud to Newmarket, and Mr. Jennings, in 1865, won all the great three-year-old races with Gladiateur. Mr. Matthew Dawson, following his brother, migrated from Ilsley to Newmarket, and was entrusted with the care of Lord Falmouth's horses. Mr. John Dawson also came, and trained for Prince Batthyany. Baron Rothschild, who for years had bred and trained horses with moderate success, astonished the world in 1871 with a series of brilliant victories with Favonius, Hannah, and Corisande. Mr. Savile, in the following year, with Cremorne, and Mr. Joseph Dawson, with Prince Charlie, won fresh triumphs for Newmarket; where also Captain Machell had established himself. The necessary result followed: Newmarket again became all the fashion. The great trainers, the wealthy owners, the speculative owners poured into it their talent and their money; houses,

and stables, and land rose in value—not cent. per cent., but from hundreds to thousands; and at this moment it is almost as difficult to buy a plot of ground in Newmarket as it is in London. One thousand horses are in training, and an army of men and lads wait upon the lords of the equine race. The wants of both horses and men, in lodging, in clothing, in saddlery, in food, and in luxuries, have made the Newmarket tradesmen busy and prosperous. Everywhere new houses have been erected, many of these in exquisite taste, and with lavish expenditure both outwardly and inwardly; while the new stables, new boxes, and new paddocks pass the wildest dreams of magnificence. The old town has become a paradise of men and horses, and if it could only rid itself of its two evils—"touts" and the "credit system"—it might dare to call itself happy. Certainly, in no town in England is there less crime or less disorder. The only improvement wanted is an arbitrary power to expel for ever some fifty worthless fellows who prowl about for "information," and who seek to corrupt weak and foolish lads to betray the secrets of their masters.

One of the most singular facts connected with Newmarket is, that the medical and surgical attendance on this immense array of horses is practically monopolized by one man. For more than thirty years Mr. William Barrow has been the veterinary of Newmarket, and there is not a trainer in the town who would for one moment hesitate to call in that

gentleman, however necessary secrecy as to the precise condition of a horse might be. Trainers know to whom they may trust; and Mr. Barrow, in his morning rounds, passes from stable to stable laden with knowledge for which the "backers" and the "bookmakers" would willingly give thousands. It is also a sufficient proof of Mr. Barrow's extraordinary ability and assiduity, that in all these years no one has successfully endeavoured to wrest from him a solid share of the Newmarket business. When Galopin won the Derby, in 1875, Prince Batthyany acknowledged the services rendered to the horse by Mr. Barrow, by presenting to him a gold tankard of the value of eight hundred guineas; while an admirable portrait of the beautiful Springfield, given to Mr. Barrow by Mr. Houldsworth, bears testimony to the skill with which that horse was cured of a fractured pelvis.

In all ages of the Turf there has been a cry of the degeneracy of horses. There are certainly more bad horses bred now than there ever were, but there are also more good horses bred; and, unquestionably, the best of modern horses are superior to those of bygone days. Upon this point the opinion of Mr. Gilbert may usefully be cited. Mr. Gilbert was brought up at Danebury, in the palmy days of John Day the elder, when Mr. Padwick and Mr. Gully were invincible, and saw such animals as Mendicant, Virago, Andover, Hermit (1854), and Scythian trained there. Yet Mr. Gilbert held that,

even within his memory, race-horses had improved, and certainly he had never seen so perfect a horse as Cremorne, whom he trained for Mr. Savile from 1871 to 1873. But if we go farther back in history, to the horses of the last century, there can be no question of the superiority of the modern horse in speed and courage, in shape and temper. Such horses as Lord Clifden, Blair Athol, Blue Gown, Rosicrucian, Boiard, and Cremorne, would have defeated Flying Childers, Herod, or Eclipse at any distance. Just as in Leicester and Southdown sheep, in short-horn oxen, Devons and Herefords, so also in thoroughbred horses has the improvement been regular and decided during the last sixty years.

In modern breeding the fault has been excess in numbers, and readiness to use second-class stallions and third and fourth class mares. People have been dazzled by the fabulous prices given for yearlings, and have imagined that a short cut to money and fame could be made by the production of thoroughbred stock. The work was done haphazard, and with inferior material, and yet it was fondly hoped that luck would wait on such efforts as these. To a certain extent there is chance in breeding; but wealth and intelligence in this, as in all matters terrestrial, leave but little room for the work of the blind goddess. Year after year Mr. Tattersall has been called upon to sell by auction whole squadrons of yearlings, the buyers of which have had little but disappointment for their money. The great prizes

have gone to the owners of horses bred privately, from the best blood with the best judgment. Mr. Blenkiron sent to the hammer one thousand yearlings, and received for them more than £200,000. Yet, with the exception of Caractacus, who won the Derby in 1862, Hermit, who won the Derby in 1867, and Seesaw, who, as a three-year-old, won the Cambridgeshire in 1868, carrying 8 st. 2 lbs., one can hardly recall a first-class horse bred at Middle Park; yet Mr. Blenkiron ranked in knowledge of breeding first among the owners and managers of public breeding studs. Moreover, auctions are, in one sense, the ruin of yearlings. Unless they come to the hammer with sleek coats, and with what has been vulgarly called "horse-dealer's putty," the public will not bid. So the sportsman buys a fatted calf, not a race-horse; and the animal breaks down in his joints or sinews, while the trainer is vainly trying to replace the "blubber" with honest hard flesh and muscle. Too many foals are also bred within a given area. The soil sickens of them, just as it does of ewes and lambs, and peculiar disorders break out among foals and yearlings. The colts have to be let out in the paddock in turns, and instead of exercising themselves during the whole daylight, are restricted to one, two, or three hours a day. So that, even with the best blood and the most lavish expenditure, large studs are at a disadvantage; but when neither capital, nor good mares, nor first-class stallions are available, what but failures can be expected on crowded pastures, and

with fattened yearlings? On the other hand, two out of three of the winners of the Derby for the last thirty years have been bred privately, and have not been put up as yearlings by the auctioneer.

The extraordinary success of Lord Falmouth on the Turf has dealt a heavy blow at the prospects of public studs, and racing men begin to ask themselves whether it is worth while to pay prodigious sums at auction for public yearlings, only to see them break down or suffer easy defeat.

It would be beyond the province of this book to enter upon a dissertation on the theory of the "strains" in thoroughbred stock. But the events of the last twenty-five years have gone far to show that a complete knowledge of pedigrees is absolutely essential to success in breeding. The most splendid triumphs of the Turf have been achieved by horses bred from special combinations of size and strength in one parent, with what is called "quality" in the other parent. Thus, Stockwell, Rataplan, and King Tom are the modern types of big, stout, or even coarse horses. The first two were by The Baron, by Irish Birdcatcher, their dam being Pocahontas by Glencoe. King Tom was also from Pocahontas by Harkaway. On the other hand, in Sweetmeat by Gladiator by Partisan, in Queen Mary by Gladiator, in Parmesan by Sweetmeat, and in Macaroni by Sweetmeat, that symmetry, high-bred refinement, bloodlike appearance, and elastic

activity which go to form "quality" are conspicuous. So also in Touchstone and his son, Orlando, and in the mares by them; and in Teddington, son of Orlando, and the mares by him, the "quality" is typical. The Marquis, who was second in the Derby and first in the St. Leger in 1862, was by Stockwell from Cinizelli by Touchstone. Baron Rothschild's Favonius, who won the Derby in 1871, and the Goodwood Cup in 1872, and who was as handsome as horse could be, was by Parmesan from Zephyr by King Tom. Cremorne, who for constitution, temper, looks, speed, and staying power, has never been excelled, was by Parmesan from Rigolboche by Voltigeur (Lord Zetland's big "coach-horse"), her dam by Rataplan. Again, Blair Athol was by Stockwell from Blink Bonny by Melbourne from Queen Mary by Gladiator by Partisan. Lord Lyon, who in 1866 won the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger, was by Stockwell from Paradigm by Orlando. Achievement, who in the following year won the One Thousand, St. Leger, and Doncaster Cup, was own sister to Lord Lyon. Doncaster, who won the Derby in 1873 and the Doncaster Cup in 1875, was by Stockwell from Marigold by Teddington. Regalia, who won the Oaks in 1865, was by Stockwell from The Gem by Touchstone.

Mr. Joseph Dawson's Prince 'Charlie, who won the Middle Park Plate in 1871, and in 1872 defeated Cremorne by a head for the Two Thousand Guineas, and who subsequently acquired

the title of "the Prince of the T.Y.C." by his extraordinary speed, was by Blair Athol from Eastern Princess by Surplice by Touchstone from Crucifix; so that he had the strain of strength and stoutness through Pocahontas and the Bird-catcher blood; while through Blink Bonny he had the Gladiator "strain," and through Surplice the Touchstone "strain." In these pedigrees the predominance of Stockwell is manifest. In the whole history of the Turf no stallion has surpassed his achievements as a sire; and all sportsmen acknowledged his supremacy when, in 1866, his three sons—Lord Lyon, Savernake (brother to St. Albans), and Rustic—were first, second, and third in the Derby. The theory of "breeding in" with a strain of "quality" has, on the other hand, received support by the triumphs of that elegant horse, Petrarch, winner of the Middle Park Plate, Two Thousand, St. Leger, and Ascot Cup. Petrarch was by Lord Clifden by Newminster by Touchstone, and his dam was Laura by Orlando by Touchstone.

Another class of celebrated horses in recent years owed its descent to the famous mare Mendicant, who was the property of Mr. Gully, for whom she won the One Thousand and Oaks in 1846. In 1855 Mendicant bore Beadsman to Weatherbit, and although Beadsman won the Derby and £80,000 in bets for Sir Joseph Hawley, breeders declined to believe in the horse as a sire. He was "voted" small, and only fit to get park hacks. For some

years he stood at Mr. Barrow's paddocks at Newmarket, and the public preferred Yellow Jack—who never got even a decent race-horse—to him. At last Sir Joseph took Beadsman home to Kingsclere, mated him skilfully, and was rewarded within the space of two years with Blue Gown, winner of the Derby in 1868; Green Sleeve, winner of the Middle Park Plate in 1867; Rosicrucian, one of the most exquisite horses of modern times, who carried 9 st. to victory in the Ascot Stakes of 1871; and Pero Gomez, who won the Middle Park Plate in 1868, was beaten by a very short head for the Derby in 1869, and was victorious for the St. Leger. Rosicrucian's dam was Madame Eglantine by Cowl, brother to Surplice—one of the smallest mares ever trained, and, as we have already said, Beadsman was a small horse. But Rosicrucian stands sixteen hands, and is a grand, lengthy horse, showing his kinship to Surplice, who stood nearly seventeen hands when he won the Derby. It is also to be observed that, through Mendicant and Cowl, Rosicrucian is doubly descended from Touchstone.

The history of modern breeding has also gone far to prove the truth of the theory that a stallion cannot be too old, and that "stayers" cannot be bred from young sires, although "speedy" horses can. Stockwell was nine years old when he begat St. Albans, eleven years old when he begat Blair Athol, and twenty years old when he begat Doncaster and Gang Forward; while

between these two last dates come Regalia, Lord Lyon, and Achievement. Blair Athol was put to the stud at the early age of four years; but, with an abundant supply of good mares, he begat his first St. Leger winner, in Craig Miller, when ten years old, and his first Derby winner, in Silvio, when twelve years old. The success of Beadsman, who was hardly employed at all as a sire until ten years old, has been already mentioned; and the cases of Parmesan and Adventurer may be added. These facts are entirely in accord with what reason would suggest, and they will probably be supplemented by abundant examples in the future.

Among breeders there is the greatest difference of opinion as to the amount of influence of sire and dam respectively upon the offspring. Luck must enter largely into the fortunate result of a profitable breeding stud, for many men of great judgment and experience have bred for many years from the best sires and mares obtainable, without any adequate results. Yet their endeavour has always been to make a successful "nick" by crossing certain strains of blood, sometimes in conformity with theories universally respected, at others at the dictates of their own eccentric convictions. Sir Joseph Hawley, one of the most successful breeders of modern times, was, as has been pointed out previously, one of the least scientific.

Lord Falmouth, a breeder much more fortunate even than Sir Joseph was, acts upon the opposite

plan, and carefully mates his mares on certain principles warranted by experience, and generally held to be sound by breeders of thoroughbred stock. Derby winners, therefore, it may be admitted, may be produced by either method—the capricious or the scientific—given a lucky man as owner of the stud farm. The problem of the joint and proportionate transmission of qualities from parents to offspring is an old one. Horace, for instance, says “horses have in them the quality of their sires;” but his critic points out—first, that he knew nothing whatever of his subject; and secondly, what in his case is more important, that his metre would not allow him to write *matrum* instead of *patrum*. And so from the days of the poet to the present, dogmatizers on crosses there be as plenty as blackberries, but they convince few but themselves. The true art of “nicking” so as to produce with unerring certainty colts and fillies that will race is a philosopher’s stone as yet undiscovered. For instance, the union of Stockwell and Blink Bonny, two animals of high celebrity, produces—as might be reasonably expected—a fine offspring, Blair Athol. On the other hand, Gladiateur and Fille de l’Air are matched: they too should produce a valuable foal; but Eole, their offspring, is worse than a selling plater. As regards his sire, Gladiateur would seem to owe his racing powers to his own sire, Monarque; for Miss Gladiator, his dam, though trained for some time, never won a race, and was withdrawn from training for the very good

reason that she could not race. Her case, however, would fit in very well with Admiral Rous's dictum on the subject:—"Mares which have never carried a saddle are preferable to those which have been trained or hard ridden, unless they have distinguished themselves by their performances." Miss Gladiator, it is true, had carried a saddle on a few occasions, but she had carried it very badly, and was neither much trained nor hard ridden. The Admiral's meaning clearly was that all mares were injured as breeding animals by being trained for racing, but that mares of first-rate capacity on the Turf were not so much injured by being raced as to reduce them to the level of second-rate untrained mares.

Monarque, Gladiateur's sire, may reasonably be credited with having derived more of his good qualities from his dam, Poetess, one of the best mares ever bred in France, than from his sire. The tendency is rather to credit the sire than the dam with the good qualities of their offspring; but in the well-known cases of Stockwell and King Tom, surely Pocahontas will get the chief credit. As an opposite illustration, Paradigm's case may be taken, who threw both Lord Lyon and Achievement to Stockwell. In these cases the honour was to the sire, and Paradigm was forgotten. There is no satisfactory explanation of these cases, but perhaps the least unsatisfactory is that there exists a happy accident of combination whereby an admirable medium is found for the transmission of the paternal gifts.

It has been said that modern race-horses are not so sound as their forefathers were; and to demonstrate this proposition, the instances of horses running at the ages of ten and twelve years in ancient times are put forward. But the question is whether, if the horses of our time were reserved to the age of maturity, they would not stand training for many years. If attention be paid to the work they do at the early ages of two and three years, this question must be answered in the affirmative. We may well regret to see horses removed to the stud at the very moment when they seem to reach perfection; but while the great prizes of the Turf are given to young horses, and while the services of fashionable sires are so much in request, it is vain to regret the unavoidable. Moreover, it is but fair to note that nearly all our best sires are sound in limb, and that such soundness is to a great extent essential to health, for without it exercise cannot be obtained. In one matter modern breeders are open to reproach. The folly of breeding from roarers can hardly be overrated, for roaring is pretty well acknowledged to be an hereditary weakness. The French are wiser than our own people in this respect, for they actually prohibit the use of roarers at the stud. Perhaps Parliament would do well to pass a law to stop the use of roarers as sires, not only for thoroughbred stock, but for all other purposes. It is a mischief that can be stamped out, and that ought to be stamped out.

CHAPTER X.

OLD MR. SCOTT—JOHN SCOTT—WHITEWALL—
BARON MARTIN—SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY.

FOR sixty-seven years connected with a racing stable, and for half a century a prominent character on the Turf, John Scott passed away at the ripe old age of seventy-seven, on the 4th of October, 1871. Of all the sterling characters numbered among the lovers and followers of Turf pursuits, none was greater than the Yorkshire trainer whose marvellous feats caused him to be called the Wizard of the North.

“Wedded to duty, girt with self-respect,
His every action as the daylight clear,
A Bayard of the Turf, he walked erect
Among his kind ‘without reproach or fear.’”

For more than a generation the owner of White-wall was universally regarded as the chief of English trainers, and indisputably first in his profession. The occupant of the quiet brougham, the portly old gentleman, with the keen eye, silvery locks falling from under the broad-brimmed, high-crowned hat of unchanging shape, and massive, honest English features, was known on every race-

course of note in England. In his later years, it was in an almost reverential whisper that the wearer of the spotless white scarf, black coat, drab knee-breeches and gaiters, was pointed out to the uninitiated as the great John Scott. The famous trainer owed his origin to Suffolk, and not, as has generally been thought, to the premier county. By birth he belonged to the South, by long residence and association to the North; but he lived long after the railways had altered all the old relations between the two schools of horsemanship, and removed much of their ancient rivalry. Mr. John Scott was born on the 8th of November, 1794, at Chippenham, near Newmarket. His father was a trainer, well known in the racing world in the latter part of the last century, living at Chippenham, where he trained, and in his earlier years he rode for Sir Harry Featherstone, a great cockfighter and supporter of the Turf of that day. The eccentric Counsellor Lade also at one period of his career entrusted his horses to the care of the elder Scott. From Chippenham, still carrying on his business as a trainer, Mr. Scott removed to Oxford, and became "mine host" of the Ship there, until, declining years having rendered him unfit any longer for the active business of life, he gave up his inn and went to live at Brighton, where he died, in 1848, at the great age of ninety-seven years.

His son at a very early age was introduced to the "long tails" in the stalls at the Chippenham

establishment. Old Mr. Scott was not long in discovering, to his great satisfaction, that he had in young John a son likely to "train on" into a man after his own heart, and as long-headed as himself. At ten the boy was riding the horses in his father's training-stable in their exercise gallops. When he was three years older, he was, in his father's opinion, competent to ride in a race. They had a mare named Tenbones entered for a Plate at Blandford, and the young jockey was started off from home with instructions not to bring the mare back on any account, but to sell her to somebody for thirty pounds. Followed by his terrier Viper, he started from Oxford, and after crossing Salisbury Plain, and nearly getting lost, owing to the snow on the ground, young John reached Blandford. He won the fifty-pound Plate, sold the mare for fifty pounds, and was driven home a proud young jockey in the Oxford coach. From that win he dated the commencement of his good fortune in life.

His first post of trust was with Croft, at that time in extensive practice at Middleham; but prior to this engagement John Scott had been engaged to ride light weights by old Sir Watkin Wynn, with whom he did not remain long, but, crossing the Border again, rode for Sir Sitwell Sitwell, Mr. Saddler of Alsworth, and Mr. Stevens of Bointon-on-the-Hill. One of the first important pieces of business entrusted to his charge by Croft was the taking of Filho da Puta on his journey from Middleham to

Newmarket, on the occasion of his great match with Sir Joshua. At head-quarters, the Chifneys took the horse under their charge, and, being of opinion that he had not done enough work, made him, in John Scott's opinion, over-trained and stale; and to this he attributed the loss of the match.

Shortly after this, he was engaged as private trainer to Mr. Houldsworth, going to live at Rockhill, in Sherwood Forest, and training his horses on the velvety turf of the forest glades. Here he married Miss Baker, the daughter of an innkeeper at Mansfield. The next ten years of his life were spent at Rockhill, in Mr. Houldsworth's service; and upon that gentleman's retirement from the Turf, he trained for two years for Mr. Petre, at his Nottinghamshire quarters. In 1825, Whitewall House and stables were in the market. Mr. Scott bought them, and removed to Malton, where he resided for the remainder of his long life, and "became, as it were, sovereign of the place." Whitewall, with its owner for host, was a charming house to stay a day at; and many were the distinguished followers of the sport who sat at John Scott's liberal table, and chatted about Derby and St. Leger cracks, or bygone heroes of Epsom Downs or Doncaster Town Moor, over the walnuts and port. In the morning, breakfast over, a visit to the stables followed, or the guests were up at cockcrow with the trainer to see the horses gallop. Breakfast at Whitewall was a cheery meal, lighted by the host's

genial smile. "Never were muffins and pikelets finer, or toast more deliciously browned, or sheep's-head—a favourite morning dish there—rump-steak and kidneys, better done." The sideboard bore silver cups and pieces of plate, trophies of the victories of John Scott's horses; over the fireplace was the painting by Herring of the host's two favourite hunters; from the window, "Brother Bill," the famous jockey, could be seen piloting the string of horses to the exercise ground. On the stable doors were the names and plates of many horses whose fame was world-wide. The stables themselves, the yards and curtilage of the great Northern establishment, were models of method, tidiness, and order.

In 1832, the hot, dry weather had made the summer training ground on Langton Wold so hard that it was impossible for the horses to be galloped on it. Accordingly, a ploughed gallop was hired at Pigburn, near Doncaster, which was used for many years; and Newminster, among other horses, owed his victory in the St. Leger to its existence. After 1851, however, the tan gallop on the Wold and the preserved exercise ground at Leatherhead were found to be efficient substitutes, and the ploughed gallop was given up. For a long period John Scott had the best horses in England under his care, year after year; and that he handled them with extraordinary skill was never questioned. No man ever excelled, and few ever rivalled, him in his art. He was fortunate in both his wives, and the second

Mrs. Scott especially was of great assistance to him in his business, as was his secretary, Mr. John Peart, and his veteran head lad, Jem Perren.

Among the many noblemen and gentlemen who, during his long tenure of Whitewall, entrusted their racers to his care, were Lords Exeter, Derby, and Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Bowes. The last-named gentleman was his oldest patron. With the brilliant and oft-repeated successes of the black and gold some of John Scott's greatest achievements in laying on that "Whitewall polish" which was so famous were associated; and to the Malton veteran Mr. Bowes's allegiance was true to the last.

Eminent lawyers have taken a deal of interest in the pastime of the Turf, and one who is yet alive was, during his career at the Bar, a part owner of race-horses. Among the distinguished guests entertained by John Scott at Whitewall may be mentioned Baron Martin, who put an end to his partnership with Mr. H. Hill on being elevated to the judicial bench; but his lordship always found it possible to visit Epsom on the Derby Day. He was a judge of great ability, and an excellent lawyer; but was not a literary nor an historical character. When travelling as judge on the Western Circuit, he was invited to dine with the Warden of Winchester College. The evening passed very pleasantly, and, after bidding his guest good-night, the venerable warden turned to a friend, and said, "The

judge is a man of great common sense and shrewdness; but, for a gentleman, he is the most ignorant man I ever met. He had never even heard of William of Wykeham!" As Baron Martin drove away in his carriage from the Warden's lodge, he exclaimed to his Marshal, "Well, for a learned man, the Warden is the most ignorant man I ever met, for he did not know that John Day had training stables at Danebury!"

Lord Ailesbury, a devoted follower of the Turf, was born in 1804, in Mayfair; and having been called to the House of Lords in the lifetime of his father, the name of Lord Bruce was much more often printed in the pages of *Weatherby* than in those of *Hansard*. In 1840 he began to figure as an owner, with *Chasseur*, by *Actæon*, trained by *Montgomery Dilly*, and a winner of four races in that season, including the *Queen's Plate* at *Winchester*. It was twelve years later, however, before the *Savernake* colours were seen to advantage on the Turf, when, in 1852, *Knight of the Shire* ran third to *Weathergaze* and *Lady Evelyn* for the *Cesarewitch*, and a fortnight later won the *Cambridgeshire*, beating *Hobbie Noble*, the trusted horse of *Danebury*, and a field of twenty-one runners. *Bribery* ran well in the next ten years in the afterwards highly popular colours, borne to the front at *Epsom* by her descendants. The *St. Albans* victory in the *St. Leger*, and the head defeat of *Savernake* in *Lord*

Lyon's year, were the most remarkable incidents in Lord Ailesbury's Turf career. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, and a good supporter of racing; but he kept but a small string of horses, under Alec Taylor's charge, and his colours were proverbially unsuccessful whenever he tried to win a great race.

Rarely, if ever, have any colours been more popular on the Turf than the cherry jacket and black cap of Sir Joseph Hawley. The third of his race, Sir Joseph was born in 1814, and, in due course entering the army, served for a short time as a lieutenant in the Lancers. The life of a soldier in a crack regiment, however, was not in harmony with his tastes; and in his schooner, *The Mischief*, he visited Greece, the Mediterranean, and Italy. In Florence, where for a time he resided, there were some English and native sportsmen, a club was formed, and, in confederacy with Mr. J. M. Stanley, Sir Joseph Hawley imported a few platers to run in races against the Italian horses.

On his return to England, the confederacy was renewed; but before that Sir Joseph began to race on his own account. His name first appears in "Weatherby" in 1844, when *Vibration*, *Venus*, and *The Bishop of Romford's Cob* composed his small stud, under the care of Beresford, at Newmarket. His first ventures were unsuccessful; but in 1846 he carried off the July Stakes with *Miami*, beating a great favourite in *The Cossack*—a Danebury "in-

vincible" of those days. To win the Ascot Cup the Kentish Baronet bought Mendicant of Mr. Gully, giving nearly 3,000 guineas for her. She lost the Cup, but laid the foundation of future successes, and gave a string of poverty-stricken names to Sir Joseph's horses in the time to come. The original outlay was repaid with interest, as her son Beadsmen won the Derby, and by his victory his owner netted £80,000 in bets alone, as well as the rich stakes. This, however, was years after. Teddington's was Sir Joseph's first Derby victory, though the horse was really the property of Mr. Stanley, but running in the name of his confederate. Alec Taylor, who trained for the two friends, sent Teddington to the post in splendid condition; and, before or since, probably no Derby winner has ever looked better. He was a light-framed horse, of greyhound-like appearance, with an action that was almost perfect. The betting that year was very heavy. Davis's fortunes were at their zenith, and the "leviathan" lost a hundred thousand pounds over the race. Job Marson, for his riding in this race, received nearly three thousand pounds—Mr. Stanley and Sir Joseph Hawley giving him a thousand pounds a-piece, and other winners on the event more than half that sum between them.

Suffering under great annoyance after he had won the Doncaster Cup with The Ban, owing to the discussion as to the legitimate sale of Vatican prior to the race, and disgusted with Breba's in and out

running, Sir Joseph sent the greater portion of his stud to the hammer in that year. He kept back, however, *The Cowl*, *The Confessor*, *Mendicant*—whose reserve price of 500 guineas was not reached at the sale—and half a dozen brood mares. But in a small stud there was not excitement enough for Sir Joseph, and about a year after the sale he sent some horses to John Day, at Danebury, to train for him; but his luck during the two years he remained there was so very bad that he determined to try a private trainer, and accordingly engaged Manning for that purpose, renting some ground on Cannock Heath, where tradition says *Eclipse* himself was trained.

Fitz-Roland and Beadsman were soon doing their gallops together—the former he had purchased at the Royal Sale for 410 guineas, the latter he had bred from his mare *Mendicant*—and to the two fell the two great spring and summer three-year-old events. *Musjid*, who started first favourite for the Derby, Sir Joseph bought at Tickhill as a two-year-old, for a very moderate figure; and again, after the memorable finish with *Marionette*, *Trumpeter*, and *The Promised Land*, the cherry and black was successful, and the popular baronet won a very large stake.

There were yet greater triumphs to come. A few years later saw Sir Joseph and Porter with *Blue Gown*, *Rosicrucian*, and *Green Sleeve*, all in the stable at one time, and all bred at Kingsclere. *Blue Gown*, the Derby winner of '68, is the horse with

which Sir Joseph Hawley's name will always be most associated in the public mind and memory. He was the public horse, though his owner preferred the chance of another of his team, and never appears to have appreciated the colt's merit, letting him go, in March, 1870, for £5,000 to the Prussians.

Blue Gown, bred by Sir Joseph in '65, by Beadsman out of Bas-Bleu by Stockwell, her dam Vexation by Touchstone—Vat by Langar—Wire by Waxy. Beadsman, his sire, was also bred by Sir Joseph Hawley, in 1855, by Weatherbit out of Mendicant by Touchstone. His stock first came out on the Turf in 1863—Arapeile, The Palmer, Belphegor, Blue Gown, Green Sleeve, and Rosicrucian have been among the best of his progeny.

Blue Gown was remarkable for compactness and wear and tear character, but he had not the blood-like elegance of conformation possessed by his half-brother and sister, Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve. In temper he was one of the best animals ever trained. His two-year-old winnings were not very large, about £1,500 in all; but at three-years-old he won over £10,000 in Stakes.

He was trained by Porter, at Kingsclere, near Newbury, on the famous range of Downs stretching away from Ilsley. Blue Gown's victory in 1868 gave Sir Joseph his fourth Derby—Teddington, 1851; Beadsman, 1858; Musjid, 1859. He ran the colt out of pure sportsman-like feeling. When he knew in the winter that the public were on him to a man, he said,

"Then they shall have a start;" but he never liked the horse, and did not win a shilling in bets by the success of his colt, though if Rosicrucian or Green Sleeve had won he would have been a large winner.

The Derby was called "sensational," but the most exciting episode in Blue Gown's Turf career was at Doncaster, when as a two-year-old he carried off the Champagne Stakes. There were twelve starters, Mr. Merry's horse was left at the post, and Sir Joseph Hawley's colt came in first, but did not get the Stakes. Wells, no longer the "Tiny" of old days, could not ride the weight. Other jockeys knew this, and when he returned to scale he was watched. Watson seized the beam, and appealed to Mr. Chaplin, one of the Stewards. He ordered Wells to sit in the scale till the Admiral could be summoned. There followed a bad ten minutes. The Admiral came, and pronounced against the winner for over-weight. Mr. Chaplin inquired what weight the winner had carried. "No, no," replied the Tribune; "this is bad enough—the public need not know how much Hawley's horse really carried." As a fact, Blue Gown had won carrying as nearly as possible 9 st., and this performance the public, who stuck to him through evil report and good report, never forgot.

"Dangerous Sir Joseph" was true not only of his horses when they were "meant," but of himself when suffering under what he deemed an unprovoked attack. Dr. Shorthouse, then of Carshalton,

the founder of the *Sporting Times*, found this out to his cost after the writing of the libel on the Kentish Baronet was proved, and a sojourn of some weeks in Coldbath-fields Prison was the result of the verdict of a British jury in Sir Joseph Hawley's favour. The prosecutor would not join in the request for a remission of the sentence, though asked to do so by many influential Turfites; but imprisonment sat lightly on the shoulders of the Doctor, though he by no means pretended to be one of those exceptional persons for whom—

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Or iron bars a cage.”

The Carshalton Doctor's prison allowance of champagne was a bottle a day, and when that was drunk up it is understood that he devoted the rest of his waking hours to his favourite subject of research, the Blacklock blood.

He was liberated on the 12th of March, 1870, and he found the sporting world busy in the discussion of Sir Joseph Hawley's proposals of Turf Reform. Sound common sense and long experience in racing matters qualified the “lucky Baronet” for the task of a Turf reformer, which he imposed on himself at this time. The Jockey Club, as might be expected, opposed him; but he had public opinion outside the charmed circle with him and his work. Starting with the proposition that he conceived it impossible to disguise the fact that racing is no longer a national sport, but has become

a mere trade with most of its followers, he asked the Jockey Club to appoint a committee to consider the "present condition of the Turf." The three Stewards of the Jockey Club were *ex-officio* to serve on this committee. "The public are now convinced," Sir Joseph stated in his proposals, "that the system which has been of late years rapidly growing up in no way tends to improve the breed of horses, but is one of simple gambling, and in this state of things the Jockey Club silently acquiesce. Such an impression," he continued, "rightly or wrongly framed, is most dangerous alike to the Sport and the reputation of those who mix in it; but so long as the recognized authorities remain passive, and make no effort to bring about a better order of things, it would be impossible to remove it." There could be no doubt of the sincerity of the reformer; but, as the facts existed, it was not unnatural that it should be remarked that at this very time the cherry and black was being carried at Northampton and other Spring fixtures by Kingsclere two-year-olds, and that in the winter Sir Joseph had taken £40,000 to £600 a-piece about his five fillies in the Derby.

Sir Joseph's first proposal was that no horse should run in any flat race after November 15th or before March 24th, and no two-year-old before September 1st—any horse so running to be disqualified from entering or running at any meeting where the Jockey Club rules are in force.

The principal consequence of this proposal being

carried into effect would have been to give to Doncaster and the three Newmarket Autumn Meetings a monopoly of two-year-old racing, one of the most interesting features in the year's sport.

The next proposal was that no entries for two-year-old races should be made more than "fifteen days before the day advertised for running." If it was Sir Joseph Hawley's object to put an end to two-year-old racing altogether, these two rules, if they had become racing law, would have done it most effectually.

His third proposal was that no entry of any horse under four years old should be received in any handicap; his fourth, that no public money, cup, or other prize should be given in any race to which two-year-olds were admitted, to any race under a mile, or to any handicap. His fifth, that all entries should be made in the real name of an owner or part owner. Public meetings of the Jockey Club were also provided for; and by the last of the proposals it was provided, further, "that the basis of the Club be extended, and that not only more gentlemen who are large owners of race-horses, but those who take interest in racing as a means of preserving the breed of horses, be invited to become members."

These propositions were very fully discussed, both in the Sporting Press and among racing men, at the time they were made. They are interesting, not only as conclusions at which a shrewd, practical, and earnest owner of horses of many years standing had

arrived, but as being more or less the panacea prescribed by all Turf reformers.

What would have become of the Turf during its transition state, if Sir Joseph Hawley's third proposal had been carried out, it is difficult to imagine. Nor is it easy to see with what sort of races the gap created by the withdrawal of two-year-old racing, and the omission of three-year-olds from handicaps, would have been filled up.

Number four, however, would have furnished the ruin begun by its predecessors. To the proposal that the basis of the Jockey Club should be extended, and that the practice of using assumed names on the Turf should be done away with, there seems to be little, if any, objection.

Opposed pretty generally in the Turf Senate, the proposals were not carried, though some alteration in two-year-old racing was made, such races beginning on May 1st, and not before; but this concession to public opinion did not last long.

Sir Joseph Hawley died April, 1875; but left no subsequent tenant of Leybourne Grange to follow in his footsteps as a supporter of the Turf. Firm with servants, he was on occasions most lavish in rewarding them. He gave Wells the stakes for the Derby, and put Job Marson on a large sum to nothing on his Derby or St. Leger mount. He forgave Wells his overweight in the Doncaster Champagne Stakes on Blue Gown; indeed, he never lost his temper at the time; and after the seizure which prevented his old

jockey from riding again for him, he behaved to him with great liberality. As a breeder, Sir Joseph Hawley was most fortunate, but he was hardly what would be considered a scientific student of crosses. One year he would send all his mares to Asteroid, another to Beadsman, another to Fitz-Roland. Mendicant was the foundation of the fortunes of his stud, and by her union with Weatherbit the Sheet Anchor line, threatened with extinction, was perpetuated.

Sir Joseph was a heavy bettor when he saw the chances reasonably in his favour, but never a mere gambler, and on no occasion a plunger. He constantly expressed his detestation of the "plunging school," and considered it a disgrace to the Turf. He employed his trainer solely to train his horses. Their trials he always made himself, and he will always be recollected as one who excelled all other men in the nice art of "putting horses together."

CHAPTER XI.

LORD GLASGOW—ADMIRAL ROUS.

LORD GLASGOW, whose long and honourable career of fifty years on the Turf had made his name a household word among the followers of the sport, was born on the 10th of April, 1792. For some years he was in the naval service of his country, and rose to the rank of commander; but there were attractions ashore he could not resist, and as early as 1819, Lord Kelburne ran a horse, called Chance, in a match at Newcastle, the first horse he owned, and the first appearance of his colours on a race-course. He soon after made additions to his stud, and became a breeder of thoroughbred stock on an extensive scale, confining his entries for races, however, to the North—York and Doncaster, and the Caledonian Hunt and Ayr Meetings. One of the first good animals he acquired was Jenny, winner of the St. Leger Stakes, whom he purchased after the race. Actæon, also, was a horse of considerable celebrity, and was used by Lord Glasgow for several seasons afterwards, passing into the Royal Stud.

Retainer and Retriever were two good horses,

bred by Lord Glasgow, and the former started first favourite for the St. Leger; but it was never his good luck to win the great Northern or Southern Race, much as he desired it—General Peel, the best horse he ever bred, running second only for the Derby. 1864 was a year of great three-year-olds, and among them General Peel was one of the best. He was an unlucky horse, like Savernake; for had Blair Athol been out of the way, in one season he would have carried off the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Doncaster Cup. As it was, he won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Doncaster Cup, and was second for the other two great races, whilst in the following year he ran a dead-heat for the Ascot Cup. He was then put to the stud, but was unsuccessful in getting winners, and during the present summer, the old horse, still in his prime, sound, and probably with many years of life before him, has been sold for twenty-five guineas, at a public auction. Happily, however, contrary to the fate that such a price suggests, he is to finish an honourable but unlucky career as a sire of hunters in Ireland. Of the horses that made 1864 a famous year in the annals of Turf history, General Peel and Ely alone have proved failures at the stud. Blair Athol and Scottish Chief are favourite and fortunate sires. Kincsem's fiftieth victory in an unbroken series of triumphs tells of Cambuscan's quality; and Cathedral, who was unplaced in the Derby of that year, has done well at the stud. A

field comprising five such horses as Blair Athol, General Peel, Scottish Chief, Ely, and Cambuscan, has rarely been seen; and it has been often said that the worst of them was good enough to win four Derbys out of five.

Lord Glasgow was elected a member of the Jockey Club in 1839, and on his succeeding to the family title and estates, three or four years later, he materially strengthened and increased his string of horses in training and at the stud. In 1845 he had a dozen horses running in his name, but out of these eleven were nameless themselves. For many years after, when his colours were seen borne on the back of some roan or skewbald to the starting post, or hopelessly toiling thence in the rear and behind the ruck, people simply said, "Oh, something of Lord Glasgow's!" for it was taken as a matter of course that his colts and fillies should be nameless, and from unnamed sires and dams. Persons who had to write of sporting events complained very frequently and loudly of the inconvenience caused by these long, nameless pedigrees; but Lord Glasgow only blessed them in characteristic fashion for their trouble. This habit he had got, it was said, during his days afloat, when, in the King's uniform, he was cock of the gun-room, at a time when "the British Navy was the British Navy, sir." It was generally admitted by his friends that he was *facile princeps* in the art of "blessing with a rough tongue," notwithstanding the very considerable pretensions of the

late Lord Southampton, and of a popular Royal Duke.

About the year 1844, Lord Glasgow was so far over-persuaded by his friends against what he thought his better judgment, that he consented to name three of his horses. He called one colt He-has-a-name, another he labelled Give-him-a-name, and a third He-isn't-worth-a-name, which was, unfortunately, but too true of most of the horses he bred. He always said a horse should not be named till it had earned a name by winning a race, and as his horses rarely, taking their number into consideration, occupied this position, they were for the most part shot unnamed. At last the brother to colt by So-and-so, and sister to filly by Something-else, became in a high degree misleading and bewildering. General Peel, a horse of which he was with reason very fond, he named in honour of his old friend and companion.

Lord Glasgow's reluctance to name his young stock was one of many eccentricities of character he consistently displayed during his long life; but unlike many of his others, which were calculated to prove inconvenient to himself alone, this was a great nuisance and stumbling-block to the sporting world generally.

What would result in the records of the year's racing the Stud-book and the return lists if many large owners followed such a line of conduct needs not be pointed out. In pleasant contrast appear

the neatly named colts and fillies of the late Sir Joseph Hawley, than whom no owner was ever more happy in the names he bestowed upon his youngsters. Beadsman, from Mendicant; his son, Pero Gomez the Spanish Beggarman, from Salamanca; Rosicrucian, the Red Cross Knight with his vow of poverty; Blue Gown, by Beadsman from Bas Bleu; and King Cophetua, "who loved the beggar maid"—will always attest the soundness of Sir Joseph Hawley's judgment in the matter of Turf nomenclature, which is an art in itself, though it be but a small one. It was not, however, among the list of Lord Glasgow's accomplishments.

As a breeder, the wealthy Scotch earl supported his favourite pastime with a lavish expenditure, rather priding himself than not upon laying out £60,000 a year on the Turf. But money does not always command success at the stud or on the race-course. Lord Glasgow had an unprecedented run of bad luck, which seemed however to be turning a little during the last year or two of his life. The ill-fortune that attended his efforts was generally assigned to his obstinate persistence in continuing to breed from particular strains of blood not well-suited to each other.

Lord Glasgow was ever opposed to letting a good horse leave our shores, though he did not always agree with other critics as to what a good horse was, and experience has proved the soundness of the policy. The foreign buyers have ever been guided

by the best opinions of the merits, breeding, and soundness of our horses that they could procure from persons whose judgment, in their belief, was most worth following. The French stable has for years past bought freely at high prices of our best blood, and Verneuil's dam, Regalia, and Chamant's dam, Araucaria, were no haphazard investments.

The Austrians, when they took away from us Buccaneer and Mineral, were well advised, and the produce, Kisber, carried off the English Derby in 1876. Their neighbours, the Hungarians, bought Cambuscan after his not over-successful career on the English Turf; but then buyers were assured he was not a horse to be missed at any reasonable price. His daughter, the splendid Kincsem, returned to her sire's native land to win one of the most highly coveted prizes of our Turf—the Goodwood Cup (1878). Carnival, Sweetmeat's great son, and Blue Gown, perhaps the second best horse of Stockwell's get, also went to Hungary; but, thanks to the praiseworthy policy of the Cobham Stud Company, both these sires were brought back again to England, and the folly and disgrace of our having parted with them is removed. Carnival, unfortunately, did not live to anything like equine old age; but his 2,500 guineas son, Maraschino, may keep his memory green for many a year.

Parole, perhaps the best American-bred racer we have yet seen, is by Leamington, the luckiest purchase the Yankees have made from us, as many of his stock

have raced well in the States. Leamington won the Chester Cup twice, in the days of its glory as one of the greatest handicap contests of the Turf. Parole is by Leamington, out of Maiden by Lexington out of Kitty Clark by Glencoe, who also was the sire of that famous heroine of the stud, Pocahontas. Leamington's sire was Faugh-a-Ballagh (own brother to Irish Birdcatcher by Sir Hercules) out of a Pantaloon mare, and was a sufficiently convincing proof of the excellence of the cross of Whalebone with the Pantaloon blood, Sir Hercules being a son of Whalebone.

But not any of the horses the foreigner carried from our shores would have been likely to arrest the attention of Lord Glasgow, or cause him to loose his purse-strings. The result of his application of his reading of Stud-book lore was too often a weedy roan; but his lordship must be credited with having the courage to shoot his "rubbish" very liberally. He would have his own way in everything. At the same expense that he produced animals of curious colours, of irregular limbs and slow paces, he might have bred sound, true-shaped racers. Of all things, he wanted to win, for his love of the Sport and the glory of the thing, the great races; but his theories of breeding stood in the way. An open-handed and really kind-hearted master, he might have been surrounded by old racing servants who had served him for a generation. His peculiar theories of obedience due from employed to employer were a hindrance,

and he was continually changing his jockeys and trainers—Harlock, John Scott, and the Dawsons in his later years, most frequently having charge of his curious collection of quadrupeds, whilst the crimson and white jacket was taken away from Aldcroft, to be given back again at a moment's notice. "My lord says so," and it was more than any of his servants' places were worth to oppose him.

He always gave his jockeys strict injunctions how to ride in his races and matches, and he expected implicit obedience in riding to orders. But compliance with the Earl's orders was not always easy. A waiting race could always be accomplished; but if the orders were to come away from the first, compliance was not so easy a matter. Let one example serve. When Achievement started for her One Thousand Guineas, it was long odds on her winning if no accident happened to her in the race. Lord Glasgow swelled the field with one of his roan fillies, unnamed and unknown to fame. His orders to his jockey were to make the running, and cut down his field. The wretched filly carrying the Glasgow colours was last, outpaced from the start. The jockey was joined after passing the post by Lord Glasgow on his cob, and in a most unpleasant frame of mind. The Earl accompanied his jockey to the Bird-cage, riding a couple of yards behind him, and remonstrating with him. "You disobedient young gentleman, did I not tell you to make the running, eh?" and variations *fortissimo*.

Achievement could probably have given the unfortunate filly two stones and a handsome beating.

In his younger days the Earl was a great bettor, and would lay very heavy wagers from time to time after dinner, or over the card table. There is a story told of Lord George Bentinck looking in at Crockford's on the eve of the Derby, and offering to take three to one about his horse Gaper.

"I'll lay it you," said Lord Glasgow.

"Yes," said Lord George, in his rather mincing way; "but then I want to do it to money."

"I'll lay you ninety thousand to thirty," was the response.

Lord Glasgow was not only a whole-hearted supporter of the Turf; earlier in life he had been an enthusiastic, though always eccentric, M. F. H., and had hunted the Lanark, Renfrewshire, and Ayrshire foxhounds. In the days when, as Lord Kelburne, he was ready to ride anywhere or bet to any amount upon almost anything under the sun, Mr. Apperley paid a visit to the country he hunted, and gives a characteristic and interesting sketch of Lord Glasgow as a master. "Nimrod's Northern Tour" says:—"There are attributes in the nature and temperament of some men which, if I may be allowed the expression, half make a huntsman, and many of those Lord Kelburne possesses. For example, his zeal and love of everything belonging to fox-hunting appear to have no bounds. He is as regular in his kennel hours as an old maid at her tea-table, and he

is as fond of his hounds as they are of him. Add to all this, he is a person of acknowledged good abilities, which enables him to take advantage of circumstances, a point much insisted on by Williamson; and justly so, in a science which, like fox-hunting, is beset and opposed by them at every step. Then, again, he is a horseman of the first class for nerve and straightforward work in the field, which gives him no slight advantage. That he erred from letting his hounds get the mastery of him from motives of kindness and good feeling, he is himself ready to acknowledge; and it is much to be lamented that his principle—he had all but abolished the use of the lash—will not succeed. Nothing is more true than that hounds should be encouraged, not rated, to cry, and that whipping faulty hounds makes good hounds shy; still, as there are in all packs many hounds that will do what is wrong, and very few that will always do what is right, the use of the lash and the rate are inseparable from discipline in the field. There are points in which Lord Kelburne excels in his system of hunting hounds. His method of laying them on a scent is perfect, and in his casts when at check he appears to know exactly the time they ought to be allowed to try and make it good themselves; and this is a point of no small importance, especially in a country like the one I saw him in, where a fox has so many advantages over hounds. In drawing his coverts, his lordship appeared to me to be rather too far from his hounds, which accounted

for their once or twice slipping away with their fox, unobserved by him; but as far as I could judge of him, in chase—and I saw him in some trying situations—he appeared equal to giving them all the assistance required. His country, like most parts of Scotland, that I hunted in, however, is calculated to keep every huntsman in a fidget, from the quantity of open drains which invite foxes to go to ground. I thought his hounds to the eye equal, if not superior, to any other in Scotland. And why should they not be so? They are the blood of two of the most celebrated kennels in England—the Lambton and the Beaufort—chiefly the former; but of their steadiness I cannot say much. His lordship, however, I hear, altered his system, got a new and active whipper-in, when the hounds behaved as steady as bricks. In the stable I counted five-and-twenty hunters, besides hacks—almost all of which were thoroughbred, and many of them, ‘not unknown to fame,’ having been good racers in their time. Amongst them was a beautiful little grey mare, ridden by the second whip, which won a six hundred guineas stake at York; also May Day, who won the Fitzwilliam Stakes, beating Dr. Syntax; and she also beat him in the Cup Stakes, although she did not win. His lordship’s own horses were all thoroughbred, except one called Scott’s horse, so named from having been purchased of ‘Old Scott,’ as the huntsman to Mr. Ramsay’s hounds is called, at the stiff price of 250 guineas. Lord Kelburne’s

favourite horses, however, were Collier, by Comus, out of a Waxy mare; and Daredevil, by Viscount, out of an Orville mare. In the paddocks, I witnessed a sight such as I wish I could say is oftener to be witnessed than it is. I saw a lot of old hunters turned out for the rest of their lives, and enjoying themselves at their ease—one of them a fine grey gelding, which his lordship told me he had ridden fourteen seasons, 'never having turned him out in the summer,' he said, 'after reading Nimrod's letters on the condition of hunters.' Lord Kelburne had two countries—the one the home country in Renfrewshire, the other in Ayrshire, which is, I believe, by far the better of the two. Previous to Lord Kelburne, Sir David Baird hunted these countries, and after him Mr. Oswald, of Shield Hall."

Lord Glasgow, with all his curious traits of character and eccentric vagaries of conduct, had the happiness to make some warm friends, and keep them. Among these were Mr. George Payne and General Peel; and by his will he left them pecuniary legacies and all his horses, with the condition, however, that they should not sell any of them, but if they did not choose to accept the legacy they were to destroy the horses. A number of worthless animals at the Doncaster paddocks were despatched. The best horses in training were retained, and were always run in Lord Glasgow's crimson and white by Mr. Payne, out of regard for their old master.

The stallions remained to be dealt with, and their case presented a difficulty, as neither Mr. Payne nor General Peel desired to carry on a breeding stud on an extensive scale, such as that owned by their old friend.

The legatees under the will, therefore, decided to let the Glasgow legacy stallions by auction, and this was accordingly done at Doncaster, in the late autumn of the year of their old master's death. The experiment—regarded with little faith by the old-fashioned breeders, who looked upon it as a “new thing,” and therefore bad—was successful. Nobody was more surprised at the result than Mr. Payne, when he found that the ten stallions had averaged 277 guineas. Knowsley's price was 820 guineas; General Peel let for 600 guineas. Rapid Rhone was let to Mr. Chaplin for 300 guineas. He was the best of numerous roans bred by Lord Glasgow; but few people care for the colour in racers, and there are many owners who have refused to train even a good-looking roan colt or filly they have bred. These prejudices against certain colours are founded on the fact—ascertained by a long experience—that they rarely make race-horses. Against greys there is almost, if not quite, as strong a prejudice on the Turf; and duns are almost unknown at the starting-post—old Duenna, a hurdle racer, being, it is said, the only dun ever trained. Toxophilite and The Drake were among the other stallions let by the legatees under Lord Glasgow's will.

James Carr Boyle, K.T., fifth Earl of Glasgow, Lord Lieutenant and Sheriff-Principal of Renfrewshire, died March 11, 1869, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. He married, in 1821, Georgiana, daughter of Mr. Mackenzie, of Newhall; but leaving no issue, was succeeded in the title and Scotch estates, worth some £60,000 a year, by his half-brother, Mr. G. F. Boyle; while the English estates passed to his sister, the widow of Lord Fitz-Clarence.

The old Scotch Earl was perhaps too careless of the feelings of others in matters which he himself regarded as of small importance, and was in this respect in strong contrast to his old acquaintance Sir Mark Wood, who was in many respects a man with a singular and particular regard for the proprieties of life, both spiritual and temporal. Of Sir Mark, this anecdote is told:—On one occasion he had experienced some difficulty in obtaining a supply of straw for his race-horses, and on meeting a gentleman who lived about three miles from Hare Park, he asked him whether he could oblige him with a waggon-load, adding that it was wanted as soon as possible. Mr. Witt, who was always anxious to oblige gentlemen connected with the Turf, and more than one of whose sons have been lovers of the sport, ordered the straw to be loaded forthwith, and sent early on the following morning to the Hare Park. The next day happened to be Good Friday, and it was and is the custom through-

out Cambridgeshire for labourers to be employed until noon on that day, but to be paid wages for the whole day. The straw was sent off in the ordinary course, and arrived at the Park about eight a.m. on Good Friday morning. Sir Mark Wood was taking an early stroll, and, seeing the waggon, walked up to the waggoner, and asked who sent the straw. On being told, he exclaimed, "Good heaven! Is your master a heathen?"

The late Admiral Rous, as will be readily admitted by every person acquainted with the history of the Turf during his connection with it, held an altogether unique position. From what we know of Sir Tregonwell Frampton's connection with the Turf of his day, it appears that he held to some extent the place of a dictator, from knowing more of the arts of training than his fellows; but he was by no means an amiable or estimable character, and his influence extended no further than his superior knowledge would carry it. In his time, though the love of the sport was becoming deeply rooted in the hearts of the people, the number of horses trained with professional skill was few, and, with the exception of Newmarket, the attendants at race meetings were only numerous as they were purely local. Nevertheless, wholly opposite as were the characters of the two men, there may be some comparison made between the Admiral and the old keeper of the King's running horses: both in their respective times were looked up to as

the final authorities on matters relating to the sport. In the history of our Turf, only one other person can be found whose influence over the sport and its patrons can be said to compare with that of Admiral Rous. Lord George Bentinck, during ten years, from 1836 to 1846, exerted a great influence over all Turf matters, and was generally regarded by the *habitués* of racecourses as the highest authority on every subject connected with the pursuit. But Lord George Bentinck's power and authority never equalled those wielded by Admiral Rous for the quarter of a century which preceded his death, though his personal influence was greater than that of any man ever connected with the Turf, except his who was by universal suffrage elected Dictator. Lord George Bentinck had raced privately and without the knowledge of his father for some years as "Mr. Bowe," but only in a small way. When he appeared publicly on the scene, his two brothers were security for him at Messrs. Drummond's Bank for £300,000, besides the sum his own credit supplied for the purposes of his racing expenditure. He began on the grand scale, and soon dwarfed by his operations most of the figures which peopled the betting-ring in his day. It was not until after Lord George had disappeared from the busy scenes that he loved so well that Admiral Rous began to assume that position he filled so long, with the greatest honour and credit to himself, and benefit to all interested in the welfare of the Turf.

The Hon. Henry John Rous was the younger son of Sir John Rous, a Suffolk baronet, who, on the occasion of the accession of George the Fourth, was created Earl of Stradbroke. The future ruler of the Turf world was born at his father's seat, Henham Hall, which is near the sea-coast, a fact which may account for his subsequent choice of the sea as his profession. From his earliest years he was acquainted with the points of a thoroughbred horse; for his father kept a small stud of racers, which, under the care of the stud groom, were trained at home, on the greensward of the Park. The date of the Admiral's birth was some time in the middle of January, 1795; that of his lamented death June 19, 1877. His constitution was naturally of great strength and vigour; during the whole of his long life he was rarely ailing, and until within a month of his death his faculties were as bright and his will as strong as they had ever been. He had been deaf for some years, but that was all, apparently, that had happened in the course of nature to make him an old man.

Having decided upon a seafaring life in the service of his country in one of His Majesty's ships of war, in 1809 he joined that branch of the service made glorious beyond compare by the victories of our great Captain, Lord Nelson. He went aboard the *Repulse* in that year as a midshipman, having received his previous education at Westminster School. In the *Repulse* he took part in the Flushing

Expedition, and was shortly afterwards transferred to the *Bacchante*, commanded by Captain Sir William Hoste. Under this officer, he was at an early age entrusted with the command of a boat more than once in boat actions fought in the Gulf of Venice. At the age of seventeen he nearly lost his life through a leak having been sprung in a prize vessel of which he was in charge. With his crew, he held on to the gunwale of the water-logged ship for four hours, when rescue came, and captain and crew were carried safely into Ancona. In 1817, Lieut. Rous was made a commander, and for eight years served on board various vessels, till in 1825 he was made a post-captain. For four years following he had command of the *Rainbow*, a period which was not characterized by any adventure. Then came a pleasant six years, during which Captain Rous was ashore, and could indulge his taste for the Turf. But in 1835 he went to sea again, for the last time, in command of the *Pique*, a frigate of thirty-six guns. With this vessel he performed a great exploit, which is held by nautical men to be almost unsurpassed for daring and resolution, even in the grand annals of our navy. Without a rudder, and leaking badly all the way, Captain Rous brought the *Pique* home from Newfoundland, standing bravely by his ship, and luckily escaping a watery grave beneath the Atlantic.

From the date of his landing in England, in 1836, to the day of his death, in 1877, Admiral Rous

devoted himself entirely to his favourite sport, which he thenceforward, to the great advantage of the public, made the business of his life. In 1821, together with his elder brother, the Earl of Stradbroke, he had been elected a member of the Jockey Club, and in 1838 he was made a Steward for the first time; and two years later he was willingly persuaded by his friend the Duke of Bedford to act as an amateur master of the horse, and take upon himself the entire direction of affairs in the Duke's large stud. There was no post in the world that the Admiral would have liked better. He was generally very successful with the Woburn Abbey horses, especially in making winning matches; but his reign had also its mistakes: on some occasions he gave too high a price for horses that turned out to be comparatively worthless, and he sold to Mr. Parr Weathergaze, a Goodwood Stakes and Cesarewitch winner subsequently, for the trifling sum of thirty-five pounds. The Admiral's management, however, gave satisfaction both to the Duke of Bedford and to William Butler, his trainer, and by his will the Duke left to Admiral Rous any horse in the stud he thought fit to select. His choice fell upon that good horse Asteroid, whom he sold to Sir Joseph Hawley for 1,500 guineas. The Admiral never had many horses of his own in training to carry the harlequin jacket, and these he ran almost exclusively in matches. In making this class of races he was most successful, being generally considered by such men

as Sir Joseph Hawley, General Peel, and Colonel Anson rather better than they were at the weights. Certainly, there never was a man on the Turf who won so many of the matches he made; and probably no man ever lived who had made so many matches. Admiral Rous married, in 1836, Miss Cuthbert, daughter of Mr. J. R. Cuthbert, of Grosvenor-square.

In 1850, his book "On the Laws and Practice of Horse-Racing" was published. It gave a succinct account of the introduction and subsequent development of the thoroughbred Eastern horse into England. This was followed by the Newmarket Rules of Racing, and the Admiral's remarks on the rules—a running commentary, clear and practical, as was all he wrote. The duties of racing officials occupied a chapter, and then followed a collection of racing cases, the judgments of the Racing Bench forming the case law of the Turf. Most of the cases cited by the Admiral are very old-fashioned, and refer almost without exception to the ancient races in heats, now almost unknown to racecourses. Some of the cases, however, are interesting and curious. At Melton Mowbray, in August, 1728, a Plate of £20, 10st. each, two miles, was run for in three heats. Two horses competed—Lord Essex's Bay Motte and Mr. Bertie's White Stockings. In the first heat both jockeys fell, and the rider of Bay Motte was so much injured that he was unable to mount again; but Lord Essex's groom being near, he immediately

mounted the horse and saved his distance. Bay-Motte won the second and third heats, and his race affords the first instance on record of a change of jockeys in running.

A singular case occurred at Oxford, in August, 1832. Three horses started for a purse of twenty guineas—John Trot, Conqueror, and Merry Tom. In running the third heat, Conqueror and John Trot fell, just at or very near the ending post, which gave rise to a question whether either of them had supported his weight past the post, or whether the heat should be given to Merry Tom. The dispute was decided in favour of John Trot, upon a bystander making an affidavit that before he fell his weight, at least, had passed the ending post. But out of the fifty-eight cases set forth at length by the Admiral, perhaps the most remarkable, and certainly the worst, is that of Cabbage, 13st. 11lbs., and Trinket, 13st., who, at Newmarket, in 1763, actually were matched to race and did race five times round the Round Course; the times being—first round, 12 mins.; second, 10 mins. 46 secs.; third, 11 mins. 7 secs.; fourth, 10 mins. 42 secs.; fifth, 10 mins. 55 secs.; and Cabbage won, the race having lasted fifty-five minutes and thirty seconds.

After explaining with great perspicuity the rules of betting, the Admiral proceeds to state a number of curious betting cases and decisions, among them the oft-repeated query, "Whether any horse,

according to any authentic documents, ever ran the space of one mile in one minute of time?—Signed, THOMAS HURST, JOHN IVES."

The matter had been the subject of dispute, and had, as usual, ended in a bet. Messrs. Hurst and Ives being unable to settle the matter satisfactorily, very properly refer it to the Jockey Club, who, on April 24th, 1801, through Mr. Weatherby, send the following reply:—

"There is no authentic document of any horse having run one mile in one minute of time, and the report of Childers having done so is not believed.

"Signed (per order), E. W."

In spite of this decision, however, the tradition that the Flying Childers on one occasion galloped a mile in a minute on Newmarket Heath is still generally current in horse-loving Yorkshire villages, and it is rank heresy to discredit it.

From a period soon after the publication of his "Laws and Practice of Horse-Racing" to the day of his death, Admiral Rous occupied the position of Dictator of the Turf. He discharged for many years the laborious duties of a public handicapper, and his many admirable handicaps are the best testimony to his judgment in matters of horseflesh. He could estimate the merits and capabilities of a horse with great nicety—"to an ounce," it was said. Rarely could dust be thrown in his eyes. He was always

there on the Grand Stand, with his glass, looking out with keen gaze for non-tryers "doing a shunt," with a view to the autumn handicaps at Newmarket, or other great events of the year; but the veteran handicapper was very rarely to be caught napping, and horses owned by shifty men generally received at his hands the just weight they ought to carry, notwithstanding numerous purposely unplaced performances.

Against the qualities of manliness, unsullied integrity, amiability of character, experience, and remarkable skill in what really had become his profession, displayed by Admiral Rous, must be placed not a few crotchets, some recklessness of assertion, impatience of contradiction, and an autocratic rule; but they counted as little in the estimate of the Admiral formed by his friends, the *habitués* of the Turf, and the public generally.

Strongly averse to betting in large sums, he once proposed that any "person" winning more than £30,000 over one race should forfeit his winnings, and that any member of the Jockey Club winning more than £50,000 should *ipso facto* cease to be a member of the Club.

He had long controversies on the subject of Turf reform from time to time, the principal being with Sir Joseph Hawley, whom he opposed tooth and nail; but outsiders were unable to see much difference in the remedies for Turf decay prescribed by the rival doctors. The Admiral loved a paper war

with all his heart, and was never tired of writing and publishing replies to Sir Joseph, or anybody else who contradicted him or ran counter to his opinions. The principal points at issue were remedies for excessive gambling and the assumed deterioration of our breed of race-horses. Of all that was said or done on the subject of Turf reform by Sir Joseph Hawley, there remain but two enactments at present on the Racing Statute-book—viz., the limitation of the racing season, and the enactment that two-year-olds shall not run in handicaps until the autumn.

In 1865, the friends and admirers of Admiral Rous presented him with his own portrait and three handsome pieces of silver plate in the form of candelabra. They were given to him at a public dinner in his honour, at which Earl Granville presided, and Mr. George Payne made the speech of the evening. The picture and candelabra, it was stated, were given "by the noblemen and gentlemen of the British and foreign Turf for his distinguished services, extending over a quarter of a century."

The guest of that evening had seen Sir Charles Bunbury's *Smolensko* win the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby in 1813; he lived to see Lord Falmouth's *Silvio* win the Derby in 1876. During that long career he had borne himself without reproach. His death left a gap in racing circles that will not readily be filled; but his memory will live

for generations as perhaps the greatest figure the English Turf has ever known.

“Round his honoured grave
Let the wind whisper and the tall grass wave
The wild bird warble of the free, fresh air,
Dear to the sailor's soul who slumbers there;
And the 'white rose' that mocks the marble's snow
Tell of the blameless life of him who rests below.”

CHAPTER XII.

REMARKS ON BETTING—THE OLD BETTORS ROUND—
DAVIS, THE "LEVIATHAN"—MR. DODGSON'S METHOD:
GAIN=LOSS=NIL—ODDS AGAINST DERBY WINNERS
—CURIOUS BETS—DREAMS.

TWO of Admiral Rous's lifelong friends—men as devoted to the Turf, though in different ways—were Mr. George Payne and General Peel. They survived him but a few months, and their deaths have left the Jockey Club with but two septuagenarian members who take an active part in racing affairs—Prince Batthyany and the Earl of Wilton. Mr. Payne had the spirit of gambling as strongly developed in him as perhaps it was in any man who ever lived. With him, as with the famous Whig statesman of the last century, the greatest pleasure in life, next to winning, was losing; and in a long life devoted to the odds he lost three large fortunes.

This may not be an inappropriate place for the insertion of a few remarks on betting. In the earliest days of the pursuit of horse-racing by our ancestors, there was considerable difficulty in making such wagers as they desired. It might easily—and, as a matter of fact, frequently did—happen that my

lords and all the sporting squires of the country-side fancied the same animal for the contest between Lord Speedwell's and Squire Stirrup's horses for the County Plate or one hundred guineas a-side match. In such a case there could be no betting, and the owner had the mortification of seeing the favourite win, hands down, unbacked even for a guinea. For a great number of years, in order to be able to back a horse for any considerable amount, it was necessary that he should be opposed by some other animal with a good following of confident admirers at his back. But as racing became rather professional than amateur, a class of men sprang up, generally in their origin grooms or the hangers-on of the stable-yard, who were ready to lay the odds against any event happening, against any horse winning, not from any prejudice against the animal itself, but from a lively and extensive experience that the field often contains the best horse, and that in a match odds were frequently laid on the wrong one. So, to the great convenience of the sporting gentlemen, the bettor round, or leg, came into existence to supply a "felt want;" the ranks of these fielders being recruited from time to time by a few broken-down gentlemen, and some who were not broken-down. But to a great extent the betting round was in the hands of "horsey" persons of low extraction, many of the most successful being to their dying day unable to do more than sign their name with the venerable Saxon sign manual—X, his mark.

But if these early Ring men, who had made for themselves a not unpleasant or unprofitable place in this world long before the days when Board schools came to be a trouble to little jockey boys and grooms, were unable to write, they could, in the phrase of their great North Country leader, "soom." Figures they were independent of; but numbers they knew well, and could do their "sooms" in their heads with wonderful readiness and accuracy. Some of their feats of mental arithmetic were astounding, and their memories of odds and bets retentive as a vice. They carried all the variations of such a table as the following in their minds, and employed them constantly in their daily business of making bets. In calculating the amounts they could lay, it was their practice to calculate the odds in hundreds—one hundred was the unit of their book. They remembered that

11 to 10	is	100 to 90 $\frac{1}{2}$
6 " 5	"	100 " 83 $\frac{1}{3}$
5 " 4	"	100 " 80
65 " 40	"	100 " 61 $\frac{5}{8}$
6 " 4	"	100 " 66 $\frac{2}{3}$
7 " 4	"	100 " 57 $\frac{1}{7}$
13 " 8	"	100 " 61 $\frac{7}{18}$
11 " 8	"	100 " 72 $\frac{3}{11}$

Besides the simple matter of laying the odds one after another against all the horses in a race, the earlier races of bettors were often asked to lay the odds against two or more horses taken together, against double and treble events happening, and

to bet upon complicated events which it would puzzle their better-educated successors in the Ring of to-day to calculate with a slate and pencil.

There were wanted to the complete happiness of the followers of the Turf in ancient times three things—a pious and loyal wish added made the rhyme that was in the mouth of every old-fashioned votary of racing—

“A long winter, a green spring,
A fine summer. God bless the King!”

To these blessings in time, however, a fourth was added, which supplied a great necessity—the means of getting money on when there was a good horse in the stable.

Nor could the Jerry Cloveses and Crutch Robinsons, who formed the first generation of really professional legs, complain of want of customers; for it was soon noised abroad that they always paid after the race the wagers they had lost, while the gentlemen who, to oblige their friends, had laid against the favourites, on occasion took time before handing over the guineas and bank notes. If, however, at Newmarket or in London business was dull, these cheerful ignoramuses would bet for pastime one with another, just to keep their hands in and their fine powers of memory from growing rusty before the opening of the spring campaign, and they doubtless found—

“The pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat.”

Cloves and Robinson were well known all over the kingdom wherever a race-meeting was held; but of the Ring men Crockford was the first to make himself conspicuous a head and shoulders above his associates in pencilling the odds. He may be taken to have been the prototype of Davis, the Leviathan, whose name was better known to the general public of his time than that of any betting man before or since; of Mr. Steel, a later leviathan bettor; of Mr. Jackson of Fairfield, and other very large speculators.

Davis, who is a typical instance of what luck, a clear head, and physical energy can do in the Ring, was originally a carpenter and joiner, employed by Messrs. Cubitt and Co. It may safely be assumed that every successful professional layer of the odds began as a backer. This was the case with Davis. By good luck it chanced that he was one of a number of men employed to build the Subscription Rooms at Newmarket, and, having been successful as a backer in small sums, he was enabled to start a book, laying the odds in half-crowns among his fellow-workmen. The time was propitious; the meetings were going on at the metropolis of the Turf, and trade was brisk; Davis, at the end of the job, left Newmarket a winner of a few pounds, which to him at that time was a considerable sum. His success was continuous. He backed Sir Tatton Sykes for the Two Thousand Guineas, and won enough money to extend his operations and carry on business on a wider scale. He gave up his trade, and

devoted himself solely to betting, rapidly gaining the confidence of the small bettors at the sporting houses at the West-end of London by the punctuality of his payments. At that time betting was not fettered and restricted by administrative interference as it is now. Davis's customers were very numerous, and he had in the course of a day to reply to innumerable questions as to the price of the competitors in different races. He was a man out of the common, capable of striking out new paths. A happy idea struck him, by which he could save himself great labour and trouble, and be able to give his whole time to booking his bets. He originated the betting-list system, which continued in vogue in London until the Act for the Suppression of Betting-houses, which received the Royal assent on the 20th of August, 1853, put an end to it. But in the country towns a few years ago lists in the bars of public-houses were common enough, and possibly in some places they are permitted to this day. The first of his lists Davis hung up at the Durham Arms, in Serle-street, Strand. The *locale* was admirable, the trade done was enormous, and the landlady of the public-house retired in a few years with a substantial fortune, the result of the trade the list brought to the house. At a house known as Barr's, in Long Acre, a second list was posted; Davis and his clerks stood at a huge banker's ledger and entered the bets. Such was the certainty that claims on him would be paid on demand, that a winning ticket of his was as nego-

liable among his customers and others as a bank-note. To Davis's credit, it must be said that he never would book a bet to a boy, so that there should be no chance of his being the means of causing a lad to rob his master's till. On the Derby, he was, as a rule—it is believed, without an exception—unfortunate; and by such Derby winners as the Flying Dutchman, Teddington, and West Australian, he lost a fortune, having handed over to single individuals a cheque for twenty, thirty, and even forty thousand pounds, besides the large sums he had to pay in smaller amounts. His invention, the betting-list, was rapidly copied; its history, till it became a crying scandal and the list-houses were swept away by an Act of the Legislature, has been traced in an earlier portion of this work. In the full swing of Davis's best time, the inclination of the public to patronize the list-houses was very great; and every rogue and vagabond set up in the business who could steal or scrape together the small capital sum required to start in the business. "Then a smooth-faced, white-chokered, greasy-haired fellow, fresh from Whitecross-street, had but to give ten shillings a week for a room in a thoroughfare, and lay out a trifle in the purchase of the coloured print of the dead heat between Charles XII. and Euclid for the St. Leger, and, with half a yard of green baizē, he was certain of at least five pounds a week, which, during the winter, would certainly keep the wolf from the door."

After the suppression of the list-houses, streets and open spaces became places for the exposure of lists of prices, on portable stands, or carried in the hand, or hung round the necks of the fielders. The vacant space in Farringdon-street, and the back of the Brewery, near Tottenham-court-road, were in London daily open-air betting markets. The Lane in Liverpool and certain streets in our larger towns were applied, without the interference of the police, to a similar purpose. The persons who had done their business at the list-houses now made their bets in the streets, and many of the keepers of such lists were men of the highest respectability, and discharged their obligations as punctually as the best and biggest men in the Ring. Similar lists were also displayed on racecourses, and the action of the magistrates enforcing penalties against their display seems an ill-judged policy. It is difficult to see the difference in the moral effect of bets made in the Betting Enclosure, with a peripatetic who calls the odds, and bets made just outside it, with a stationary man who exhibits his prices on a card affixed to his desk.

That the open-air betting in such places as Farringdon-street, or in sham clubs off Fleet-street, was really in the same category as that at the list-houses cannot be denied; and in these instances the magistrates were right in exercising their powers and putting a stop to it, if they sympathized with the Betting-houses Suppression Act, and desired to give effect not only to its letter but its spirit.

After the "pass along" of the policeman, and his numerous summonses for obstruction and for betting in the streets, had made street betting almost impossible in London, apocryphal clubs sprang up, where the same bookmakers and the same backers met daily. One of the most successful of these was an old paved yard in Whitefriars-street, roofed in for the purpose. There was the form of proposing and seconding, which occupied two minutes, and sometimes an entrance fee was taken: the election about thirty seconds. The place was put down, but not until the proprietor had made a fortune, and the policemen on the beat had grown as obese as septuagenarian Aldermen.

But little betting now goes on in London, except at the clubs, of which, besides Tattersall's and the Victoria, there are four or five others, of great respectability though of less importance.

For the time, the days of heavy betting have passed by, and there are not one-fourth of the small ready-money transactions there were a dozen years ago. Driven from the list-houses, from the streets, from the pseudo-clubs, a tithe of the class that supported the bookmakers there now meets them on the sly in little back lane public-houses about Paternoster-row, the warehouses of St. Paul's, in Mincing-lane, in the purlieus of Covent Garden, about Knightsbridge, in the Borough-road, and in some other localities. The business, however, is done with some difficulty and some danger; and a man is

almost as much afraid of being seen by a policeman booking a bet as picking a pocket, or of being found in possession of a betting-book as of a smasher's kit.

Davis carried on his great business before the respectable members of his craft had been driven by the rigour of the law first to Scotland, next to Boulogne. He had no anxieties but those which legitimately arose out of his transactions, and these were great enough; for after the Flying Dutchman's Derby he had paid away almost every penny of his capital. He had laid heavily against Essedarius for the Liverpool Cup, and was alarmed lest he should be unable to pay his losses. He was taken ill on the morning of the Cup day, but the victory of the little Irish outsider, Bon Mot, restored him to health. Davis's career on the Turf was not a very long one. Physically, his constitution was iron, and his lungs were leather—it was said on his retirement that he left his voice to Mr. Steel—but the excitement and harass of his immense business told upon him, and he had the good sense to lay down his pencil for ever at the end of the season of 1857. On the Friday in the Houghton Meeting of that year, he retired into private life, taking with him the handsome fortune he made for himself. Such is the story of the success of the most famous among the Ring men; and his history, in the main, is that of most of the bookmakers—Greeks, as they were termed in the days of the Duke of Cumberland—bettors round, legs, layers of odds, fielders, Ring men,

or whatever other term it has been the fashion of the day to call them: of the Gullys, Justices, Tanfields, Hills, and Blands. Their life is laborious, their habits are tolerably abstemious, and they have the virtue of paying with punctuality. If they have to work harder than many of the class from which they have risen, their profits are greater. That even the smallest fry of the fraternity get money is proved by their appearance week after week at every successive race-meeting. Generation after generation of backers passes away, but the fielder lives for ever. For him there is the recurring "turn-up," coming round once in so many times with mathematical certainty: once in so many races he escapes laying the winner altogether; and once in so many races he has the happiness to see an outsider come romping home, or perhaps be landed on the post by a head; once or twice in a season, if he is clever, he "skins the lamb" over a great race.

In olden times it used to be an axiom that the basis of the calculations of the odds by the bettor round was that the first favourite won once in every four times. Now there seems to be but little in the bookmaker's art, beyond bellowing "The field a pony!" or what not, over-laying the favourite, trusting to luck generally, and getting the earliest touted information from the training-grounds about "stiff uns," "dead uns," and the whole army of the halt and maimed, the lame, and the great class of sufferers from owners' intentions and "pencil fever."

It is, however, quite possible to reduce betting on horse-races to an exact science, as was shown some years ago by Mr. Charles Dodgson, mathematical lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford—a gentleman also well known in walks of literature more generally agreeable than the dry study of pure mathematics. Mr. Dodgson thus makes a book, with this result—
Gain=Loss=*Nil*.

Write all the possible events in a column, placing opposite to each the odds offered against it: this will give two columns of figures. For the third column add together the odds in each case, and find the least common multiple of all the numbers in this column. For the fourth column divide this least common multiple by the several numbers in the third column. For the fifth and sixth columns multiply the original odds by the several numbers in the fourth column. These odds are to be given or taken, according as the sum total of the sixth column is greater or less than the least common multiple. The last two columns give the relative amounts to be invested in each bet:—

	1.	2.		3.	4.		5.	6.
	<u> </u>			<u> </u>	<u> </u>		<u> </u>	<u> </u>
A.	2	to 3	...	5	...	6	...	12 to 18
B.	4	to 1	...	5	...	6	...	24 to 6
C.	5	to 1	...	6	...	5	...	25 to 5
D.	9	to 1	...	10	...	3	...	27 to 3
The Field	...	14 to 1	...	15	...	2	...	28 to 2

An example will make this clear:—Suppose that in a race about to be run there are four horses in

the betting, the odds being 3 to 2 on the favourite, which is equivalent to 2 to 3 against. The least common multiple of the third column is 30, and the sum total of the last 68, and as this is greater than 60, the odds in this case are all to be given in the relative amounts given in the fifth and sixth columns. Suppose, for example, that I multiply these columns by 10, and make the bets in pounds—that is, I take £360 to £240 on A., I give £480 to £120 against B., and so on. Now, suppose C. to win the race; in this case, I lose £500, and win £360 + £120 + £60 + £40 = £580. It will be found on trial that I win the same sum, £80, in each of the five events. If all betting men tried to work this system, they would either be all offering odds or all taking odds on each event, and so no bets could be made. But the fact that this system of winning is ever possible arises from the odds being unevenly adjusted, so that they do not represent the real chances of the several events. Supposing this system to be applied only in cases where the odds were evenly adjusted, the sum total of the sixth column would always be equal to the least common multiple, and thus, whether the odds were given or taken, the concluding entry in every betting-book would be “Gain=Loss=*Nil*”—a most desirable result.

It is needless to point out that such interesting exercises as these and others of their class have no practical utility. As a well-known Nottingham

bookmaker has often remarked, when entertained with remarks on the subject of rules of figures in their application to his calling, "I don't want 'reth-matick; I want to lay six to four o' the field"—a sentiment representative in its comprehensiveness. The only necessary rules of arithmetic to book-makers are multiplication and addition.

In the old days it was possible to bet round on the large races, as a crowd of candidates received the support of the public, and the quotations appeared in the papers weeks and often months before the race. If a man could lay the odds of 20 to 1 against each of twenty-five horses, it was clear he would win on his book. In Davis's time not only was betting heavier and more general than is at present the case, but a larger number of horses were backed for the great events, giving the bookmakers a much better chance of laying good prices and getting round. Davis, unlike most of his modern successors, confined himself strictly to laying against horses. His rewards, in the way of the great races, if few in number, were rich indeed. Among many other instances, the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire were won in 1853 by two rank outsiders—Haco and Little David—and the current rumour of the day was that upon the two races Davis won not a less sum than an aggregate of £50,000. Upon the same great autumn handicaps, however, by pursuing the opposite plan of backing the horse, and laying against the rest, the

leviathan bookmaker of to-day and his partner "skinned the lamb" when Rosebery won, and gained a still larger sum by his double victory. The Derby, or any great race, will serve to illustrate the principle on which the book is made, and the reason the bookmaker wins if the transactions are spread over a series of years. In the Derby, where the form of the competitors ought to be known better than in any other race, from the careful watching the horses engaged receive from a host of Argus-eyed touts, the first favourite has won, since the institution of the race in 1780, nearly exactly one-third of the races decided; counting, however, among the successful first favourites, Emilius, who won the race in 1823, and the Flying Dutchman, who credited the Epsom race to Lord Eglinton in 1849, though these two horses only started co-equal favourites with Tancred, who ran second to Emilius, and Tadmor, who was placed third in "the Dutchman's year." Twenty-one or two first favourites have finished second, including Gang Forward, who in 1873 ran a dead-heat with Kaiser, behind Mr. James Merry's Doncaster. Eight or nine have obtained the third place, and almost exactly one-third of the first favourites have failed altogether during a century of Derbys to catch the eye of the judge. In the first quarter of the century, 1780-1805, when the number of runners was smaller than has been the case since that time, the first favourites were oftener seen first past the post—eleven

first favourites having won in the twenty-five years.

In 1807-8 the winners started at 20 to 1. In 1817, against Mr. Payne's Azor 50 to 1 went begging. Frederick started at 35 to 1 in 1829. Spaniel's victory in 1831 was a 50 to 1 chance; Dangerous, a couple of years later, 30 to 1; 1837, Lord Berner's Phosphorus, 40 to 1. After this, for three years following, backers were likewise altogether wrong in their estimate of the competitors' merits; for in 1838-9 and 40, three great favourites—Grey Momus, Sleight of Hand, and Launcelot—were all beaten, respectively by Sir Gilbert Heathcote's Amato, Mr. Ridsdale's Bloomsbury, and Mr. Robertson's Little Wonder. The first two started at 30 to 1, the last at 40 to 1. In 1844, General Peel's Orlando was awarded the Stakes. He started at 20 to 1. This was a sensational Derby indeed, for not only was the horse actually first past the post a four-year-old, but a horse called Leander, who had been heavily backed, had the misfortune to break his leg during the race. He was rather too hurriedly buried on the course; but an inkling of something wrong leaking out, he was dug up by order of the Stewards, and discovered to be a four-year-old. As far as the Derby is concerned, these form the only instances in which any fraud with regard to a horse's age has been discovered; but many Turfites who have been identified with the sport for the last five and twenty years insist that twice in that period

two winners of the Derby who got the Stakes and their owners the bets, without demur, were a twelve-month older than they should have been. In 1845, Mr. Gratwicke's Merry Monarch won at 40 to 1. To the delight of all Yorkshire, in 1850, Lord Zetland's 16 to 1 chance, Voltigeur, carried off the prize. 1852 saw Daniel O'Rourke, owing to the temporary indisposition of his great stable companion, Stockwell, scamper home with odds of 25 to 1 laid against him. In 1856 and 1857, Admiral Harcourt's Ellington and Mr. I'Anson's Blink Bonny both started with odds of 20 to 1 against them. In 1861, Colonel Towneley's Kettledrum was a 16 to 1 chance; while in 1862, a great favourite, in the Marquis, was beaten by Caractacus, who had been competing in all the handicaps in the spring with a light weight, and whose prospects were deemed so hopeless that 50 to 1 could be had on all hands by only asking for it. In 1864, the great Blair Athol stood at 14 to 1 when he defeated General Peel and Scottish Chief. The belief that Hermit was "all to pieces" was the secret of his starting at 66 to 1, in 1867. Blue Gown started at a good price the next year, when Lady Elizabeth was favourite. In 1870, Lord Falmouth's Kingcraft was a 20 to 1 chance. 1873 saw Mr. Merry's Doncaster, a 40 to 1 chance, carry off the Blue Riband of the Turf; and the present year an outsider in Sir Bevy's, at 20 to 1.

Nearly one-third of the whole number of Derbys

run, it will thus be seen, have ended in the success of first favourites; another third in the victory of horses which, though not absolutely first favourites, were still in pretty good favour; and the remaining third of the whole number of races for the great prize have resulted in the victory of horses which, from the long prices laid against them at the start, ought to have resulted in a good profit to the fielders. But, probably, in comparatively few of these races could a large profit have resulted by what is called legitimate bookmaking. Large profits in this calling, like high interest for invested money, mean large risks, and are only secured by saving a horse—a “cockboat,” as he is called—by backing one horse and laying odds against the remainder of the competitors, by greatly overlaying the book against one or more of the favourites, by “peppering” a horse or horses about whom information has been received that they are, for one reason or another, natural or artificial, in the expressive phraseology of the Ring, “as good as dead uns.” Upon the mere fair laying of the amount of the book at the fair market odds, no great profit would accrue; but, on the other hand, such a profit is steady and unfailing, involves no risks when spread over a series of events, and in its acquisition occasions no anxiety. The “glorious uncertainty of the Turf,” coupled with the certainty that once in so many times the fielder will have a substantial success over the backer, enabling him to “stand the racket,” as

he terms it, of several losing races, have been the causes which have produced the Ring as it has, in larger or smaller proportions, existed for some forty, or fifty, or even sixty years. As an example of the spirit of fielding which animates the heart of the Ring, take the case of dead heats. The Ring will always take the odds after a dead heat; for natural reasons, the better favourite in the race being generally the favourite in the dead heat. After an actual performance before their eyes, it would be thought that the *cognoscenti* would be able, with no great trouble, to pick the winner; yet it is a proverb in the Ring that, after a dead heat, the odds are invariably laid on the wrong one—a saying deduced from a long experience of the large number of times the worse favourite of the two has won the race. Among the most famous dead heats are those between Cadland and the Colonel for the Derby of 1828; between Governess and Gildermere, for the Oaks of 1858. In 1839, between Charles XII. and Euclid; and in 1850, between Voltigeur and Russborough, for the St. Leger. In 1868, between Moslem and Formosa, for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes; between Fervacques and Patricien, in 1867, for the Grand Prix de Paris. After the exciting event of a dead heat having occurred, a sight few men probably can look at unmoved, it is always more satisfactory—except, perhaps, to the horses and one section of the bettors—that a deciding heat should take place,

than that the stakes should be walked over for and divided between the two dead-heaters. The authorities have done what they could to bring about such a result; for "in order to promote sport," says Admiral Rous, "and to prevent Stakes and Plates from being compromised, after dead heats, the horses are penalized in all future events to carry any extra weight which the winner of the whole stake would be entitled (*sic*) to carry." Two notable instances in which backers selected the losing horse after a dead heat were those of Buckstone and Tim Whiffler, and Ely and General Peel, on two memorable occasions at Ascot. A calculation extended over the dead heats of ten years, however, shows that backers have been right in their choice nearly twice for every once they have been wrong.

To see two or more horses run two or more successive dead heats is not likely to happen to even the most constant attendant of races more than once or twice in an ordinary lifetime; but there have been incidents of this kind. Such an incident occurred at Epsom on the Oaks day, 1873, when Arcesilaus and Cranbourne ran a dead heat for the Durdans Selling Stakes, and on essaying to run it off, it resulted again in a dead heat—Arcesilaus winning, the third time of asking, by two lengths from Cranbourne. The course is five furlongs.

A dead heat between three horses has been by no means so uncommon on our Turf as two successive dead heats between the same horses; but, as may be

supposed, such spectacles are rare. Instances of a dead heat between three horses are afforded by the Cesarewitch of 1857, when a dead heat occurred between Prioress, El Hakim, and Queen Bess; by the Corporation Stakes at Doncaster, in 1869, when Normanby, Mount Pleasant, and Indian Ocean ran a dead heat for second place to Barrier; in 1875, at Newmarket Craven Meeting, when Trombone, Hermitage, and Cat's-eye finished so closely that Judge Clark was unable to separate them in the Bushes Handicap. There are in earlier years several other instances of these interesting and exciting results.

How a very pretty quarrel about a bet may be occasioned by a dead heat is to be gathered from the officially reported case of A. betting B. 25 to 10 that in a certain sweepstakes Reuben and Caliph would not be first and second. Reuben came in first, but Caliph and Skilligolee ran a dead heat for second place. The Stewards, to whom the bet was referred for decision, "were of opinion that this case must be put on the footing of two events or matches, where the first event was won and the second event terminated by a dead heat; they therefore recommended that the money should be put together and divided." The decision may have been equitable enough to dissatisfy both A. and B., but it affords ground for a long argument. Nor is the wording of the bet quite clear: it is not plain whether Reuben and Caliph were to be respectively first and second, and a dead heat for first place between Reuben and Caliph

might have raised another difficult question. As the case is stated, it does not appear that there was any money for the second horse; if so, the stakes were not affected by the dead heat, and this would seem to take it out of the category of those dead heats which cause a division of the betted money in accordance with the division of the stakes, and to make it a simple question of whether the judge did or did not assign the first and second places to two specially named horses. It would appear, moreover, to be of the very essence of the bet that the two events should be inseparable, which, no doubt, rendered an Alexandrian solution of the Gordian knot appear easier than any other.

The fashion of making everything in life the subject of a bet—though an offer to stake money still affords as pretty a proof of sincerity as any other—has died out, like the habit of snuff-taking and the art of inventing appropriate occasional oaths; and sane English, if not Irish, gentlemen have ceased to wager their fortunes on a race between two maggots, furnished by the filberts, over the polished surface of a dining-table; or a struggle, “first to the bottom,” between two rain-drops on the window-pane of a postchaise; or to gamble away their estates upon the momentous issue of who, during a wet quarter of an hour, should pull the longest bent out of the sheltering hayrick. The literature of the subject is very interesting, and has been well represented by a recent writer in an evening journal, who cites the

following as among the most curious bets on record: A wager on the punctuality of a cook; upon the singularity of a dress; upon personal ugliness; upon whether a man were alive or dead; upon which of two persons should die first. The last-mentioned event is said to have been the subject in recent years of a wager between the late Lord Hastings and the late Mr. Jackson, of Fairfield.

When a passion for punctuality leads to heavy betting, and such betting leads to murder, it is obviously carried too far; but so it was at the commencement of the seventeenth century, in the case of Sir Thomas Holte, of Aston. As this gentleman was returning from a hunting excursion, he laid large bets with his companions that dinner would be ready to the minute on their arrival at the Hall. By some mischance, however, the usually punctual cook was at fault on this occasion, and the irritated baronet was not only considerably out of pocket, but kept waiting some time for his dinner. His friends, unfortunately, thought it great fun to fill up the interval by jokes at their host's expense. At length he became frenzied with passion, and, rushing to the kitchen, murdered the poor cook. The Holte family is said to owe the presence on its coat of arms of the "bloody hand" to this circumstance.

One of the strangest wagers ever made was for the sum of five shillings, only about eighty years ago. In Yorkshire, where the affair occurred, any sporting event is sure to excite interest; and the

excitement became great when it was known that two gentlemen of position had wagered as to which of them could adopt the most extraordinary costume. On a certain morning, accordingly, the Castle-yard at York was crowded by spectators, anxious to see the rivals submit themselves to the decision of a duly appointed judge. One had his coat trimmed with bank notes. Ten-guinea notes formed the lapels and pocket-flaps, and five-guinea notes the waistcoat and collar band. His hat was trimmed with notes, and a purse full of gold coins was its additional ornament on the brim, while a paper pinned to his back bore the words "John Bull." His rival displayed less money, but more ingenuity. Looking at him on one side he was a negro, woolly-headed, booted and spurred; whilst on the other he was a woman, with a petticoat, silk stocking, and a slipper, with a cheek rouged and patched. It would seem at first sight that the latter of the competitors should have received the five shillings; but the jury thought otherwise, and awarded it to the man with the bank notes. Possibly the display of so much wealth overawed them; or perhaps they were tickled at the satirical allusion to John Bull's fondness for ten-guinea notes.

Another bet depended on a question of rival ugliness. George II. had a Master of the Revels, named Heidegger, a native of Zurich, and the son of a clergyman. Though tall and well made, he was excessively ugly, and used to be fond of

joking respecting his ugliness. He regarded it, indeed, as a distinction. On a certain occasion two young gentlemen offered to wager that Heidegger was the ugliest human being in London; and the wager having been accepted, the metropolis was ransacked for specimens of uncouthness, with very fair success; but it was only after some time that, in St. Giles's, an old woman was found whose unsightliness seemed to surpass Heidegger's. She was brought face to face with the Master of the Revels, and the latter admitted that he was the less hideous of the two. One of Heidegger's supporters, however, was not to be so easily defeated; and having remarked that the old woman owed much of her expression to her bonnet, suggested that, to make the contest perfectly fair, Heidegger should be allowed also to appear under that particular head-dress. This proposition having been assented to on all hands, Heidegger appeared in the bonnet, and looked so excruciatingly ugly that the Master of the Revels was allowed to have maintained his position of being the ugliest man in London.

Horace Walpole tells a very grim story of a bet which came under his own observation. The story dates a hundred years ago, when "White's" was the most frequented of the St. James's-street clubs. It happened on a very hot day that a member was seized with sudden illness on entering the hall of the club, and dropped down apparently dead. The group of idlers standing about at once divided themselves into two

parties, one of which declared that the man had only fainted, whilst the other was equally positive that he was dead. Heavy bets were made on the subject; and when a doctor, who had been called in, prepared to bleed the insensible man, the members of the club who had staked their money on the fact of his death interposed, declaring that it would be unfair that the surgeon should interfere, and give the man a chance of recovering.

Of the many bets which have been the subject of litigation, a noticeable one is the following:—Lord March sued a Mr. Pigot for £500, the amount of a wager laid between them as to whether Sir William Codrington or old Mr. Pigot should die first. Now, as Mr. Pigot senior was already dead at the moment when the bet was made, Pigot junior contended that the bet was null. When the matter, however, came before Lord Mansfield and a special jury at Westminster, it was settled that the bet was a good bet, and Lord March recovered the money.

The cases in which a man has been induced to stake his money in consequence of having dreamt that a certain horse, colour, or jockey had won a given event, are innumerable; and a great number of them crop up in the pages of the old sporting magazines, and in corners of country newspapers. They have the peculiarity of other classes of "strange coincidences." If the horse, jockey, or colour dreamt about win, it is recorded as a singular and lucky occurrence or an inspiration, according

to the temperament of the dreamer. If the event dreamt of does not happen, it is never mentioned again. Men who are all day thinking of horses and jockeys are the most likely, of all others, to dream of them; and sometimes their dreams will be realized. Wives have the habit, too, of dreaming winners, and their tips from Dreamland are those most eagerly backed, as it is presumed they can have had neither prejudice nor interest in the matter, and that in their case the dream cannot be father to the wish. But if these cases were sifted to the bottom, it would be found that the ladies all had lords who talked to them of races and horses, and so laid the foundation for the prophetic revelations of their pillows.

To take two well-authenticated cases as examples—Lord Vivian's dream about Aldrich's City and Suburban, and that of an American merchant carrying on business in the City of London about the victory of Sir Bevys this year in the Derby, may be selected.

The account of his dream and the events that followed it are thus given by Lord Vivian himself. He says:—

“I dreamt on the morning of the race for the City and Suburban Handicap that I had fallen asleep in the weighing-room of the Stand at Epsom prior to that race, and that after it had been run I was awakened by a gentleman—the owner of another horse in the race—who informed me that The Teacher had won. Of this horse, so far as my

recollection serves me, I had never before heard. On reaching Victoria Station, the first person I saw was the gentleman who had appeared to me in my dream, and to him I mentioned it, observing that I could not find any horse so named in the race. He replied, 'There is a horse now called Aldrich, which was previously called The Teacher.' The dream had so vividly impressed me that I declared my intention of backing Aldrich for £100, and was in course of doing this when I was questioned by his owner as to why I was backing his horse. I replied, 'Because I dreamt he had won the race.' To this I was answered, 'As against your dream I will tell you this fact. I tried the horse last week with a hurdle jumper, and he was beaten a distance.' (I afterwards learnt that the trial horse was Lowlander!)

"I thanked my informant, and discontinued backing Aldrich. General Taylor, who had overheard what passed, asked me, if I did not intend backing the horse again for myself, to win him £1,000 by him. This I did by taking for him 1,000 to 30 about Aldrich.

"Such," adds Lord Vivian, "is the true account of my dream, and of General Taylor's profit from it."

Mr. Van D.'s dream was, perhaps, more extraordinary, as he is a gentleman ignorant of everything appertaining to racing matters, and was not well acquainted with the names of the horses in the

betting. He dreamt, some three weeks before the Derby of the present year, that Sir Bevys had won. He told his dream to several friends, but the name of the horse was unfamiliar, and—very naturally indeed—they ridiculed the idea of its winning. The dreamer, however, said, "Well, I will bet you 2 to 1 that it does win," naming a small stake. His friend demurred, pointing out that he ought to take 20 to 1 against the event, instead of laying 2 to 1 on its happening. The bet, however, in its original terms, was insisted upon; odds of 2 to 1 on the event were laid three weeks before its decision, and when the horse was quoted at 20 to 30 to 1. As all the world knows, Sir Bevys won. Such a dream on the part of a person wholly ignorant of and uninterested in racing is to be accounted for, probably, by his having read the names of the list of horses in the betting, and having been peculiarly struck for some reason by the name of the winner, and accordingly he dreams it will win.

It is hardly necessary to multiply the examples of lucky dreams and lucky *coups* in consequence, as no great event of the Turf ever comes off without at least several people having, in a dream, got the name of the winner; while a very much greater number of persons have dreamt of losers concerning which, after the event is decided, they are silent.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. GEORGE PAYNE—THE DE ROS ACTION—
ANECDOTES.

ONE of the figures best known to Turfites has lately disappeared from the scene. Mr. George Payne, who died in September of last year, had been an *habitué* of every racecourse in England for upwards of fifty years, and not even Admiral Rous was better known by sight to the public attending the meetings than the gentleman in the drab trousers, black frock coat, and checked gingham neckerchief—the Payne tartan—who had a few bets on every race, however small. His was the fourth portrait published in *Baily*, now nearly twenty years ago. “Conspicuous,” said the memoir which accompanied it, “among the squirearchy of England is Mr. George Payne, who for many years has been regarded and pointed out as the *beau idéal* of an English sportsman, equally well known in the hunting-field as on the racecourse, in the drawing-room or at the club, investing all his actions with a chivalrous honour which has created for him not only an English but an European reputation.” And these words were true to the last, for his sound con-

stitution permitted him to continue his favourite pursuits almost up to the time of his lamented death.

Mr. Payne came of one of the oldest families in that fine sporting county, Northamptonshire. His father was Mr. George Payne, of Sulby Hall, his uncle the Mr. Payne who won the Derby of 1817 with Azor. Unhappily, his father lost his life while the son was still a little child, being shot in a duel on Wimbledon Common by Mr. Clark. Left, with a younger brother and two sisters, to the care of one of the fondest of mothers, Mr. Payne still suffered from the loss of a father's guiding hand; and had his father lived his friends generally believed his career would have been altogether different, and that the Cabinet of the State and not of the Jockey Club would have been ruled by his counsels; for he was a man of commanding ability.

From 1816 to 1820 he was at Eton, where his bright and lively disposition, and amiable temper which nothing could ruffle, won him troops of friends. Christ Church followed in due course. Few institutions have been more changed in some important respects in the space of sixty years than our two great Universities. Especially is this the case in the matter of discipline among the undergraduates. Young men of fortune are now treated by the authorities in pretty much the same way as penniless young sappers and grinders, who have every step of their own way to make in the world. In Mr. Payne's

time the Dons regarded with a lenient eye the escapades and *laches* of the class to which he belonged. But even for the port-drinking, slippered, easy-going tutor of that day, Mr. Payne was too much. He achieved what was at that time a rare feat in a young man of great fortune and great prospects. He outraged the feelings of the College authorities, and, after much of delay and long-suffering, they at last requested him to quit the University—a request with which he willingly complied.

For a period of fifty-four years—from 1824 to 1878—Mr. Payne's name was prominently before the public. He came of age in 1825, and into possession of the family seat at Sulby and the Northampton estates, whose rent-roll at his majority was not less than £17,000 a year. But, in addition to this, during his minority of fifteen years a large sum of money had accumulated. On the day he was twenty-one years of age Mr. Payne came into possession of upwards of £300,000 in ready money, or, say, £12,000 a year more, making some £29,000 a year, derived from lands let at moderate rentals to a substantial and attached tenantry, and from moneys put out upon mortgages at the legal rate of interest. Altogether, with an ancestral house—one of the most charming seats in a county famous for the number of its resident gentry and the fineness of their seats—added, the owner of Sulby was in a position which in the days of sixty years ago would have been considered a sufficient one

even for the needs of a nobleman of no second-rate pretensions.

This income, however, was wholly incapable of keeping pace with the lavish extravagance and ruinous gambling of its possessor. Sulby passed from his hands, the cash slipped through them in a few years, as afterwards did two other large fortunes he successively inherited from relatives. In 1826, Mr. Payne of Sulby served the office of High Sheriff of his native county, his tenantry were pressed into the ancient service of javelin-men, and he met the Judges with a state and show never witnessed before or since in the county of Northampton. His position in the county, fondness for field sports, and skill as a horseman, rendered it almost a matter of course that when a vacancy occurred in the Mastership of the Pytchley Hounds he should be elected by the universal suffrages of his fellow fox-hunters to fill it. His tenure of office was marked by a splendour unsurpassed even in Lord Chesterfield's time, and on his giving up the Mastership, the whole of the Pytchley country united to present him with a suitable testimonial—a silver epergne, three feet six inches in height, and 600 ounces in weight, with a representation at its base of Mr. Payne, as Master, running into a fox at the foot of a tree. It bore this inscription, "Presented to George Payne, Esq., of Sulby Hall, by upwards of six hundred farmers, tradesmen, and others, of Northamptonshire, as a testimonial of their high

esteem for him, and gratitude for his unceasing efforts to promote the manly and healthy sports of the county." At the banquet at which the presentation was made upwards of five hundred persons sat down to dinner. The Mastership of the Pytchley before this time was marked by another event. A splendid foxhunter's *fête* was given at the Assembly Rooms, George Hotel, Northampton, to five hundred people, on February 11th, 1825. Of this *fête* Mr. Payne was one of the chief promoters, the guests included "the *élite* of England, and for magnificence of detail and gorgeous luxury it has never since been equalled."

On the Turf, Mr. Payne's experiences were never those of a lucky man. It is a moot point if he ever was a really first-rate judge of conformation and pace in a thoroughbred. His own horses, and those of his confederates, ill-luck too often marked for its own. In connection with Mr. Greville and the Marquess of Ailesbury, Mr. Payne had his horses trained for many years by the Dillys, at Lyttelton, near Winchester. A few good handicaps and a second to Crucifix for the Oaks with his filly Welfare were all his Turf successes of any consequence during these years. When the Dillys retired from business, Mr. Payne sent his string to George Dockeray, at Epsom. After this trainer's death, Mr. Payne sent his horses to Alec Taylor, at Fyfield, and they remained with him to the last. Nat Flatman was a favourite jockey with Mr. Payne at the time when

he had most horses in training, and for some time he had the first call on his services.

The origin of the famous black and white stripes was as follows:—Mr. Payne's first confederate on the Turf was Mr. Bouverie, of Delapré Abbey, near Northampton, adjoining whose park stands the best preserved of the Eleanor crosses. Mr. Bouverie's colours were all black, while those of his friend were all white. It was suggested that the confederates should amalgamate their colours. They did so, and hence the stripes and the pattern of Mr. Payne's lifelong neckerchief, which his friends called the Tartan.

Those colours, popular through a great number of years with the public, were never associated with any greater Turf successes than the occasional winning of a good handicap. The best horse Mr. Payne ever owned was Musket, one of the Glasgow legacy horses, but he never carried the magpie stripes; the good son of Toxophilite always being ridden in the white and crimson, out of compliment to the memory of his former owner.

Together with General Peel, Mr. Payne for some years managed the Glasgow stud at Enfield, from which paddocks, in later years, Sefton was turned out. Mr. Crawford bought him as a yearling, and his victory made up for a long series of disappointments, defeats, and losses; and no one was more delighted than Mr. Payne, who had watched him with affectionate eye from his infancy. He had

seen plenty of Fyfield failures at Epsom, including in the first rank the head victory of Lord Lyon over Savernake, Kingcraft's defeat of Palmerston, Cremorne's overthrow of Pell Mell, and Doncaster's defeat of Gang Forward and Kaiser. It was, therefore, with greater pleasure that Mr. Payne won a good stake over Sefton—a colt that was a credit to the stable with which Lord Ailesbury, Sir John Astley, Mr. Stirling Crawford, and Mr. Payne were so long associated. For fifty-four years—1824 to 1878—Mr. Payne had been an owner of racehorses, yet he had rarely, if ever, possessed a really good horse.

The only unpleasant feature in an otherwise entirely noble character was an infatuation for the gaming table, or, indeed, for gambling of any sort, of an intensity most remarkable. Early in his career an incident connected with his play led to a very disagreeable result. Lord de Ros had been a constant player, chiefly at whist and *écarté*, at the West-end clubs, and during the winter of 1836 most disparaging rumours as to the cause of his frequent winnings were circulated about town. These premonitory warnings, of course, did not reach the ears of him whom they chiefly concerned, and he went on playing as usual at Brookes's and other places of resort. He was closely watched on several occasions, by preconcerted arrangement, by members of the club in the habit of playing at whist and *écarté*. He was on these occasions detected in the act of

marking the cards, and performing also the sleight-of-hand feat, so common among conjurors and card-sharpers, known as *sauter la coupe*. He had many accusers, but the chief among them were Mr. Payne, Mr. Brooke Greville, Lord Henry Bentinck, and Mr. Cumming. Against the last-named, Lord de Ros brought an ill-advised action for libel, and on the 10th of February, 1837, Lord Denman, with a special jury, tried the *cause célèbre* of *Lord de Ros v. Cumming*. The *Times* gave an actual verbatim report of the trial, introducing it with these remarks:—"The great anxiety which has been for many months excited in all classes, but more particularly amongst the members of the higher classes of society, by the grave charges which had been publicly made against the noble plaintiff, was more strongly manifested this morning by the dense crowd with which every avenue leading to the Court was assailed. At an early hour the various entrances to the Court were completely filled, and long before the arrival of Lord Denman the body of the Court was closely crammed, and the galleries themselves occupied by ladies and gentlemen, many of whom mingle in the most illustrious presence." Sir John Campbell (Attorney-General), Sir William Follett, and Mr. Wightman were for Lord de Ros; whilst the then Mr. Thesiger, and two other counsel, appeared for Mr. Cumming; who, with Messrs. Payne and Greville, and Lord Henry Bentinck, had signed the letter which contained the libel. The charge was

that Lord de Ros had been repeatedly guilty of marking the cards and cheating in other ways, and specific dates were mentioned by the four signatories to the letter. A great many witnesses were put into the box, especially for the defence. Mr. Payne's evidence was very important, and, as being calculated to have a great effect on the minds of the jury, he was put into the box last, in days when no second speech was allowed. All that could be elicited in favour of Mr. Cumming, and in direct proof that Lord de Ros had cheated at cards on the specific occasions named, having been got from Mr. Payne by counsel for the defence, he was cross-examined by Sir William Follett, as follows:—

“You have been a good deal connected with gambling transactions, have you not?”—“Yes, I have.”

“Spent a great deal of money on the racecourse, and also been connected with racing proceedings, and with cards?”—“Yes, a great deal.”

“Have you been in the habit of playing with Lord de Ros?”—“Yes.”

“In the early part of your career, Mr. Payne, you was very unfortunate, I think?”—“Very much so.”

“And lost a considerable fortune?”—“I lost a considerable sum of money, certainly.”

“You lost, I believe, the whole of your patrimony?”—“My lord, am I bound to answer that question? And yet I do not see why I should not. Yes, sir, I lost a considerable part of it.”

"You have been more fortunate since, though?"
—No; my old luck has continued pretty much throughout."

Sir John Campbell made the speech for the plaintiff in reply upon the whole case. It was what is styled a slashing address, but exceeded the just bounds even of licence in an advocate. He spoke in disparagement of Mr. Payne, as "Payne the professional gamester," meaning the jury to conclude that he was and had been a penniless adventurer, living upon the proceeds of his skill, and something worse, at cards and dice. He called upon the Court to adopt his opinion. "And I will call upon you," he said, "to form the same opinion—that Payne has confederated with Brooke Greville to get up this charge against Lord de Ros."

Mr. Payne was naturally very much annoyed at the language used by Sir John, and the aspersions he had thought fit to cast upon his character as a man of honour. Particularly he was chagrined at a phrase used in cross-examination, that, "having started as a dupe," in reference to the loss of his property, "he had soon crystallized into something worse." Had Mr. Payne caught the eminent Scotchman within a few days after the trial, he would have had cause to remember his undue use of disparaging language, for Mr. Payne waited about the neighbourhood of Westminster Hall, with a very stout horse-whip in his hand, for some afternoons, about the time Sir John Campbell usually left the

Courts. Sir John apologized, through the medium of Colonel Anson, and Mr. Payne at once good-naturedly forgave him.

A vast number of card-playing anecdotes are told about Mr. Payne, who spent a large portion of his time for above half a century at the card table, or in "shaking his elbow." Of these stories perhaps two of the best were told by an able and accomplished writer in the weekly organ of the country gentlemen:—

Ecarté was, about forty years ago, the fashionable private game of the day, and many was the merry bout thereat which Mr. Payne fought out with several distinguished adversaries. It is a tradition of Limmer's that he and Lord Albert Denison, afterwards the first Lord Londesborough, sat up all night at the famous but now extinguished hostelry, and that when they separated in the morning Lord Albert, having lost about £30,000, proceeded to the adjoining temple of Hymen at St. George's, Hanover-square, to be married to his first wife, Miss Henrietta Maria Forester, the sister of Lady Chesterfield, Mrs. Anson, and Lady Bradford. With the same antagonist, and playing at the same game, Mr. Payne once set out from London in a post-chaise to pay a visit to a country house in the New Forest. They played all day, and when night fell a lamp in the roof of the chaise was lighted, and they proceeded to deal and propose without intermission. Mr. Payne was in the midst of a capital

run of luck, with £100 staked on each game, when they both became aware that the chaise had stopped, and that the bewildered postboy, who had lost his way, was tapping lustily with the butt-end of his whip at the window of the post-chaise to solicit the attention of its occupants. "What do you want?" said Mr. Payne, testily. "Please, sir, I have lost my way." "Come and tell us when you have found it," was all the rejoinder that he could elicit.

There was nothing in which Mr. Payne would not dabble; and he loved, in his own inimitable fashion, to tell a story at his own expense with regard to what he called "a shot at tallow," in which he once indulged. During the Crimean War a friend advised him that tallow was sure to go up, and recommended him to buy a lot of P. Y. C., or "prime yellow candle." He was then living, as he long did, at Stevens's Hotel in Bond-street; and, acting upon his friend's advice, he went early into the City, and betook himself to a broker in Mincing-lane, whose address had been furnished to him. Having given instructions that ever so many tierces of tallow should be bought for him, he added the information that his address was at Stevens's Hotel, and was asked by the clerk whether it was "for delivery." Not understanding the question, he answered thoughtlessly in the affirmative, and forgot all about the matter until, a fortnight later, he was astonished, being at breakfast in his hotel, at having a greasy document put into his hand, with an announcement from the waiter

that "the man had come with the tallow." Going to the door, he found a cart full of tallow casks standing before it, and, as far as the eye could reach, a string of similar carts behind it. "Never trust me," he exclaimed to a knot of friends whom he found at the Turf Club, "if Bond-street was not choked with tallow carts the whole way up to Oxford-street." "That," as he often said subsequently, "was my first and last transaction in tallow."

In the enjoyment all his life of the most admirable physical health, endowed with high mental capacity, and amiable as a man could be, Mr. Payne had hosts of warm friends and admirers, and, through his long life, no enemies. Such was his popularity that at any time during fifty years the southern division of his native county would have sent him to Parliament without one penny of expense to himself, and such the kindly feeling with which he was regarded that Mr. Padwick has said he would have undertaken to collect £10,000 for George Payne in a week had he needed the money. It may be added that Mr. George Payne had spent more time at the card table, and more money on post-chaises and railway travelling, than any other follower of sport.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PROGRESS OF THE LAW RELATING TO HORSE-RACING
AND WAGERS—THE EARLY STATUTES—ENACTMENTS
OF CHARLES II., ANNE, GEORGE II.—STATUTES NOW
IN FORCE.

MR. OLIPHANT stated in his "Law of Horses," that the first Arabian horse on record in these islands was introduced in the reign of Henry the First, A.D. 1121, by Alexander, King of Scotland, who presented it and its furniture to a church. Wagering may have existed, no doubt, among our ancestors long before that time; the Roman soldier, centuries before, may have made it his favourite pastime to gamble with the gentle, guileless Briton for his pocket-money; the rude men from the North, the Teuton, and the Gaul, may have all brought with them their own peculiar methods of playing for gain; but the Statute-book is silent on the subject until the twelfth year of the reign of Richard the Second, A.D. 1389, when servants in husbandry or labourers were prohibited from playing at tennis, football, quoits, dice, casting of stone, nails, or such like importune games.

Prohibition was apparently insufficient to check the tendency of the hinds to stake their pieces of black bread on a cast of the dice or the throw of a quoit, so the terrors of the dungeon were tried twenty years later, a statute being passed in the reign of Henry the Fourth, A.D. 1409, confirming and extending the enactment of Richard, and imposing an additional penalty of six days' imprisonment. Henry the Seventh, A.D. 1494, passed a law that nobody should export a horse or mare, or carry it beyond sea, except for his own use. With this exception, any mare of three years old or upwards, whose price was not above six shillings and eightpence, might be exported; the owner, however, being compelled to sell her at the port to any person who should bid him seven shillings.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, A.D. 1530, it was enacted, in addition to the foregoing statute, that any person conveying horses, mares, or geldings to any parts beyond the sea without the King's licence, should forfeit forty shillings for every poll. The Acts passed in this reign referring to the multiplicity of "little stoned horses and nags of small stature and little value," and the steps taken by the King and Parliament to improve the breed of horses, have already been dealt with in an earlier chapter. In this reign, also, were made a number of regulations with regard to gaming. The most comprehensive of these Acts was that of 33rd Henry VIII., c. 9—a "Bill for the maintaining Artillery and the

debarring unlawful Games." Such wicked games as logetting in the fields, slide-thrift, and shove-groat, were especially aimed at by a parental Government, and a penalty of forty shillings a day was imposed on persons found keeping any common house, alley, or place of bowling, coyting, cloyshcayles, half-bowl, tennis, dicing-table, or carding; but there is as yet no mention of wagers on horse-races. A man, however, could obtain a placard to have common gaming in his house. Noblemen and persons with an income of £100 a year could play at anything they liked, either in their houses or orchards, and they had the privilege of licensing their servants to do the same. Edward the Sixth's reign saw no addition to the laws against gaming; but further steps were taken to prevent, by legislative enactment, the exportation of our horses, but permitted the exportation of any mare whose value did not exceed ten shillings.

It is not clear whither the English horses were sent, or proposed to be sent—probably it was to Germany, Holland, and France; but from these enactments from time to time in successive reigns, limiting or prohibiting altogether the exportation of horses from England, it is plain that our breeds of horses were even at that time better than those of the Continent, and that they were desired and would have been purchased for export to "parts beyond the sea," if the stern hand of the law had not been outstretched to prevent them from leaving our shores.

Up to the close of the reign of Henry VI., it will be observed that all the statutes against gaming were directed against such games because they were more attractive to the men of England than archery, and it was feared the practice of that manly and necessary sport would decline. The reign of Philip and Mary, however, saw enactments against gaming for another reason. Through the keeping of houses, gardens, and places for bowling, tennis, dicing, white and black, making and marring, and other games, many unlawful assemblies, conventicles, seditions, and conspiracies had arisen, to the breach of their Majesties' peace, and the undoing of the State; therefore—A.D. 1555—an Act was passed "to avoid divers licences for houses where unlawful games be used;" and accordingly, after the passing of this Act, all placards, licences, and grants to keepers of gardens and houses were made void.

The enactments of previous reigns having been found insufficient to prevent the exportation of horses to the detriment of the State, the 5 Elizabeth, c. 19, revoked the permission given by previous statutes to take horses abroad when sworn to be for the personal use of the persons so taking them. Elizabeth's long reign added little to the Statute-book as far as the breeding of horses was concerned, and nothing as regards gaming. The reign of James the First was marked only by the trifling alteration made by the repeal of the statute of Richard the Second, A.D. 1623. The reign of the

Scotch Prince, however, was of the highest importance to the Turf. Of it and the two succeeding reigns Mr. Oliphant says:—

“ But an important change took place with regard to horse-racing. Before this time horse-races were mere trials of speed and strength, without any acknowledged system, and were mixed up with other exercises of skill and activity. The pastime had continued on the same footing since the time of Henry the Eighth; but this reign may be considered the era in which racing began to be ranked as a distinct sport. James the First was extremely fond of field sports. He established races on a new footing. Under his patronage rules were promulgated for their regulation, and his favourite courses were Croydon and Enfield Chase. From this period also began the practice of breeding a distinct kind of horse for the special purpose; and we find that about this time an Arabian horse, and also the White Turk, the Helmsley Turk, and Fairfax’s Morocco Barb, were brought into the kingdom, and a considerable improvement in the breed of the animal was thus effected.

“ Charles the First established races in Hyde Park and at Newmarket; yet, though these were discontinued during the Protectorate, attention was not withdrawn from breeding, and Cromwell had his stud of race-horses.

“ On the Restoration, a new impulse was given to gaiety and amusement of every kind, and the New-

market meetings were revived. Charles, who was a great patron of horse-racing, encouraged it by the gift of Royal Plates at the principal courses. He purchased brood mares and stallions in the Levant, which were principally Barbs and Turks; and the breed was also much improved by horses brought over from Tangiers as part of the dowry of his Queen, Catherine of Braganza."

Horse-racing now became fully established as a national sport, and the Act 16 Car. II., c. 7, was passed to repress those evils which from its first institution had attended it. This Act came into operation A.D. 1664. It is intituled, "An Act to restrain deceitful, disorderly, and excessive gaming," and in it horse-racing is mentioned for the first time in the English Statute-book. This Act contained the salutary provision that all persons found winning by fraud, or cheating at cards, dice-tables, tennis, bowles, kittles, shovel-board, bumble-puppy, cock-fightings, horse-races, dog matches, foot-races, and all other games and pastimes, should forfeit three times the sum or value of the money so won. In the preamble it was recited that all lawful games and exercises should not be otherwise used than as innocent and moderate recreations, and not as constant trades or callings to gain a living, or make unlawful advantage thereby; and that by the immoderate use of them many mischiefs and inconveniences arise, to the maintaining and encouraging of sundry idle, loose, and disorderly persons in their

dishonest, bad, and dissolute course of life, and to the circumventing, deceiving, couzening, and debauching of many of the younger sort both of the nobility and gentry and others, to the loss of their precious time, and the utter ruin of their estates and fortunes, and withdrawing them from noble and laudable employments and exercises. It was further provided by this statute that every person losing above £100 on ticket or credit at any of the games and pastimes mentioned in the Act, or at any other games and pastimes not so set out, was discharged by the statute from paying any part of the money; and this whether he took an active part in them as one of the players, or only betted as a spectator upon the issues of the play of others. And by section 3 of the Act all securities given on account of such bets or play, as promises to pay and the like, were to be void, and the winner was to forfeit treble the sum so won. It was held in *Edgebury v. Rosindale* (2 Lev. 94, S. C., 1 Ventr. 253) that an agreement to run a horse-race for more than £10 a side was prohibited by this important statute.

We come next to the Act 10 and 11 William III., c. 17, which was passed A.D. 1699. This Act recites that certain games called lotteries had been generally set up in England and Wales, and by means of them great sums of money had been fraudulently got from many persons, and from the children and servants of several gentlemen and merchants. This Act was called an Act for suppressing

Lotteries, and imposed a penalty of £500 on every person detected keeping a lottery, and a fine of £20 upon every person playing at a lottery.

The reign of Anne saw still greater mischief arising from the spirit of gambling then existing among all classes of society, which the Act of Charles the Second had been unable effectually to repress. Accordingly, the Act 9 Anne, c. 14, "An Act for the better Preventing of Excessive and Deceitful Gaming," was passed A.D. 1710. This statute recited in the preamble that the existing laws in force had been proved insufficient for preventing the mischief that had happened or might happen from gaming. The Act of Queen Anne enacted that all mortgages and securities, where the consideration was for money won by gaming or betting, or for repayment of money lent at gaming or betting, were to be *ipso facto* void. All property encumbered for a like consideration was to devolve to such person as would have been entitled to it in case the owner were dead, and all grants and conveyances made to prevent this were to be deemed fraudulent and void.

It was further enacted by the 9th of Anne that if a person lost £10 or more by playing or betting at any game, he might sue for the money he had so lost at any time within three months of the date of his losing it; if the loser himself did not take this step any other person might do so, and recover treble the value lost—one moiety to go to the

informer and the other to the poor of the parish where the offence was committed. In addition to this, any person betting or playing at any game and winning above £10 at one sitting, and any person winning by fraud, by betting, or playing might be indicted. On conviction, they were to forfeit five times the value so won, and if they had cheated be considered infamous, and suffer corporal punishment of such kind as was commonly inflicted in cases of wilful perjury. Two Justices of the Peace might cause persons suspected of having no honest means of subsistence, and who appeared to support themselves by gaming, to be brought before them, and find sureties for their good behaviour for the space of twelve months. But the Queen, and many of her courtiers, being fond of sport, the Act tenderly excepted any of the Queen's palaces during her residence there, in which places this Act was not to prevent gaming. As the word "games," used in this Act, was held by the judges to comprehend horse-races, it was adjudged that any horse-race for £10 a side or upwards was illegal.

In the reign of George the First no further interference with gaming was thought to be necessary, beyond an attempt by legislative enactment to further repress internal lotteries, and prevent foreign lotteries from being carried on in this kingdom. In that of George the Second, the lot of the gambler and follower of the sport of horse-racing was less happy. Several Acts were passed, dealing again

with these matters. It was believed by the Legislature, whether true or not, that gaming had largely increased in England since the reign of Anne; and accordingly there was passed, in 1739, an Act for the more effectual preventing of excessive and deceitful gaming, which declared the games of ace of hearts, pharaoh, bassett, and hazard to be games or lotteries with cards or dice, within the meaning of the Act, and imposes a penalty of £200 upon every person setting up such games or lotteries, and a penalty of £50 upon every person adventuring at them. It was also found that after the passing of the statute of Anne the number of races run for Plates of small value had vastly increased, and it was thought that with this increase in the number of inconsiderable races the breed of strong and valuable horses was prejudiced, and his Majesty's lieges encouraged in idleness and dissolute habits. The Legislature set to work, therefore, with its usual zeal and diligence, as we have seen other Legislatures in other reigns set to work before it.

In 1740 was passed an Act to restrain and prevent the excessive increase of horse-races (13 Geo. II., c. 19). Among the leading interesting provisions of this Act were the following:—All horses were to be entered for races by their real owners, and nobody was to start more than one horse for the same Plate, under pain of forfeiting the horse. It was declared illegal to run for a Plate of less value than £50; the penalty for starting a horse for a Plate

of less value being fixed at a forfeit of £200, while the person who advertised such a race to be run for was liable to a penalty of £100. This Act also provided that every race was to be begun and ended on the same day, that the entrance money was to be given back to the second horse, and that gifts left for annual races were not to be altered. It also fixed a standard of weights for horses of various ages; a five-year-old horse was to carry 10st., a six-year-old 11st., and a seven-year-old 12st., and the penalty for carrying less than these weights respectively in any race was £200. An exception in favour of Newmarket and Black Hambleton in the matter of matches has been deduced from the Act, though the language is by no means clear. It seems, however, to have been the intention of the Legislature that matches for less than £50 might be run at those towns, though races might not.

It was necessary a few years later—18 Geo. II., c. 34—to pass another Act to amend that whose provisions are above set out. Roulet or Roley-poley was the game chiefly aimed at, and heavy penalties were to be inflicted upon those convicted of playing at it. The weights carried by horses under the former Act were found to be very inconvenient, and useless to secure the object with which they had been imposed; it was therefore declared lawful for any person to start and run for any Plate worth £50 or upwards at any weights, and at any place, without being liable to the penalties of the previous Act re-

lating to weights, in the same manner as if that Act had not been made. The fact that thirteen Royal Plates of one hundred guineas each were annually given by his Majesty to be run for in various parts of the kingdom, and the high prices constantly given in this and the two preceding reigns for horses of size and substance, capable of winning a King's Plate, were considered sufficient encouragement to breeders to raise the breed of horses to the highest point of size, combined with speed and strength, or staying powers. Certainly these circumstances were much more likely to effect the object desired than an arbitrary scale of weights, such as that established by the Act of 1740.

The good old times when George the Third was King saw no interference of any kind with the sport of horse-racing, which continued to be developed apace. In 1809, an Act was passed by which the duty payable on the exportation of a horse, mare, or gelding was fixed at two guineas each, and on their importation at four guineas. Ten years afterwards this Act was repealed, and £6 13s. 4d. a head was fixed as the duty payable on importing horses, and they were permitted to be exported without duty. The reign of that horse-loving Prince, George the Fourth, was not marked by any important Acts bearing upon the Turf; but in the next reign, in 1835, an Act was passed, which is still in force, for the purpose of amending the law relating to securities given for considerations arising out of gaming.

This Act repealed portions of the statutes of Charles the Second and Anne, and made the important alteration in the law that securities given in connection with gaming and other illegal transactions should not be deemed void, but to have been given for an illegal consideration.

At the present time, most restrictions with regard to racing have been removed, and contracts entered into in connection with racing are governed by the same laws as all other contracts. It may, perhaps, be said that an excise duty of £3 17s. payable upon every horse kept for racing amounts to a restriction; but practically this is not found to be the case. A race-horse is defined, for the purposes of the Act (19 and 20 Vict., c. 82) which imposes this duty, as follows:—"A race-horse is any horse which shall start or run for Plate, prize, sum of money, or any other thing."

The whole effect of the legislation of previous reigns, certainly up to the time of George the Fourth, had been to harass and restrain owners of horses, and the accession of Her Majesty found the law of racing, wagers, and gaming in a most unsatisfactory condition. The Acts passed in the present reign, from first to last, have been designed to benefit the object for which the Turf is supposed to exist—namely, the breeding of stout and speedy horses. In 1837, the statutes of Henry the Eighth, of Charles, of Anne, four statutes of George the Second, and one of William the Fourth, were in

force. The famous case of *Applegarth v. Colley* came on demurrer before the Court of Exchequer, and Baron Rolfe's decision that money might legally be given to a race, whatever the amount, by third parties, and that sweepstakes of less than £10 each were legal, brought about a change in the law. This change was hurried on by the *qui tam* actions brought by common informers for the penalties incurred under the practically obsolete statutes of Charles the Second and Anne. The law was generally amended by 8 and 9 Vict., c. 109, an Act to amend the law concerning games and wagers. By this Act, all the objectionable sections of the old Acts were repealed, and racing and betting placed on a more common-sense footing. From that time to the passing of the Act for licensing racecourses within ten miles of the metropolis, of the present session of Parliament, several minor Acts, relating directly or indirectly to horse-racing, have been passed, of which the principal is the Suppression of Betting Houses Act of 1853. The statutes relating to wagers, gaming, and horse-racing, passed before the accession of Queen Victoria, and still in force in part or wholly, are the 33 Henry VIII., c. 9; 2 George II., c. 28; 12 George II., c. 28; 13 George II., c. 19; 18 George II., c. 34; and 5 and 6 William IV., c. 41, which incorporates and alters 9 Anne, c. 14.

CHAPTER XV.

GENERAL PEEL—STOCKWELL, WEST AUSTRALIAN, AND
VOLTIGEUR—BARON ROTHSCHILD—MR. MERRY—
MR. BLENKIRON AND MIDDLE PARK.

THE Right Honourable Jonathan Peel—dear to all sportsmen as General Peel—was the lifelong friend and companion of Admiral Rous and Mr. George Payne. The naval service had given to the Turf its dictator; the army supplied in the General a contemporary whose sagacity, shrewdness, and kindness of heart knew no superior, and who equalled his two old friends in his devotion to Turf pursuits, and knowledge of its affairs. He was born on the 12th of October, 1799, the fifth son of Sir Robert Peel. His eldest brother, afterwards the great Sir Robert, was bred by his father to politics; his other three brothers had already taken to themselves professions when he joined the army as ensign in a marching regiment, in the month of June, 1815. The peace that followed Waterloo prevented him from seeing service, and his subsequent steps in his profession were obtained by purchase.

General Peel's connection with the Turf began about 1821, when he was part owner of some horses

with the Duke of Richmond and Lord Stradbroke, trained at Goodwood by Kent. His own name first appears in the *Calendar* in 1830, when he raced in confederacy with his relative, General Yates. In 1832 he had taken a leading position on the Turf, winning the Two Thousand Guineas with Archibald, and beating the St. Leger winner, Margrave, for the race of the same title at Newmarket. For years after, he had always a lot of good horses in his stable, and won many races with them, his good fortune perhaps reaching a culminating point in 1844, when the Derby was adjudged to his Orlando, and his Ionian was second. The General's high sense of honour was conspicuously shown in relation to this race. He had laid his friend Lord Glasgow £10,000 to £100 against his horse Ionian. When he tried him in the spring, he was surprised to find that the colt was nearly as good as his stable companion, Orlando; and owner, trainer, and jockey came to the conclusion that, if anything should happen to Orlando, Ionian must win. Under these circumstances, the General got his money covered at some sacrifice, and told Lord Glasgow to give his own orders to the jockey who was put up. The result proved the correctness of his judgment.

General Peel had an experience of the Turf extending over sixty years. His race-horses may be said to have begun with Fille de Joie, bred by him in 1822, the winner of several two-year-old races, and second for the Oaks in Cobweb's year,

and to have ended with Peter, the speedy animal who won the Steward's Cup at Goodwood this year. Peter, a son of The Hermit, was appropriately named; but there was a further meaning in the name General Peel gave to the last good colt he owned. A group of old friends had nicknamed Lord Glasgow Peter many years before, and had never called the touchy old Turfite by any other name. The purple jacket and orange cap familiar on our racecourses for nearly six decades' was borne to victory by many good animals, the most celebrated among them being Archibald, Slane, Tom, Orlando, Tadmor, Vulture, Hardinge, and Longinus. The General had two trainers—Cooper, who trained through the times of Orlando and Tadmor; and Joseph Dawson in later years, down to the time of Peter. His favourite jockeys were Arthur Pavis and Nat Flatman. The kindest and gentlest of men—too amiable, it was said at the time he was Secretary for War, to make a good Cabinet Minister—General Peel possessed the warmest regard of his friends, and the devoted attachment of his servants. He died at his beautiful seat, Marble Hill, Twickenham, in February of the present year.

The following extract has reference to the historical associations connected with the house and park:—"In her 'Life of Samuel Richardson,' the author of 'Clarissa Harlowe,' Mrs. Barbauld, tells us that one day, when going to Hampstead in the stage coach, she had for her companion a French-

man, who was making an excursion to that famous northern suburb of London for the express purpose of seeing the house in the Flask Walk where Clarissa Harlowe lodged. 'What a compliment to the creative genius of Richardson!' exclaimed Samuel Rogers, when the story was related to him by Mrs. Barbauld. That it is the privilege of genius to

'Give to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name,'

has long been an accepted maxim. But the force and realistic power of imagination never received a more striking illustration than in the circumstances and surroundings of Marble Hill, the house which General Peel had inhabited for the last quarter of a century, and in which his declining years were passed. It was once the suburban villa of Mrs. Howard, afterwards the Countess of Suffolk, who was long the *chère amie* of George II.; and in his 'Heart of Midlothian' Sir Walter Scott represents—not without an exaggeration of poetic licence—that George's Queen, Caroline of Anspach, was a visitor at Lady Suffolk's villa upon the occasion when [the famous Duke of Argyll and Greenwich carried Jeannie Deans into the presence of her Majesty, to plead for the life of her condemned sister, Effie. The ideal scene that ensued in the garden of Marble Hill has so passed into the domain of actual history, that the avenue of elm trees extending from the house down to the bank

of the adjoining Thames has long borne the name of 'Jeannie Deans's Walk.' It has been curiously scrutinized by thousands of passengers, who have scanned it from the boats which wafted them to and fro upon the river, and who have forgotten that Jeannie and Effie Deans and their stiff-necked old father are merely 'the shadows of a dream.'"

A newer—and, to the lover of the Turf, not less interesting—association will always be attached to the house, in that it was the residence of that most upright and honourable man and veteran sportsman, General Peel.

Stockwell and West Australian died within a few days of each other, in May, 1870—the former at the stud farm at Hooton, the latter in France. Stockwell was bought as a yearling by Lord Exeter for £180, with a contingent £500 more if he won the Derby.

He began at the stud in 1856, and his stock began to race in 1858, when out of twenty colts and fillies foaled in 1856 two proved winners of £270 between them. From that year to 1869 he got 420 colts and fillies, and they won, between 1868 and the end of 1869, £302,319. Lord Londesborough died in 1860. The Yorkshiremen's minds had been stirred to their utmost depths by attempts to solve the great problem whether Stockwell would sell for more than Westy. With true local pride, they hoped he would not, but yet felt sure he would; and the speculation in

crowns and pots principally ran on the point whether or not the chestnut would touch five thousand and the brown four. St. Albans brought the former gallantly up, and the thousand soon became four thousand five hundred. Such a price bid in a ring had never been heard of before, and yet there was no apparent enthusiasm—all of it was reserved for the "West." "Here comes the pick of England," said they, as he emerged from a gate behind, and strode, with his beautiful white, roach head aloft, into the ring. There was quite a thrill as the bidding slowly rose to three thousand, and a sort of burst of suppressed impatience and vexation when no one could beat Count de Morny. "He can't be released," said a Tyke, in a melancholy strain, and down went the hammer. Stockwell was purchased for the Rowcliffe Stud Company, and while standing at its paddocks he got Blair Athol, Regalia, The Duke, Ostregor, Breadalbane, and Broomielaw. At the end of 1862 he became Mr. Naylor's own property, and went to Hoofton; and Lord Lyon, Savernake, Rustic, Achievement, and Belladrum were perhaps his best representatives in recent years.

West Australian was bred by Mr. Bowes in 1850. He gave early promise of his future excellence, and was one of the finest movers ever seen. He won the great treble event as a three-year-old. At four years old he won two races at Ascot and one at Goodwood, which was his last appearance in public.

Lord Londesborough bought him for £4,000, with a further contingency of £750, which money Mr. Bowes also received. He then stood for several seasons at Kirkby Stud Farm, near Tadcaster, with Stockwell. After the Duc de Morny's death, he became the property of the late Emperor Napoleon, at the price of £1,500. At the stud, West Australian was a perfect failure in France, as he had been in England—the only two horses he got here of any merit being Summerside and the Wizard.

Voltigeur came to his end, February 21, 1874. It was found necessary to destroy him, his thigh having been broken by a kick from a man. Mr. Williamson discovered the merits of Voltigeur after the yearling had been returned unsold from Doncaster, and bought the colt, for a long figure in those days, for his brother-in-law, during a run with hounds in the following season. The story is told that negotiations were opened at the covert side, and the bargain struck with "I'll have him," at the first check.

The colt grew to be the most popular and best-abused horse in England. All Yorkshire was on him to a man when he ran for the Derby; but he did not please the *cognoscenti*, and one critic of the Press offered to eat him if he won the race. The coach-horse did win the Derby, and the St. Leger also, after a dead heat with Russborough; and in the same Doncaster race-week he beat the then reported best horse in the world for the Doncaster Cup. From this race there followed the most bril

liant match on record, in which Voltigeur was beaten; but he won fame afterwards, beyond that he had acquired on the Turf or at the stud, at the Horse and Hound Show, at Middlesbrough, in 1860. From the very best class ever got together in a show-yard, he won the £100 prize as being "best calculated to improve and perpetuate the breed of the sound and stout thoroughbred horse, not only for racing, but for general purposes." Among the competitors were The Cure, Fandango, Saunterer, Lord Fauconberg, The Hadji, Hunting Horn, Windhound, Claret, Neville, and other celebrated stallions. On the Turf, Voltigeur was identified with Lord Zetland and the famous "Yorkshire spots;" and he only survived by a few months the amiable nobleman whose favourite horse he had been.

Baron Meyer de Rothschild was for a number of years an ardent supporter of the Turf, and was equally and deservedly popular, with all classes, both as a master of hounds and an owner of race-horses. He devoted his time, talents, and large means to the pastime, and to improving the breed of our thoroughbred horse, and was one of the veritable pillars of the Turf. The ample figure astride the five hundred guinea grey cob, strong as a cart-horse, was much missed and regretted when his favourite Heath knew him no more. Most of his horses were bred at his admirably-arranged stud farm at Mentmore, and he very rarely had a horse in a race, carrying

the popular dark blue and yellow cap, that he had not bred himself.

During the earlier years of his connection with the Turf, Misfortune marked him for her own, and disappointment followed disappointment; but his long perseverance reaped in the end a rich reward. It had been thought "the tip" to follow the Baron at Ascot, as on the Royal Heath his horses had generally been more fortunate than on other courses. It became later the best advice to be given—follow the Baron at all the principal Meetings; and for two or three years his string, trained by Hayhoe, of Newmarket, were almost invincible. In 1871, he carried off the Derby, Oaks, One Thousand Guineas, St. Leger, Cesarewitch, and many other races of less importance. It was the Baron's year, and his horses carried all before them. King Tom was a great favourite with his owner; but his descendant, Favonius, was the best horse Baron Rothschild ever bred. After the Baron's lamented death, which took place on the 6th February, 1874, it was learned with great satisfaction that the Mentmore stud was not to be dispersed. Most of the two and three-year-olds in training, however, were dispersed by Mr. Tattersall, at Newmarket—twenty lots fetching 14,305 guineas, or the high average of 715½ guineas; Marsworth, by King Tom—Queen Bee's dam, reported one of the best animals the Baron ever bred, being knocked down to Count Lehndorff for 5,000 guineas.

The name of such a man as Mr. James Merry carries the mind back to an era when the Lowlands of Scotland teemed with owners of famous race-horses, and when the canny merchants of Glasgow and Paisley caught the Turf contagion fresh from such ardent sportsmen as Lord Eglinton, Lord Kelburne—afterwards the Earl of Glasgow—Sir James Boswell, Mr. Ramsay, Mr. Robertson of Ladykirk, and Mr. Meiklam. In those days, such horses as Lanercost, Inheritor, The Doctor, and Myrrha taught Englishmen to respect the meaning of Scotland's national motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*;" and the little race meetings at Ayr, Paisley, Perth, and Edinburgh were, in Scottish phrase, "*trysts*" at which the country families gathered in force from the whole country round. In those times the insignificant Scotch town of Gullane rivalled Malton as a training centre; and it is additionally deserving of respect from all sportsmen worthy of the name, because it was the birth-place of the four Dawson brothers, who rank among the best trainers and most honourable men that the English Turf has ever seen, and was also once the home of William I'Anson, the subsequent owner and breeder of Blink Bonny and Blair Athol. Mr. James Merry was born at a time when the Ayr Cup was regarded by Scotchmen as the first race in the world, and he owes it probably to the locality of his birth that horse-racing should have been the form of amusement to which in his maturity he devoted himself.

Mr. James Merry, whose name, through his long connection with the Turf, had been for many years a household word, began his racing career forty years ago, appearing as an owner and at the same time gentleman rider at Stirling in 1838. He rode his horse Patriot for the Hunters' Stakes, but was beaten; his next essay was luckier, for at the Royal Caledonian Hunt Meeting, on the same course, he beat Lord Eglinton on Crocus for a sweepstakes. His horses when at Gullane, the best and most extensive training ground in Scotland, were placed under the charge of George Dawson, a contemporary of John Smith, James Croft, and other famous old-fashioned Yorkshire trainers, and the father of the four brothers Dawson, so successful and eminent in their profession. For the first four or five years of his patronage of the Turf, Mr. Merry only ran his horses in Scotland; but in 1843 his colours appeared for the first time in England, in the Liverpool Tradesmen's Cup. Mr. Merry's representative was unplaced, but three of his countrymen owned the first, second, and third horses—Mr. Meiklam, Mr. Bell, and Lord Eglinton. Though Mr. Merry had rather a long string in training during the period of his career on the Turf before 1847, it was in that year that he first became the owner of a really good horse. This was Chanticleer, whom he bought of Mr. Christopher St. George, after the famous horse had run fourth, carrying 8st. 4lbs., in the Liverpool Tradesmen's Cup of that year. With the great

grey—son of Birdcatcher, out of Whim, from whom he got his colour, by the savage Drone — Mr. Merry won many races and a large sum of money. In 1848, Chanticleer ran no fewer than fourteen times, winning some good races, including the Goodwood Cup, under the astonishing weight of 9st. 2lbs., beating fifteen other horses; and the Doncaster Cup, beating Van Tromp. Out of his fourteen essays, the gallant grey won, in ten times, stakes amounting to £3,460; and his owner was credited with having won £50,000 in bets besides, for the astute Mr. F. Swindells was the commissioner, and Chanticleer started usually at a good price. The founder of Mr. Merry's fortunes on the Turf was put to the stud the year after, and was very successful as a sire.

It was not until about the year 1852 that Mr. Merry turned his attention to the great two and three-year-old prizes of the Turf. In that year, having an eye to the Derby, Mr. Merry bought Hobbie Noble, at Newcastle, after he had won the July Stakes. Lord John Scott, his breeder, received the then unprecedented price of 6,500 guineas for the colt. He became the winter favourite for the Derby, and his defeat by Daniel O'Rourke in the sensational race of that year, when, owing to the heavy downfall of rain, the going on the Epsom Downs was fetlock deep, saved the Ring a vast sum of money.

After the Houghton Meeting of that year, Mr. Merry sent his horses to William Day, at Woodyeates.

Among them was Lord of the Isles, who first appeared at Goodwood. Here he won the Levant Stakes by a head from Paradigm, afterwards the dam of Lord Lyon and Achievement. After Lord of the Isles had won the Two Thousand Guineas for Mr. Merry, he became the favourite for the Derby; but before the day of the race he had to yield the pride of place to Wild Dayrell, who started at evens, one of the hottest favourites ever known.

Lord of the Isles was very lucky at the stud, for, having been mated with Marmalade, in his very first year he got the flying Dundee. Mr. Merry now came to the conclusion that it would be better for him to have his horses privately trained; and accordingly he leased Russley, which had at one time been the training quarters of the late Baron Rothschild, before he removed to Newmarket. Here for a short time John Prince had sole charge of the horses; but on Mr. Merry's purchasing Lord John Scott's stud in 1857, which he did by the advice of Matthew Dawson, that able trainer was associated with Prince in the management of the Russley stud. This management was a brilliant success, led off by Sunbeam, a flying daughter of Chanticleer and Sunflower. After the St. Leger winner had been beaten by her old opponent, Toxophilite, for the Port Stakes at Newmarket, owing to some remarks made about the filly's condition Prince ceased to be employed by Mr. Merry; Matthew Dawson reigned alone at Russley, and the good fortune of the stable

continued in the ascendant—Saunterer having been purchased from Mr. Jackson for 2,000 guineas by the trainer's advice. 1860 saw £21,000 placed to Mr. Merry's credit at Weatherby's, won by Thormanby, Dundee, and other good animals. When Thormanby carried off the Derby, Mr. Merry, who backed his horses heavily when he fancied their chances, won £40,000 in bets.

The names of Buckstone, Scottish Chief, Teddington, Marksman, Belladrum, Doncaster, and Marie Stuart—all popular favourites, trained by Dawson or Peck—will always be associated with pleasant recollections of Mr. Merry, and the honest struggles for victory over all our national courses and in all our great races of the "boy in yellow."

In 1873, Mr. Merry, whose health was beginning to fail, decided to retire from the Turf. His horses in training, sold at Tattersall's, realized 7,360 guineas. Mr. Gee bought Scottish Chief for 5,600 guineas. Mr. Houldsworth gave 2,100 guineas for the brood mares Lady Morgan and Lioness. But the two cracks of the stud—the Derby and St. Leger winners—were sold privately. Peck, who had been for some years installed at Russley in the place of Waugh, gave 10,000 guineas for the horse, and Mr. Stirling Crawford paid 3,500 guineas for the mare.

Mr. Merry, who died at his town house in Eaton-square, in February, 1877, was the eldest son of Mr. James Merry, a wealthy Glasgow merchant. He was born in 1805, and received his education at the

University of Glasgow, afterwards going into business and becoming a leading ironmaster and proprietor of extensive works in Lanarkshire and Ayrshire. In politics Mr. Merry was an advanced Liberal. He was a popular member of Parliament, but never took an active part in political life. Questions on his public appearance before his constituents turned generally on his horses quite as much as on politics. For example, at Hamilton, in July, 1865, when addressing the electors, various questions were put to him, among them the following:—Mr. James Strang: "What is your opinion of the Derby?" Mr. Merry: "In reply to that question, I can only say that in regard to the next Derby, I will do my best to carry it off—as I have done on several other occasions—for the sake of old Scotland." But Student failed to fulfil the expectations of his owner and trainer, and of the good people of the Falkirk burghs.

"It was" we read "a favourite amusement with Cobbett to indicate in his *Daily Register* the names of those few Members of Parliament who could write an ordinary letter without mistakes in spelling. If the old Hampshire yeoman told the truth, the unreformed Parliament from 1820 to 1830 contained a grievous array of ignoramuses; but it is probable that the worst of them was not inferior to the late wealthy Member for the Falkirk Burghs. When he first appeared upon the hustings, Scotland was convulsed with laughter at stories about the maladroït

answers rendered by Mr. Merry to perplexing questions; and it was recorded that, having promised to vote against Church Rates, the Law of Hypothec, and sundry other abominations in Scotch eyes, he was finally questioned as to his opinion with regard to the Decalogue. The word was not less incomprehensible to the unfortunate candidate than the characters upon the Rosetta Stone, but he boldly solved the difficulty connected with the various matters submitted to him, including the last, by avowing in his broad Lowland Scotch dialect that he would 'abolish them all.' The late Lord Valentia, with whom Mr. Merry was intimate in his youth, used to relate that when 'the Glasgae body,' as he termed himself, paid his first visit to London, no workhouse child was ever more ignorant of the world and its ways."

The late Mr. Blenkiron first had a sale of blood stock at Middle Park in 1856, when thirteen lots were sold at an average price of 111 guineas. The results of seventeen years' sales at the great establishment at Eltham were as follows:—

Year.	Lots.			Total.	Average.
1856 . . .	13 . .	£1,447 .	£111		
1857 . . .	23 . .	2,691 . .	116		
1858 . . .	22 . .	2,196 . .	100		
1859 . . .	23 . .	2,396 . .	104		
1860 . . .	31 . .	3,955 . .	127½		
1861 . . .	37 . .	9,559 . .	258		
1862 . . .	33 . .	7,746 . .	235		
1863 . . .	41 . .	7,917 . .	193		

Year.	Lots.	Total.	Average.
1864 . . .	43 .	£11,855 .	£275½
1865 . . .	45 . .	14,401 . .	230
1866 . . .	42 . .	18,720 . .	445
1866 (2nd sale) . .	22 . .	7,125 . .	324
1867 . . .	42 . .	19,525 . .	446
1867 (2nd sale) . .	35 . .	12,620 . .	360½
1868 . . .	47 . .	13,890 . .	295½
1868 (2nd sale) . .	43 . .	6,980 . .	162½
1869 . . .	52 . .	12,630 . .	243
1869 (2nd sale) . .	35 . .	4,930 . .	140
1870 . . .	49 . .	16,306 . .	333
1870 (2nd sale) . .	38 . .	5,360 . .	141
1871 . . .	46 . .	14,525 . .	315½
1871 (2nd sale) . .	40 . .	4,540 . .	113½
1872 (1st sale) . .	58 . .	17,095 . .	295

The above tabulated statement of results in connection with the sales of produce from this monster breeding establishment, from its institution in 1856, is of great interest. Among the famous sires sold were Gladiateur (that fell to Mr. Blenkiron's nod at the immense price of 5,800 guineas), Marsyas, Blair Athol (bought for 5,000 guineas), and King John, a special favourite with the founder of the great stud.

It is no secret that, as a commercial speculation, the Middle Park stud farm paid its public-spirited proprietor a handsome return on his outlay during his lifetime. In support of this, it is only necessary to say that the average price of all the yearlings sold at Middle Park from the first establishment of the stud was over 250 guineas.

Besides the sires, the best of the Middle Park brood mares—several of them rich in strains of blood now hard to be got for love or money—re-

maintained in the hands of Englishmen. Such mares as Rosa Bonheur (that cost 2,000 guineas), Margery Daw (dam of See-saw), Defenceless, and Seclusion (dams of Derby winners); England's Beauty, Terrific, Reginella, and other *ci-devant* flyers, attracted much attention.

The stud formed by the late Mr. Blenkiron was sold pursuant to the instructions of his will, and the greatest interest was felt in the dispersion of the matchless collection of blood stock located at Middle Park by many persons who are never seen on a racecourse, as well as by those immediately interested in Turf pursuits. And the representatives of foreign Governments and sportsmen contested the best lots very keenly; but the universal wish was that the five hundred and odd head of thoroughbred stock left by the late owner of Middle Park might fetch a price that would remunerate his representatives for his great enterprise and outlay in bringing them together. Mr. Blenkiron's liberality was shown in many ways—conspicuously, however, in his founding the great two-year-old race at Newmarket, to which he contributed £1,000 a year, until the Jockey Club decided to relieve him of this tax for the future, and give the added money themselves. The Nestor of that Club and of the Turf—Admiral Rous—paid a just tribute to Mr. Blenkiron's munificence when he said:—“The extravagant prices which good-looking yearlings command in the market have given a very great impulse

to breeding establishments, the majority of which enjoy wholesome profits; but, with the exception of the owner of Middle Park, I cannot discover, among the gentlemen who breed race-horses for sale, one person who is willing to contribute the slightest percentage of his gains to form a fund for a great national prize, although the value of their stock will be enhanced in proportion to the amount of the prizes *in prospectu*." "Extravagant prices," indeed, were given for good yearlings many times in the history of the famous meadows where Caractacus and The Hermit first trotted beside their dams. But the fact remains that very few of the "extravagantly" dear youngsters ever earned their corn after they left Eltham. The sight of the ring round Mr. Tattersall's hammer on that Saturday afternoon recalled many memories of the past—of the day when, in the old and brief plunging era, a few young men who inherited great fortunes and great names, only to make ducks and drakes of the one and trail the other in the dirt, gave thousands apiece for yearlings that never won them back as many farthings: prices that had never been heard of before that day, and have never been reached since. But when a nobleman, hardly more than a boy in years, boasted that he could win a quarter of a million if he won the Derby, and "meant to try it on," what did it matter if he gave two thousand apiece for the colts from which his Epsom champion was to be chosen? That day has gone by. Some of the men who

made its history are dead—some are ruined. Without being uncharitable, the present generation of noble and gentle Turfites may learn a lesson from the fate of the moths whose wings were so hopelessly burnt in the seasons of 1864, 1865, 1866, and 1867. Lord Falmouth's experience is that the sport of seeing horses run may be very interesting without wagering a penny on the result; and, for the honour of the ancient and thoroughly English sport, let it be said that many of its most influential patrons are content to follow it in this wise. A hundred years ago, a man was satisfied to match his horse for a hundred guineas over the Beacon Course. Why should not moderate winnings satisfy his descendants? But it is an appetite for winning large sums—planning to “pull off” a great *coup*—that has tended to degrade the sport, and, making the horse Lord Derby's “instrument of gaming,” that has demoralized the *habitués* of the racecourse. We want more gentlemen who will race for honour and the stakes, and the palmy days of the Turf may be revived. There are many hopeful signs, and none more suggestive than that conveyed in the career of such a man as the late William Blenkiron. The story of his stud has often been told, but it will bear telling again, for it is a story of great enterprise and sagacity rewarded by great success. After his lamented death in September, 1871, a writer in a sporting paper thus told the tale of the rise of the Middle Park stud: “Mr. Blenkiron was

born at Marrick, a small village about seven miles from Richmond, in Yorkshire. He was originally brought up a farmer; but abandoning that pursuit, he came to London, and began the manufacturing business he and his son carried on for many years in Wood-street, Cheapside. Just twenty-four years ago, he became possessed of the foundation of the great Middle Park stud. This was Glance, a filly, by Venison out of a Whisker mare, bred by Lord George Bentinck. When a youthful courier arrived one Sunday afternoon with the news that a foal was born, Mr. Blenkiron, who had some friends to dinner, deserted his wine and walnuts in a trice, and ran the quarter of a mile to the shed at a pace truly surprising. In due time the colt was trained, and was ultimately changed away for three mares, and thus did a good part towards founding the stud. About 1852 Mr. Blenkiron removed from Dalston to Middle Park, and brought with him seven or eight brood mares, and Neasham, the head of the list of Eltham sires."

Mr. Blenkiron's first sale brought him, in 1856, 100 guineas a-head for his produce; at the best sale he ever had, two yearlings brought him 4,500 guineas between them. When he began his enterprise, he had to lead Glance through his front door into a shed in his garden, where she was stalled. He left Middle Park by far the finest haras in the country.

The Stud Company followed; but these companies

have not been successful either in breeding good horses or in paying their proprietors a dividend. At the time of the dispersion of Mr. Blenkiron's animals, the principal North of England public studs were the Moorlands, Sheffield-lane, and Neasham, which had stepped into the places of renown once filled by the Rawcliffe, Fairfield, and other once famous names.

CHAPTER XVI.

STEEPLECHASING—DUKE OF NEWCASTLE—LORD ST. VINCENT—MR. CLARK—"THE DRUID"—MR. HEATHCOTE—THE JOCKEY CLUB.

A FEW matters remain to be mentioned before bringing these volumes to an end. The popular sport of steeplechasing is of much more modern origin than flat-racing. It is said to have partly owed its origin to a hurdle-race, a "lark over sheep-pens," in which George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, Mrs. Fitzherbert, and their gay companions indulged for the first time one afternoon on Brighton Downs. Mr. Blaine, in his "Encyclopædia of Rural Sports," relates that towards the close of the last century the Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert commonly amused themselves by hunting the hare on Brighton Downs with a pack of lap-dog beagles. The 10th Hussars, of which the Prince was colonel, were at that time quartered at Brighton, and many of his brother officers followed him across country. Hares were generally found for the party by shepherds well fee'd for providing the sport, but on one afternoon no hare could be found. Hunting was, therefore, out of the question,

but the Prince proposed that some jumping matches should take place over the hurdles within which the Southdown sheep are folded at night. Hurdle jumping followed, and a mare by Enterprise so much distinguished herself that the Prince wished to buy her for Mrs. Fitzherbert. The purchase could not be made, as the owner was unwilling to sell his flying animal, but from that afternoon hurdle-racing dates its origin. Steeplechasing became fashionable soon after. The origin of the word is somewhat obscure; several derivations have been given, but perhaps the true one is that adopted in Dr. Latham's Johnson, in which steeplechase is defined as a "race across country on horseback from the starting-point to some conspicuous object (either a steeple or something equally visible at a distance) as a winning post."

Although the spontaneous growth of this form of sport has been very marked during the past thirty or forty years, there were steeplechases at Liverpool, Newport Pagnell, Leamington, St. Albans, Cheltenham, and Worcester, when no such body as the Grand National Hunt Committee had come into existence. The old stamp of steeplechase horses—old-fashioned, well-made hunters, such as Grimaldi, Lottery, and Cigar—has given place to a generation of thoroughbred racers, whose firmness of bone, clearness of wind, and elasticity of muscle qualify them for leaping better across country than the horses Colonel Charretie and Captain Beecher rode

to victory. Since the early days of Jem Mason and Tom Oliver, two of the best natural horsemen ever seen in silk, several generations of jockeys have overcome the obstacles of a Liverpool Grand National or Punchestown course; but the sport continues and maintains its popularity, and is likely to do so as long as riding well to hounds figures among the manly sports of English, Scotch, and Irish gentlemen.

A few words may be said of the Duke of Newcastle and Lord St. Vincent, both of whom have died during the present year, and both of whom, though in very different ways, were patrons of the Turf. The Duke began to race as early as 1856, when Earl of Lincoln, having a few horses in Mr. Parr's stable, at Benhams, near Wantage. The venture was eminently unsuccessful; his father, the popular Whig statesman, objected to his keeping race-horses, and for a time he was a spectator only. The next start the Duke made was in William Goater's stable, at Findon; but no good luck came to the violet and white hoops until the Duke secured the services of Matthew Dawson, who had just left Mr. Merry. The purchase of Mr. Padwick's stud followed, and racing was begun on an extensive scale. A complete breeding establishment was formed at Clumber; but both on the Turf and at the stud the Duke's efforts were unsuccessful. Julius was the best horse he owned, but the Cesarewitch

victory of Julius could not stem the tide of disaster. Thirty-five thousand acres of land and a rent-roll of nearly seventy-five thousand pounds a year proved insufficient to provide the means for the Duke's "plunging" tastes, while his connection with the usurers completed his ruin. The estates were placed in the hands of trustees, and the contents of the family mansion on Carlton House-terrace, the heirlooms only excepted, were dispersed under the hammer. The Duke's death was sudden. It occurred on February 21st of the present year, at his apartments at the Park Hotel, Park-place, St. James's. The Duke had been ailing with gout for about ten days, and, it is stated, had been attended by a homœopathic physician, but a fatal termination to his illness was not expected. On Saturday morning his valet took him his coffee as usual, and found him comparatively well, and without complaint; but some short time afterwards, on returning to his Grace, he found him dead in his room.

Henry Pelham Alexander Pelham-Clinton was the sixth Duke of Newcastle, and was born in 1834, succeeding to the title in 1864. Having been educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, he sat as M.P. for Newark 1857-9, and was attached to Earl Granville's Special Embassy to Russia in 1856. He was a deputy-lieutenant of Nottinghamshire, and late lieutenant of the Sherwood Rangers. He was also Grand Master of the Freemasons of the province of Nottinghamshire in 1865. In 1861 his Grace married

Henrietta Adela, only daughter of the late Henry Thomas Hope, Esq., of Deepdene, Surrey, by whom he left issue two sons and two daughters.

Lord St. Vincent, with whose brown jacket and silver braid the public, a few years ago, were very familiar, had long since ceased to race. His first Turf venture was a half-share in Klarikoff, bought at a high figure from his owner, Mr. Padwick. Klari-koff was at the time the favourite for Kettledrum's Derby. Later, Lord St. Vincent had a filly named The Orphan, who had shown good form, and from whom great things were expected at home. On his first appearance in public Lord Clifden beat her easily. Mr. "Jack" Holmes was entrusted with the commission to buy him. He was lucky enough to secure the colt for Lord St. Vincent, and the brown and silver were often carried to victory on his back. The winner of the Doncaster Champagne Stakes became in great request for the Derby, and on the Saturday before the Epsom event, it was a close run between Lord Clifden and Macaroni for the position of first favourite. The week was wet, and the muddy state of the ground caused Lord St. Vincent's horse to be driven back to 10 to 1. In the race he made a gallant struggle, and many persons believe to this day that he won. To Lord St. Vincent the putting up of Macaroni's number was a cruel blow, for he had already been congratulated by his friends upon his victory, and was on his way on to the course to

lead back his horse to scale. The St. Leger, however, brought consolation, for, starting first favourite, Lord Clifden won the great Yorkshire race, and Mr. Jackson paid over to his owner eleven one thousand pound notes which he had lost to him over a bet against the horse laid at Brighton. After Lord Clifden's retirement from the Turf, Lord St. Vincent had several other attempts at winning the great races. With the exception of the soft Redan, however, who ran a dead heat with Lord Lyon for the Doncaster Champagne Stakes, he rarely, if ever, afterwards owned a moderately good horse.

The son and grandson of a racing judge, Mr. John Francis Clark has occupied the box for twenty-seven years, having been installed in Daniel O'Rourke's year, though he had before that on a few occasions appeared as his father's deputy. Mr. Clark is an architect by profession, and has planned and carried out a great number of race-stands throughout the country. The first professional racing judge was Mr. John Hilton; before his day one or other of the stewards had always filled the office of judge. After an occupancy of thirty-six years, Mr. Hilton retired in 1806, when Mr. Clark's grandfather was made judge. He resigned his post in favour of his son in 1822; so that for some seventy-three years this important office has been held in the family. It is wholly superfluous to praise Mr. Clark's administration of his high office; he has always been an upright judge, as his father and grandfather were before him.

Mr. Heathcote, the Epsom squire, died in March, 1869. He raced in an old-fashioned way, as his father had done before him, and thoroughly understood and enjoyed the sport, as he did hunting. He was one of the most popular men on the Turf with all classes, and the crimson jacket, carried by "that old Beeswing," or other horse of his, was cheered most lustily when it was victorious.

Henry Hall Dixon, "the Druid," one of our best, but least methodical sporting writers, died at the early age of forty-eight, in the spring of 1870. Educated at Rugby, and Trinity College, Cambridge, Mr. Dixon came to London in 1850, and began at once a series of Turf pencillings in the *Sporting Magazine*. His first book, "Post and Paddock," appeared in 1856, and the other volumes of the series followed at short intervals. He contributed also to the *Mark Lane Express*, to the *Daily News*, and to the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

There exists no chronicle to tell us in what year the Jockey Club sprang into being; but it is certain that between 1750 and 1760 a few noblemen and gentlemen, many of whom rode their own horses and were their own jockeys, banded themselves together to form the Club which now occupies, and has for a long period occupied, a large and distinguished place in the social life of England. Though the objects of the Club were from its institution clearly defined, there appears to have been no particular

qualification imposed as a condition of membership, except that there may be quoted, in contravention, the original title to enrolment on the Jockey Club books—"that none but members with boots and spurs" be admitted. The average strength of the Club of late years has been about a hundred members all told; but though this is nominally the strength of the Club, for legislative purposes considerable deductions must be made, as in this total are comprised the honorary members, who have not the right of voting at the different meetings. These honorary members are the President, Vice-President, and the three Stewards of the French Jockey Club; the President of the American Jockey Club; Comte de Lagrange and M. Lupin, who were elected out of compliment to the owners of French race-horses; and the Director of the Royal Meeting at Ascot. There are also the Royal members of the Club, who rarely, if ever, vote. The business meetings are usually attended by from fifteen to twenty members who are *habitués* of the race meetings. It has often been said that the Turf owes much more to Parliament than to the Jockey Club, and this is true; but attempts to popularize the Turf Council and extend its basis have hitherto failed, and perhaps it is for the best interests of the Turf that it should remain in constitution what it has always been.

When the oldest members of that Club were boys, there were but sixty annual race meetings in England and Wales, five in Scotland, and four in Ireland.

In 1816, the fixtures had grown to eighty-four in England and Wales, to nine in Scotland, and eight in Ireland. In 1839, there were 132 race meetings in England, nine in Wales, nine in Scotland, while Ireland counted but three. The wonderful progress of the sport since that date has been duly noticed in these pages. Nor are the prizes of the Turf incommensurate with its growth and popularity. The old Duke of Grafton or the fifth Earl of Jersey would have stared at the value of the stakes and the magnitude of the bets—the Derby won by Lord Lyon having been worth £7,350, while that won by Bay Middleton was worth little more than half the amount; at the same time the public interest in the sport is so great that, by means of the sporting journals and tipsters' circulars, many a vigilant reader of the training reports knows more of the doings of the horses which are in work at Newmarket and other great training grounds than the owners themselves.

It has been thought best in these pages, as a rule, to draw the line at those supporters of the Turf and other actors on the busy scene who have passed away. It may be well, however, to make honourable mention of the following noblemen and gentlemen who form the mainstay of the sport at the present time:—Sir J. D. Astley, Duke of Beaufort, Mr. Bowes, Mr. H. Chaplin, Sir G. Chetwynd, Lord Coventry, Mr. W. Crawford, Lord Falmouth, Mr. Gretton,

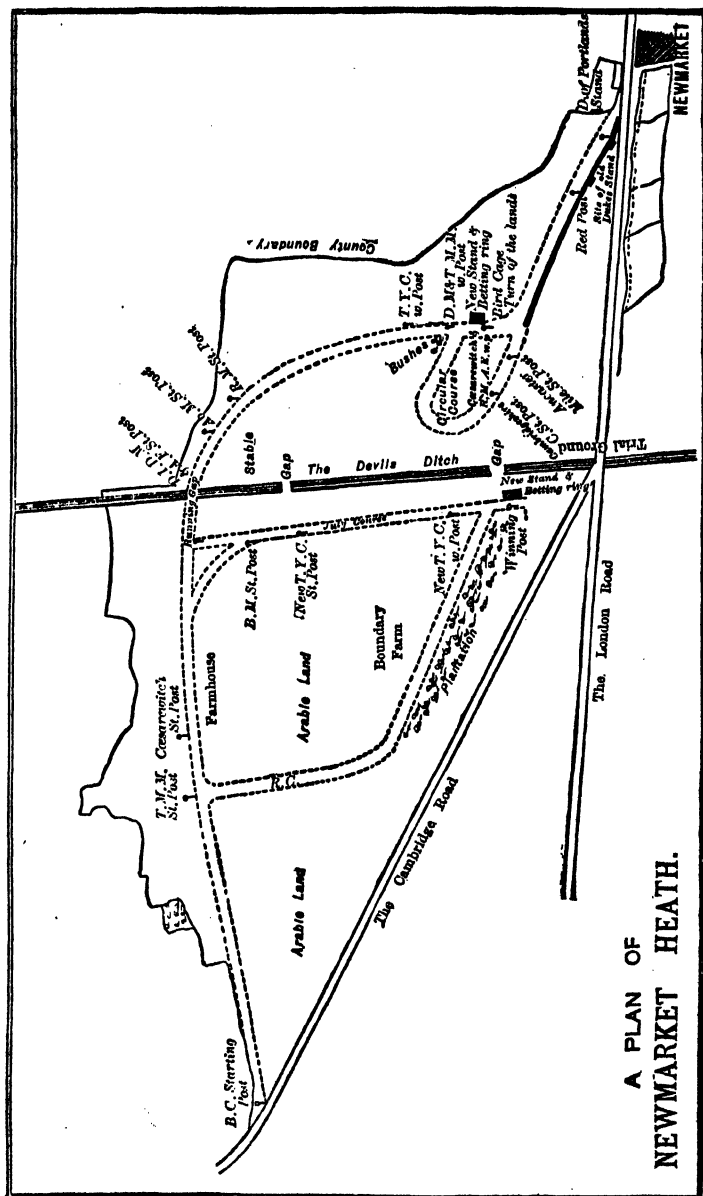
Duke of Hamilton, Lord Hartington, Sir F. Johnstone, Captain Machell, Mr. R. C. Naylor, Lord Rosebery, Mr. H. Savile, Lord Stamford, Duke of Westminster.

To their names might be added those of a number of jockeys and trainers distinguished in their profession, all of them men as honest and as skilful as any to be found in the classic lists of bygone times.

The Derby, as a representative race, has for a long period of years maintained its hold upon the affections of the people, and has been signalized by the owners of the winners in various ways. In 1834, Mr. Batson promised his tenants that if Plenipotentiary won they should hold their farms rent free for a year. In the next year, when the great Southern race was won for the first time by a horse coming from the North, the victory of Mundig was celebrated by Mr. Bowes by merry peals from the church bells, and by setting the counties of York and Durham ablaze with bonfires. In 1838, when Sir Gilbert Heathcote's Amato won, the Stock Exchange took a holiday, and Mr. Crockford paid them, in the aggregate, £30,000. From that day to this a victory in the great race at Epsom has been the wish dearest to every honourable owner's heart. It may be that in the distant future the greatest equine contest of the year will be decided on some region remote from Epsom Downs: it may pos-

sibly be in the United States of America, in Australia, or in New Zealand. It may be, by that time, that Heine's lampoon of the British aristocracy, in which he summarized them as asses that talk of horses, will have become obsolete. But at present, with such support as the British Turf boasts, it is highly improbable that any one now living will see the end in England of that

“Sport which Grafton loves;
Which Spencer, Portland, Albemarle approves;
Which Kings have fostered, and a country's pride,
Protest who may, will never cast aside.”



A PLAN OF
NEWMARKET HEATH.

RULES OF RACING.

PART I.—INTERPRETATION AND APPLICATION OF THESE RULES.

1. *General Definitions.*—"Race" includes plate, match, or sweepstakes, but does not include or refer to a steeplechase, hurdle race, or a hunters' race on the flat.

"Horse" includes mare or gelding.

"Plate" means a race to be run for money or other prizes given without any stake being made by the owners of the horses engaged to go to the winner.

"Sweepstakes" means a race in which stakes are to be made by the owners of three or more horses to go to the winner; and any such race is still a sweepstakes, even although the money is reduced by death to two subs., or although money or any other prize be added, and although the word "plate" be used in the official or ordinary name or description of such race.

"Recognized meeting" or "recognized race," used with reference to a foreign meeting or race, means a meeting or race included in the list of foreign meetings and races to be made as directed in these Rules.

A "maiden" means a horse which has never won a plate or sweepstakes at any meeting in Great Britain, or at any recognized meeting in any other country.

A match at "catch weights" means a match in which the riders need not weigh before or after the race. Catch weights are permissible only for matches.

"Registry office" means such office as is for the time being appointed as the registry office by the Jockey Club; and expressions in these Rules or in the programme or conditions of any meeting or race referring to Messrs. Weatherby's mean the registry office as herein defined.

The "Racing Calendar" and the "Stud-book" mean the works published under those names respectively for the time being authorized by the Jockey Club.

The "Sheet Calendar," the "Monthly Calendar," and the "Book Calendars" of "Races Past" and of "Races to Come" mean the parts or editions of the "Racing Calendar" as published under or usually known by those names respectively.

The Channel Islands and the Isle of Man are not included in the expression "Great Britain," but they are included (with Ireland) in the expression "the United Kingdom."

"Month" means a calendar month.

2. *Application of these Rules.*—(i) These Rules apply to all meetings held under the control of the Jockey Club, or advertised in the "Racing Calendar" to be held subject to these Rules;

(ii) If a horse run in a race at any meeting in Great Britain which is not so advertised, he is perpetually disqualified for all races to which these Rules apply.

(iii) The Stewards of the Jockey Club may at their discretion prohibit the advertisement of any meeting in the official "Racing Calendar."

3. *Commencement of these Rules.*—These Rules shall come into operation on the first day of January, 1877, and any other Rules of Racing shall be annulled as from that day, without prejudice to then existing rights or liabilities.

PART II.—MANAGEMENT OF MEETINGS AND POWERS OF STEWARDS.

4. *Meetings.*—(i) Every meeting must be advertised in the "Racing Calendar;"

(ii) The advertisement must state that the meeting is to be subject to the Rules of Racing, and must state as soon as practicable the days on which the meeting is to begin and end, and the names of two or more persons as stewards, and of the judge, starter, and clerk of the scales;

(iii) No meeting shall be advertised in the "Racing Calendar" unless the money added be not less than 300 sovs. per day, 150 of which at least shall be added to races of a mile and upwards, and the minimum so required to be added shall be given, notwithstanding any condition to the contrary, if there be five entries, and three horses the property of different owners start;

(iv) No race shall be run earlier than in the week which includes the 25th March, or later than in the week which includes the 22nd of November. Exception: If the week including the 25th of March is the week next before Easter Sunday, races may be run in the week next but one before Easter Sunday;

(v) A meeting shall be deemed to commence at ten in the morning of the day for which the first race is advertised, and to conclude at ten in the evening of the last day of the races;

(vi) The stewards in case of urgent necessity may from time to time put off any races from day to day until a Sunday intervenes.

POWERS OF STEWARDS.

5. *General Powers of Stewards.*—(i) The stewards of a meeting shall have full power to make all such arrangements for the conduct of a meeting as they think fit; and to regulate and control the conduct of all officials, and of all jockeys, grooms, and persons attendant on horses; and to determine all questions or disputes arising between any persons at or in relation to anything done or omitted in reference to racing, except only disputes or claims relating to bets;

(ii) They shall have power to punish at their discretion any official or jockey or other person subject to their control with fine or with suspension from acting or riding at the same meeting, and to report to the Stewards of the Jockey Club any further punishment which they consider necessary:

Provided that they shall not fine any person more than £50 (unless they are Stewards of the Jockey Club, in which case they may impose any fine not exceeding £100);

(iii) They shall exclude from the stands, enclosures, saddling paddocks, weighing-rooms, and other places under their control, every person who has been warned off Newmarket Heath for corrupt practices on the Turf, and every jockey who has been suspended for corrupt practices on the Turf, so long as the sentence against such person or jockey remains in force. They shall in like manner exclude any person who has been declared by the Turf Club in Ireland, or by the stewards of any recognized meeting in any country, to have been guilty of any corrupt or fraudulent practice on the Turf;

(iv) If any case occur which is not, or which is alleged not to be, provided for by these Rules, it shall be determined by the stewards in such manner as they think just, and they shall report the case with their decision (and with their consent to an appeal, if they give such consent) to the Stewards of the Jockey Club for confirmation;

(v) The decision of the stewards, or of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, in case of appeal, shall be final, and shall not be questioned in any court except by leave of the stewards by whom it was made.

6. *Stewards and Deputies.*—A steward may appoint a deputy at any time.
 7. *Powers of Stewards after Conclusion of Meeting.*—The powers of the stewards continue after the meeting for all purposes relating to disputes, objections, penalties, and disqualifications.

JUDGES, STARTERS, AND OTHER OFFICIALS.

8. *Judges, Starters, &c.*—A judge, a starter, and a clerk of the scales shall be appointed for every meeting, subject to the approval of the stewards.

No judge, starter, clerk of the course, clerk of the scales, or other official can employ a deputy or substitute during the hours of racing without the consent of the stewards.

A race cannot be decided unless the judge or his authorized deputy or substitute, or a steward, occupy the judge's box at the time when the horses pass the winning post.

The judge shall send a report of the result of the race, signed by him, to the registry office.

PART III.—GENERAL CONDITIONS AND RESTRICTIONS.—AGE OF HORSES.

9. *General Rule with respect to Age.*—(i) The age of a horse shall be reckoned as beginning on the 1st of January in the year in which he is foaled;

(ii) Yearlings shall not run for any race. Two-year-olds shall not run for any handicap before the 1st of September, nor after that date with any but two-year-olds;

(iii) Two-year-olds shall not run more than six furlongs before the 1st of September, nor less than four furlongs on or after that date;

(iv) Three-year-olds and upwards shall not run less than five furlongs for a plate or sweepstakes.

WEIGHTS AND ALLOWANCES.

10. *Weights and Allowances.*—(i) No horse shall carry less than 5st. 7lbs. in any plate or sweepstakes.

(ii) The top weight in a handicap shall not be less than 8st. 12lbs., and if the highest weight accepting be less than this it shall be raised to 8st. 12lbs., and the other weights shall be raised in proportion;

(iii) No horse shall receive allowance of weights, or be relieved from extra weight, for having been beaten in one or more races: provided that this rule shall not prohibit maiden allowances;

(iv) No horse shall carry extra weight for having run second, or in any lower place in any race or races: provided that this rule shall not exempt a horse which has received £100 or upwards for having been placed, from being debarred from maiden allowance by the conditions of any particular race;

(v) Allowances and extra weights shall not be allowed or incurred in respect of matches or private sweepstakes, and penalties are not cumulative unless so declared by the conditions of the race.

MISCELLANEOUS.

11. *Miscellaneous Rules with respect to Conditions of Races.*—Subject to the express provisions of the conditions of a race, the following rules shall apply to all conditions of races:—

(i) Winnings during the year shall include all prizes from the commencement of the racing season to the time appointed for the start, and shall apply to all recognized races in any country, and winning shall include walking over or receiving forfeit;

(ii) The value of prizes not in money must be advertised;

(iii) In estimating the value of a race, there shall be deducted the amount of the winner's own stake and entrance, and any money payable to other

horses, or out of the stakes by the conditions of the race, or by the general conditions of the meeting, except discount, clerks' fees, stakeholding, and weighing fees;

(iv) Conditions referring to maidens shall mean maidens at the time of the start.

12. *Minimum Value of Plate or Stakes.*—No plate or sweepstakes shall be run for unless the clear value to the winner (calculated under Rule 11), in case the race be run by two or more horses, will amount to £100. But if the value would amount to £100, if the race were so run, a horse may walk over, although he thereby receives less than £100;

13. *One Horse only to be run for a Plate by the same Person.*—No person can run for a plate, either in his own or any other name, two horses of which he is wholly or partly owner, unless permitted to do so by a special clause in the conditions.

PART IV.—ENTRY AND SUBSCRIPTION FOR RACES.

14. *Horses must be duly entered for Plate or Sweepstakes.*—A horse shall not be qualified to run for any plate or sweepstakes unless he has been and continues duly entered for the same.

15. *Time and Place of Entry.*—A time and place or places for the entry of horses for every plate or sweepstakes must be advertised in the "Sheet Racing Calendar." Provided that if the time so advertised falls during a Newmarket race week, any entry to be made at Messrs. Weatherby's may be made at Newmarket, whether so advertised or not.

The list of entries shall be closed at the advertised time, and no entry shall be permitted in any case or on any terms to be made after that time.

If no hour is fixed for closing, the list shall not be closed till midnight on the advertised day.

All entries made elsewhere than at Messrs. Weatherby's office (except entries made during the week of the meeting or on the Saturday preceding the meeting) shall be lodged at that office on or before the seventh day after the day of closing, or the receiver of nominations shall be fined ten sovs., and the nomination shall be void, unless the nominator can prove to the satisfaction of the Stewards of the Jockey Club that the entry was made in due time.

16. *Entry, how made.*—Entry shall be made by writing, signed by the owner of the horse or by some person deputed by him, or by telegraph, which shall be equally binding. Entries by telegram must, however, be confirmed in writing at the earliest possible opportunity, and in all cases before the time of weighing, or the horse shall not be allowed to start.

It shall state the name of the owner and the name or description of the horse, and (if the race is for horses of different ages) the age which the horse will be at the time of the race.

Entrance money must (if so required) be paid at the time of entry.

Allowances must be claimed at the time of entry, except when otherwise specified, or they shall not be allowed.

17. *Description of Horse in First Entry.*—In entering a horse for the first time he shall be described by stating his colour (when possible), and whether he is a horse, mare, or gelding, and the "Calendar" or "Stud-book" names of his sire and dam. If the dam was covered by more than one stallion the names of all must be stated, and by which stallion the mare was last covered. If the sire or dam has no name in the "Calendar" or "Stud-book," such further pedigree and description must be added as will clearly distinguish the horse entered from all other horses, and if the pedigree of the sire or dam be unknown, such further particulars as to where they were purchased or obtained must be given as will identify them.

18. *Name or Description in subsequent Entries.*—The description as in the last rule mentioned must be repeated in every entry of the horse until an entry of him by description, with a proposed name, has been published in the

"Racing Calendar." In any entry after such publication it will be sufficient to enter him by such name without description.

If a horse be entered with a proposed name for the first time in several races closing on the same day, the description need not be added in more than the first of such entries.

19. *Change of Name.*—Whenever the name of a horse which has run is changed, his old name as well as his new name must be given in every entry until the change has been published in two "Monthly Calendars" or the "Book Calendar."

20. *Similar Names.*—A name may be claimed for a horse, either by entry and publication as mentioned in the foregoing Rules, or at any time by sending the pedigree to the registry office. When a name has been claimed for a horse in either of the above ways, any other horse for which the same name is afterwards claimed must be distinguished by the addition of the numerals II. or III., &c., and by the names of the sire and dam. If the same name is proposed or claimed for two or more horses at the same time, the order of priority shall be determined by lot by Messrs. Weatherby. Any person entering a horse in contravention of this Rule shall be liable to a fine not exceeding £50.

21. *Assumed Names of Owners.*—No assumed name of an owner shall be used in any subscription or entry unless such assumed name is duly registered, as follows:—

(i) The person intending to use an assumed name must register it annually at the registry office. A registration continues effectual during the current year;

(ii) A person cannot have more than one assumed name registered at the same time, nor can he use his real name in any subscription or entry so long as he has a registered assumed name;

(iii) An assumed name may be changed at any time by registering a new assumed name;

(iv) A person cannot register as his assumed name a name which has been already registered by any other person, or the real name of any other person who runs horses in races in such other person's real name;

(v) On every registration or change of an assumed name there must be paid at the registry office, to the credit of the Jockey Club, a fee of twenty-five guineas;

(vi) Out of the fees received under this Rule, a per-centage, to be fixed from time to time by the Jockey Club, shall be paid to the Bentinck Benevolent Fund, and the remainder shall be carried to the Racing Fund of the Jockey Club.

22. *Subscriptions are transferable.*—A person who subscribes to a sweepstakes has the right of transferring the right of entry under any one or more of his subscriptions to any other person or persons.

23. *Subscriptions and Entries cannot be struck out.*—A subscription cannot be withdrawn, but an entry of a horse under a subscription may, before the time of closing, be altered by substituting another horse.

24. *Death of Person who has made a Subscription or Entry.*—Subscriptions and all entries or rights of entry under them become void on the death of the subscriber.

Entries (except entries made under another person's subscription) become void on the death of the persons in whose names they are made.

If either party to a match die, the match is off.

25. *No Alteration of Entry after Closing.*—No alteration or addition shall be made in any entry after the time fixed for closing, except that when a horse has been duly described a name or number may be added.

26. *Partnership in Horses.*—A horse cannot be entered in the real or assumed name of any person as his owner unless that person's interest or property in the horse is at least equal to that of any other one person.

PART V.—STAKES AND FORFEITS.

27. Liability for Stakes and Forfeits.—A person entering a horse for a race thereby becomes liable for the entrance money and stake or forfeit.

A subscriber to a sweepstakes is liable for the stake or forfeit; but if he transfer the right of entry to any other person he is liable only in case of default by the transferee, and in that case he may recover it from the transferee.

A person taking an entry under another person's subscription, where forfeit must be declared by a particular time, if he do not declare forfeit by that time shall be considered to have taken the engagement upon himself, and the original subscriber shall cease to be liable.

28. Payment and Application of Stakes and Forfeits.—Entrance money, stakes, and forfeits must be paid in cash (if required) to the clerk of the course or authorized stakeholder. If any clerk of the course allow a horse to start in a race without his stake for that race having been paid, such clerk shall be liable for it himself.

Stakes and forfeits in a race belong to the winner, except as otherwise declared in the conditions, and the stakeholder shall render an account to him, or his agent, and pay over all stakes and added money within fifteen days of the conclusion of the meeting. If the race be never run or be void, they shall be returned.

Entrance money shall be paid into the race fund of the meeting, except in the case of a sweepstakes where no money or less than £50 is given from the race fund or other public source, in which case the entrance money shall go to the winner, or to some other horse or horses in the race.

29. Stake and Arrears must be paid before starting.—A horse shall not start for a race unless there have been duly paid before weighing (1) any stake, entrance money, or fee payable in respect of that race; and also (2) all arrears due from any person for such horse, or due for the same or any other horse from any person by whom such horse is wholly or partly owned, or in whose name or under whose subscription he is entered.

In this Rule "arrears" includes any sums payable for fines, fees, entrance money, stakes, or forfeits in respect of any race at the same or any other meeting in the United Kingdom, and any sum in respect of which a person has been declared a defaulter: Provided that arrears of forfeits in respect of a meeting at any other place than the place at which the race is run shall not be included, unless notice of such forfeits being overdue has been published in the Unpaid Forfeit List or Steeplechase Forfeit List, or delivered in writing, signed by the party claiming the arrears, to the clerk of the course or stakeholder, or to the person indebted, before ten in the evening preceding the race.

This Rule shall apply to arrears at the Curragh and other recognized meetings in Ireland, or at any steeplechase meeting in the United Kingdom held under the Grand National Steeplechase Rules, or Irish National Hunt Steeplechase Rules.

THE UNPAID FORFEIT LIST.

30. Unpaid Forfeit List.—(i) An Unpaid Forfeit List shall be kept at the registry office, and shall be published in the Sheet Calendar after the Newmarket July Meeting and again at the conclusion of the racing season in every year. It shall include all due and unpaid entrances, stakes, fines, and forfeits which have been notified as hereinafter mentioned, and shall state the real name or names, and also the assumed name or names (if any) of the persons from whom, and the horses (if any) in respect of which the same are due. Entrances, stakes, fines, and forfeits which have been so published must be paid directly into the registry office, and until so paid they shall not be removed from the list;

(ii) Any person to whom any entrance, stake, fine, fee, or forfeit is payable (whether as an official or otherwise) may (or shall, if he be an official, within

a month of the publication of the next Forfeit List) notify the same in writing, signed by him, to the registry office, or to the clerk of the course, and every such statement received by the clerk of the course shall be forthwith transmitted by him to the registry office;

(iii) So long as the name of a person is in the Unpaid Forfeit List he cannot subscribe to any sweepstakes, and no horse can be entered by him, or under his subscription for any race, whether acting as an agent or otherwise; and no horse which has been entered by him, or in his name, or under his subscription, or of which he is wholly or partly the owner, or which, after the default has been twice published in the "Racing Calendar," shall be proved to the satisfaction of the stewards to be under his care, training, management, or superintendence, shall be qualified to run for any race; and so long as any horse is in the Unpaid Forfeit List, such horse shall not be entered or run for any race;

(iv) A corrected alphabetical index of the horses and owners in the last Forfeit List and Irish Forfeit List shall be published in the first "Calendar" of every month during the racing season. Such monthly list shall commence not less than three years before the time at which it is published, and shall be carried down to and include the latest Forfeit List which has been published in the "Sheet Calendar," as above mentioned;

The clerk of the course at every meeting shall put up in his office during such meeting two copies of the last Monthly List for the time being;

(v) If any horse which, or the owner of which, is in any Forfeit List be allowed to start, the clerk of the course shall be fined £10;

(vi) If a horse which, or the owner of which, is in any Forfeit List be entered for any race, the owner of such horse shall be fined £50.

PART VI.—THE RACE—WEIGHING-OUT AND STARTING.

31. *Starting and Weighing-out.*—(i) A horse shall not be qualified to run in a race unless his name has been notified as a starter to the clerk of the scales on the day of the race, and his number exhibited one quarter of an hour before the time appointed for the race. If any alteration be made in a number after it has been exhibited, the stewards may call upon the owner, trainer, or jockey for an explanation, and if no satisfactory explanation be given, the owner, trainer, or jockey may be fined, and the horse shall not be allowed to start nor the jockey to ride again until the fine is paid;

(ii) Every jockey who is to ride in the race shall weigh at the appointed or usual place, unless especially excused by the stewards;

(iii) No person shall, without special leave from the stewards in writing, be admitted to the weighing-room except the owner, trainer, and jockey, or other person having the care of a horse engaged in the race;

(iv) If a jockey intend to carry over-weight exceeding by more than two pounds the weight at which his horse is to run, he must declare the amount of such overweight. The declaration must be made to the clerk of the scales not later than twenty minutes before the time appointed for the start; and the clerk shall exhibit the amount of such extra weight with the number of the horse;

(v) If a horse carry more than two pounds over-weight, which has not been duly declared, he is disqualified;

(vi) Any over-weight exceeding two pounds which has been carried, whether it has been duly declared or the horse has been disqualified, shall be published in the "Racing Calendar," and the clerk of the scales shall send a return thereof to the registry office;

(vii) The horses must be started by the official starter or his authorized deputy or substitute. No horse when once under the starter's hands shall be allowed to go back and correct his weight, unless some accident has occurred to him.

(viii) The starter may give all such orders and take all such measures as are necessary for securing a fair start; and in particular he may, if he think it

necessary order the horses to be drawn up in a line as far behind the starting-post as he thinks necessary;

(ix) The horses must be started from a walk. If the starter allow a start to take place in front of the starting-post the start is void, and the horses must be started again, and the starter shall forfeit a sum not exceeding £50;

(x) The horses shall (so far as is practicable) be drawn up before the start in an order (reckoned from the whip hand) to be determined, when the stewards think fit, by lots to be drawn by the jockeys at the time of weighing-out;

(xi) Every horse which comes up to the post in time to start shall be liable for his whole stake.

RUNNING.

32. *Crossing, Jostling, &c., in the Race.*—(i) A horse which crosses another is disqualified, unless it be proved that he was two clear lengths ahead of the other when he crossed;

(ii) If a horse or his jockey jostle another horse, or the jockey of another horse, the jockey which jostles the other is disqualified, unless it be proved that the jostle was wholly caused by the fault of some other jockey, or that the other horse or his jockey was partly in fault;

(iii) If a horse run the wrong side of a post, he must turn back and run the course from the post at which he left it.

33. *Running over again.*—If a race has been run by all the horses at wrong weights, or a wrong distance, or when the judge is not in the box, the stewards shall order it to be run after the advertised time of the last race of the same day.

WEIGHING-IN.

34. *Weighing-in.*—(i) Every jockey must, immediately after pulling up, ride his horse to the place of weighing, and there immediately dismount and be weighed by the clerk of the scales: Provided that, if a jockey be prevented from riding to the place of weighing by reason of accident or illness, by which he or his horse is disabled, he may walk or be carried to the scales;

(ii) If a jockey do not weigh-in, or be short of weight, or be guilty of any fraudulent practice with respect to weight or weighing, or dismount before reaching the scales, or touch (except accidentally) any person or thing other than his own equipments before weighing-in, his horse is disqualified, unless he can satisfy the stewards that he was justified by extraordinary circumstances;

(iii) It is optional for the jockey to weigh out or in with his bridle, and the clerk of the scales shall allow one pound for a curb or double bridle; but no weight shall be allowed for a snaffle bridle unless it is put into the scales before the horse is led away, and no whip or substitute for a whip shall be allowed in the scales.

If a horse run in a hood or clothing it must be put into the scale and included in the jockey's weight.

DEAD HEATS.

35. *Dead Heats.*—(i) A dead heat for the first place shall be run off after the last race on the same day (except by special permission of the stewards) unless the owners agree to divide. The other horses shall be deemed to have been beaten, but they shall be entitled to their places (if any) as if the race had been finally determined the first time;

(ii) If a dead heat be run by two or more horses for second or any lower place in a race, the owners shall divide, subject to the provisions of Part VII., where the winner is objected to, and if they cannot agree as to which of them is to have a cup or other prize which cannot be divided, the question shall be determined by lot by the stewards;

(iii) When owners divide they shall divide equally all the moneys or other prizes which any of them could take if the dead heat were run off;

(iv) Horses running a dead heat for a race or place shall be deemed winners of the race or place until the dead heat is run off or the owners agree to divide, and if the owners agree to divide, each horse which divides shall be deemed a winner of the race or place for which he divides.

SECOND MONEY.

36. *Second Money.*—Any money or prize which by the conditions is to go to the horse placed second, or in any lower place in the race, shall, if the winner has walked over, or no horse has been so placed, be dealt with as follows, namely:—

- (i) If it be part of the stakes or plate, it shall go to the winner; or,
- (ii) If it was to be given as a separate donation from the race fund, or any other source, it shall not be given at all; or,
- (iii) If it is entrance money for the race, it shall go to the race fund of the meeting.

PART VII.—OBJECTIONS AND COMPLAINTS.

37. *Judge's Decision final, subject to Objections.*—The determination of a judge, declaring a horse to have won or to be entitled to a place shall be final, unless an objection is made and allowed on the ground of disqualification: Provided that this rule shall not prevent a judge from correcting any mistake.

(i) *Objections.*—Every objection must be made by the owner, jockey, or groom of some other horse engaged in the same race [or by the starter], or by a steward, and must be made to one of the stewards, or to the judge, clerk of the course, or clerk of the scales. The person to whom it is made may require it to be put in writing and signed;

(ii) If an objection to a horse engaged in a race be made not later than half-past ten in the morning of the day for the race, the stewards may require his qualifications to be proved before the race, and in default of such proof being given to their satisfaction, they may declare him disqualified;

(iii) An objection to a horse, on the ground of a cross or jostle, or of his not having run the proper course, or of any other matter occurring in the race, must be made within a quarter of an hour after the finish;

(iv) An objection on the ground of fraudulent or wilful mis-statement or omission in the entry under which a horse has run, or on the ground that the horse which ran was not the horse which he was represented to be in the entry or at the time of the race, or was not of the age which he was represented to be, or on the ground that he is disqualified by reason of any default entered in the Unpaid Forfeit List, may be received at any time within twelve months after the race;

(v) In any other case an objection shall be made before the conclusion of the meeting;

(vi) Every objection shall be determined by the stewards and their determination shall (if they are not the Stewards of the Jockey Club) be subject to appeal to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, through the stewards of the meeting and with their consent and with that of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and not otherwise;

(vii) If an objection to a horse which has won or been placed in a race be declared valid, the horse shall be regarded as having been last in the race, and the other horses shall take positions accordingly;

(viii) When a dead heat is run for second place, and an objection is made to the winner of the race, if such objection be declared valid in time for the dead heat to be run off on the day of the race, the stewards may direct it to be run off accordingly. Otherwise the horses which run the dead heat shall divide;

(ix) Every objection which cannot be decided by the stewards during a meeting must be made in writing and lodged with the clerk of the course;

(x) An objection made in writing cannot be withdrawn without leave of the stewards;

(xi) All costs and expenses in relation to determining an objection shall be paid by the person decided against;

(xii) If the stewards decide an objection to be frivolous they may order the person making it to pay a fine not exceeding £20 to the Bentinck Benevolent Fund.

38. *Effect of pending Objection.*—Pending the determination of an objection, any money or prize which the horse objected to may have won or may win in the race shall be withheld until the objection is determined, and any forfeit payable by the owner of any other horse shall be paid to and held by the clerk of the course for the person who may be determined to be entitled to it.

When any race is in dispute both the horse that came in first and any horse claiming the race shall be liable to all the penalties attaching to the winning of that race till the matter is decided.

39. *Stewards may order Examinations and call for Proofs.*—(i) The stewards shall have power at any time, and either upon or without objection made, to order an examination by such person or persons as they think fit, of the mouth of any horse entered for a race, or who has run in a race;

If a horse be declared to be of the wrong age, the expense of such examination shall be paid by his owner. Otherwise it shall be paid by the person (if any) at whose request the examination is ordered, or out of the race fund of the meeting, as the stewards direct;

(ii) The stewards shall also have power to call on any person in whose name a horse is entered to produce proof that the horse entered is not the property either wholly or in part of any person whose name is in the Unpaid Forfeit List, or otherwise disqualified, or to produce proof of the extent of his interest or property in the horse, and in default of such proof being given to their satisfaction they may declare the horse disqualified.

PART VIII.—SPECIAL CONDITIONS—(CLAIMING AND SELLING RACES—PRODUCE RACES—POST RACES—HANDICAPS—SALE WITH ENGAGEMENTS).

HORSES ENTERED TO BE SOLD.

40. Any horse running for any race "to be sold," shall, if the winner, be liable to be claimed for the selling price, and if it be a condition of the race that the winner is to be sold by auction the sale shall take place immediately after the race, and the surplus over the selling price shall be divided between the owner of the second horse and the race fund of the meeting. If sold, the horse shall not leave the place of sale until authorized by the clerk of the course to do so; and if the horse be not paid for, or the clerk of the course satisfied with the security, within a quarter of an hour, he may order the horse to be put up a second time, and the purchaser at the first sale shall be responsible for any deficiency arising from the second sale, and shall be declared a defaulter until it is paid.

All other horses running to be sold may be claimed for the selling price and the amount of the stakes or plate by the owners of horses running in the race.

In no selling race shall the lowest selling price be less than 50 sovs.

Owners of horses placed shall have priority in the order of their places, and if the owners of two or more horses, having equal rights, claim, they are to draw lots. The owner of the winner has the last claim.

No person can claim more than one horse.

Every claim must be made to the clerk of the scales within a quarter of an hour after the race.

The price of every horse claimed or sold or bought in must be paid to the clerk of the course, and an order given by him for the delivery of the horse.

In the case of a horse being claimed, if the price be not paid before seven

o'clock in the evening of the day of the race the claimant forfeits his right. If none of the other persons entitled accept the horse, the owner may insist on the first claimant taking and paying for it, and if he refuse or neglect to do so he shall be declared a defaulter in respect of the price. If a horse walk over for a selling race he shall not be liable to be sold unless the added money be given.

PROVISION IN CASE OF OBJECTION OR DEAD HEAT.

41. *Special Rule where Horse objected to.*—The foregoing Rules relating to claiming and selling races shall be subject to the following provisions in cases where a horse is objected to under the provisions of Part VII. of these Rules:—

(i) If the objection has not been made until after the horse has been claimed or bought, the person who claimed or bought him shall, if the objection be declared valid, have the option of returning him or retaining him at the price of a beaten horse;

(ii) If the objection be made before the horse has been claimed or bought, the time for delivering him is thereby postponed until such time after the determination of the objection as the stewards appoint, and if the objection be declared valid, the person who has claimed or bought him shall have the same option as in the last-mentioned case.

42. *Special Rule where Dead Heat.*—If a dead heat be declared for the first or any other place in a race, the time for claiming or selling the horses running the dead heat is thereby postponed until the dead heat is run off, as the stewards appoint. In case of a division, each of the horses dividing is a winner for the purposes of these Rules relating to claiming and selling, and any surplus (in the case of a selling race) shall be divided between those horses and the race fund.

PRODUCE RACES.

43. *Produce Races.*—(i) A produce race is one for which horses are named by whose produce the race is to be run;

(ii) The produce is entered by entering the dam and sire, or sires;

(iii.) If the produce of a mare be dropped before January 1, or if there be no produce, or if the produce be dead when dropped, the entry of such mare is void, and the entrance money (if any) shall be returned;

(iv) Conditions of a produce race referring to allowances to the produce of untried horses, extend only to the produce of horses whose produce never won a recognized race in any country, and any such allowance must be claimed before the expiration of the time for naming.

POST RACES.

44. *Post Races.*—A post race is a race for which a subscriber must enter two or more horses, and may run any one or more of them, as the conditions prescribe.

HANDICAPS.

45. *Handicaps.*—(i) A "handicap" is a race in which the weights which the horses are to carry are to be adjusted after the time limited for entering or naming, according to the handicapper's judgment of the merits of the horses, for the purpose of equalizing their chances of winning;

(ii) In a handicap (other than a free handicap) the horses must be entered in the usual way, and a person entering a horse becomes liable for the stake or forfeit, whether he accepts or not;

(iii) A free handicap is one in which no liability for stake or forfeit is incurred until acceptance, and no entry need be made; and acceptance shall be considered as equivalent to an entry and as a representation that the horse is of the age and description stated in the list of weights, and if the horse be not in fact of that age and description he shall be disqualified. There shall not be

a greater difference than 4st. 7lbs. between the highest and lowest weight in a handicap to which there is a second forfeit.

SALE WITH ENGAGEMENTS.

46. *Liability for Engagements of Horses sold.*—When a horse is sold with his engagements, or any part of them, the seller cannot strike the horse out of any of such engagements, and he remains liable for the amount of the forfeits in each of the engagements, but he may, if compelled to pay them by the purchaser's default, place the forfeit on the Forfeit List, as due from the purchaser to himself.

In all cases of sale by private treaty, the written acknowledgment of both parties that the horse was sold with the engagement is necessary to entitle the seller or buyer to the benefit of this Rule, and if certain engagements be specified it is to be understood that those only are sold with the horse; but when a horse is sold by public auction the advertised conditions of the sale are sufficient evidence, and if certain engagements only be specified, it is to be understood these only are sold with the horse, and if he has been claimed as the winner of a race of which it was a condition that the winner was to be sold with his engagements, this also is sufficient.

When a person is entitled, by purchase or otherwise, to start for any engagement a horse which was entered by another person, and he is prevented by these Rules from starting the horse without paying forfeits or fees to which he would not otherwise be liable, he may, if he pay such forfeits or fees, start the horse and place the forfeits or fees on the Forfeit List, with the names of the horses in respect of which they are due as due to himself.

PART IX.—MISCELLANEOUS—FOREIGN HORSES.

47. *Foreign Certificates, &c.*—A horse foaled out of the United Kingdom shall not be qualified to start for any race until there have been deposited at the registry office (1) such a foreign certificate, and (2) such a certificate of age, as are next mentioned, that is to say—

(i) The foreign certificate must state the age, pedigree, and colour of the horse, and any mark by which it may be distinguished, and must be signed by the secretary or other officer of some approved racing club of the country in which the horse was foaled, or by some magistrate, mayor, or public officer of that country;

The Stewards of the Jockey Club may from time to time approve any racing club for the purpose of this Rule, and prescribe the magistrate, mayor, or public officer by whom a foreign certificate must be signed. They may also require any further proof or confirmation in any particular case, and may declare any horse disqualified in default thereof;

(ii) The certificate of age must be signed by a veterinary surgeon in the United Kingdom, approved for this purpose by the Stewards of the Jockey Club either by general order or in the particular case.

NOTE.—The Stewards of the Jockey Club have approved generally of certificates given by the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, and by persons holding the Highland and Agriculture Society's diploma.

A horse which has been out of the United Kingdom (otherwise than as a foal at the foot of his dam) before having run for any public plate or sweepstakes in Great Britain, shall not be qualified to start for any public race until a certificate of age signed as in the last Rule mentioned has been deposited at the registry office.

CORRUPT PRACTICES AND DISQUALIFICATIONS.

48 *Penalties for Corrupt Practices on the Turf.*—(i) If any person corruptly give or offer any money, share in a bet, or other benefit to any person having official duties in relation to a race, or to any jockey; or

(ii) If any person having official duties in relation to a race, or any jockey, corruptly accept or offer to accept any money, share in a bet, or other benefit; or

(iii) Wilfully enter or cause to be entered or to start for any race a horse which he knows to be disqualified; or

(iv) If any person be detected watching a trial, or proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards of the Jockey Club to have employed any person to watch a trial, or to have obtained surreptitiously information respecting a trial from any person or persons engaged in it, or in the service of the owner or trainer of the horses tried, or respecting any horses, in training from any person in such service; or

(v) If any person be guilty of any other corrupt or fraudulent practices on the Turf in this or any other country;

Every person so offending shall be warned off Newmarket Heath and other places where these Rules are in force.

49. *Disqualification for Corrupt Practices.*—When a person is warned off Newmarket Heath under these Rules, and so long as his exclusion continues, he shall not be qualified, whether acting as an agent or otherwise to subscribe for or to enter or run any horse for any race either in his own name or in that of any other person, and any horse of which he is wholly or partly the owner, or which after the fact of his being warned off has been twice published in the "Racing Calendar," shall be proved to the satisfaction of the stewards to be under his care, training, management, or superintendence, shall be disqualified.

If a person be so excluded for any fraudulent practice in relation to a particular horse wholly or partly belonging to him, such horse shall be perpetually disqualified for all races, and such person shall return all money or prizes which such horse has won in any race at any meeting.

50. *Disqualification for Default in Bets.*—If any person be reported by the Committee of the Subscription Rooms at Newmarket or at Tattersall's as being a defaulter in bets, he shall be disqualified as in the last Rule mentioned until his default is cleared, provided the complaint shall have been lodged with such Committee within three months of the bets being due.

51. *Fines.*—All fines shall be paid to the Bentinck Benevolent Fund.

OMISSION OF CONDITIONS.

52. *Omissions, how supplied—of Weight; of Course; of Day.*—(i) When any match or sweepstake is made, and no weight mentioned, the horses shall carry 8st. 10lbs. each, and if any weight be given the highest weight shall be 8st. 12lbs.;

(ii) When any match or sweepstake is made and no course mentioned, the course shall be as follows:—

	If at Newmarket.		
If two-year-old, six furlongs	...	...	T.Y.C.
If three-year-old, one mile	...	...	R.M.
If four-year-old, two miles	...	...	D.I.
If four-year-old, or upwards, four miles	...	...	B.C.

And if the horses be of different age, the course shall be fixed by the age of the youngest;

(iii) If no day be mentioned for a race, it shall be run on the last day of the meeting, unless otherwise agreed by all the parties engaged.

JOCKEYS' FEES.

53. *Jockeys' Fees.*—In the absence of special agreement the fee to a winning jockey shall be five guineas, and to a losing jockey three guineas, and no further charge except for expenses shall be allowed.

In the absence of special agreement, a jockey who accepts a retainer cannot

terminate it otherwise than by three months' notice in writing, ending at the close of a season; and failing such notice his retainer continues for the next season, and so on from season to season until duly terminated by such notice as above-mentioned; provided the same or any agreed retaining fee is paid in advance in respect of each season before the commencement thereof.

Employers retaining the same jockey have precedence according to the priority of their retainers. A retainer which is continued as above-mentioned has priority as from the date of its first commencement.

If a jockey be prevented from riding by suspension for fraudulent practices, or other misconduct, any person who has retained him may cancel the retainer.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club shall have power to release a jockey from his retainer for any cause appearing to them sufficient.

CALCULATION OF TIME.

54. *Sundays omitted.*—When the last day for doing anything in relation to a race falls on a Sunday, it may be done on the following Monday, unless the race to which such act relates is appointed for that day, in which case it must be done on the previous Saturday.

FOREIGN MEETINGS.

55. *Foreign Meetings.*—The Stewards of the Jockey Club shall cause a list to be from time to time published and kept, as they think fit, of meetings and races in countries other than Great Britain, which are to be deemed recognized meetings and races for the purposes of these Rules.

NEW RULES.

56. *New Rules.*—No new Rule of Racing can be passed, nor can any existing Rule be rescinded or altered, without being previously advertised three times in the "Sheet Calendar," and notice given of the meeting of the Jockey Club at which it is to be proposed; and no new Rule, or repeal or alteration of a Rule, shall take effect until it has been confirmed at the meeting ensuing that at which it was passed, and until it has been twice published in the "Sheet Calendar." Any owner of race-horses or persons affected by such new Rule, rescission, or alteration, may, before it is made, petition the Jockey Club through the Secretary. All such petitions shall be laid before the meeting before the question is put.

LIST OF WINNERS

OF THE

DERBY, ST. LEGER, OAKS, TWO
THOUSAND, AND ONE THOUSAND
GUINEAS.

WINNERS OF THE DERBY, WITH

RUN AT EPSOM; DISTANCE,

YEAR.	OWNER.	WINNER.	SIRE.	RIDER.
1780	Sir C. Bunbury ...	Diomed ...	Florizel ...	S. Arnall ...
1781	Major O'Kelly ...	Young Eclipse ...	Eclipse ...	Hindley ...
1782	Lord Egremont ...	Assassin ...	Sweetbriar ...	S. Arnall ...
1783	Mr. Parker ...	Saltram ...	Eclipse ...	Hindley ...
1784	Colonel O'Kelly ...	Serjeant ...	Eclipse ...	J. Arnall ...
1785	Lord Clermont ...	Aimwell ...	Marc Antony ...	Hindley ...
1786	Mr. Pantou ...	Noble ...	Highflyer ...	J. White ...
1787	Lord Derby ...	Sir Peter Teazle ...	Highflyer ...	S. Arnall ...
1788	Prince of Wales ...	Sir Thomas ...	Pontac ...	W. South ...
1789	Duke of Bedford ...	Skyscraper ...	Highflyer ...	Chifney, sen. ...
1790	Lord Grosvenor ...	Rhadamanthus ...	Justice... ...	J. Arnall ...
1791	Duke of Bedford ...	Eager ...	Florizel ...	Stephenson... ..
1792	Lord Grosvenor ...	John Bull ...	Fortitude ...	Buckle ...
1793	Sir F. Poole ...	Waxy ...	Pot8os... ...	Clift... ..
1794	Lord Grosvenor ...	Dædalus ...	Justice... ..	Buckle ...
1795	Sir F. Standish ...	Spread Eagle ...	Volunteer ...	A. Wheatley ...
1796	Sir F. Standish ...	Didelot ...	Trumpator ...	J. Arnall ...
1797	Duke of Bedford ...	Sis. to Pharamond colt	Fidget ...	J. Singleton ...
1798	Mr. Cookson ...	Sir Harry ...	Sir Peter Teazle ...	S. Arnall ...
1799	Sir F. Standish ...	Archduke ...	Sir Peter Teazle ...	J. Arnall ...
1800	Mr. Wilson ...	Champion ...	Pot8os... ..	Clift... ..
1801	Sir C. Bunbury ...	Eleanor ...	Whiskey ...	Saunders ...
1802	Duke of Grafton ...	Tyrant ...	Pot8os... ..	Buckle ...
1803	Sir H. Williamson ...	Ditto ...	Sir Peter Teazle ...	Clift... ..
1804	Lord Egremont ...	Hannibal ...	Driver ...	W. Arnall ...
1805	Lord Egremont ...	Cardinal Beaufort	Gohanna ...	Fitzpatrick ...
1806	Lord Foley... ..	Paris ...	Sir Peter Teazle ...	Shepherd ...
1807	Lord Egremont ...	Election ...	Gohanna ...	J. Arnall ...
1808	Sir H. Williamson ...	Pan ...	St. George ...	Collinson ...
1809	Duke of Grafton ...	Pope ...	Waxy ...	Goodison ...
1810	Duke of Grafton ...	Whalebone ...	Waxy ...	Clift... ..
1811	Sir J. Shelley ...	Phantom ...	Walton ...	Buckle ...
1812	Mr. Ladbroke ...	Octavius ...	Orville... ..	W. Arnall ...
1813	Sir C. Bunbury ...	Smolenako ...	Sorcerer ...	Goodison ...
1814	Lord Stawell ...	Blucher ...	Waxy ...	W. Arnall ...
1815	Duke of Grafton ...	Whisker ...	Waxy ...	Goodison ...
1816	Mr. Lake ...	Prince Leopold	Hedley ...	Wheatley ...
1817	Mr. Payne ...	Azor ...	Selim ...	Robinson ...
1818	Mr. Thornhill ...	Sam ...	Scud ...	S. Chifney ...
1819	Duke of Portland ...	Tiresias ...	Soothsayer ...	Clift... ..
1820	Mr. Thornhill ...	Sailor ...	Scud ...	S. Chifney ...
1821	Mr. Hunter ...	Gustavus ...	Election ...	S. Day ...
1822	Duke of York ...	Moses ...	Whalebone ...	Goodison ...
1823	Mr. Udny ...	Emilius ...	Orville... ..	Buckle ...
1824	Sir J. Shelley ...	Cedric ...	Phantom ...	Robinson ...
1825	Lord Jersey ...	Middleton ...	Phantom ...	Robinson ...
1826	Lord Egremont ...	Lapdog ...	Whalebone ...	Dockeray ...
1827	Lord Jersey ...	Mameluke ...	Partisan ...	Robinson ...
1828	Duke of Rutland ...	*Cadland ...	Andrew ...	Robinson ...
1829	Mr. Gratwicke ...	Frederick ...	Little John ...	Forth ...
1830	Mr. Chifney ...	Priam ...	Emilius ...	S. Day ...
1831	Lord Lowther ...	Spaniel ...	Whalebone ...	Wheatley ...
1832	Mr. Ridsdale ...	St. Giles ...	Trump... ..	Scott ...
1833	Mr. Sadler ...	Dangerous ...	Trump... ..	Chapple ...
1834	Mr. Batson ...	Plenipotentiary	Emilius ...	Conolly ...
1835	Mr. Bowes ...	Mundig ...	Catton... ..	Scott ...

* After a dead-heat with the

THE SECOND AND THIRD HORSES.

ONE MILE AND A HALF.

SECOND HORSE.	THIRD HORSE.	BETTING AGAINST WINNER AT STARTING.	SUBS.	STRTD.	TIME.
Boudrow	Spitfire	6 to 4 agst ...	36	9	
Crop	Prince of Orange ...	10 to 1 " ...	35	15	
Sweet Robin	Fortunio	5 to 1 " ...	35	13	
Dungannon	Parlington	5 to 2 " ...	34	6	
Carlo Khan	Dancer	3 to 1 " ...	30	11	
Grantham	Verjuice	7 to 1 " ...	29	10	
Meteor	Claret	30 to 1 " ...	29	15	
Gunpowder	Bustler	2 to 1 " ...	33	7	
Aurelius	Feenow	6 to 5 on ...	30	11	
Sir George	Brother to Skylark ...	7 to 4 on ...	30	11	
Asparagus	Lee Boo	5 to 4 agst ...	32	10	
Vermin	Proteus	5 to 2 " ...	32	9	
Speculator	Bustard	6 to 4 on ...	32	7	
Gohanna	Triptolemus	12 to 1 agst ...	50	13	
Ragged Jack	Leon	6 to 1 " ...	49	4	
Caustic	Pelter	5 to 2 " ...	45	11	
Stickler	Leviathan		45	11	
Ecclus	Plaistow	10 to 1 agst ...	37	7	
Telegraph	Young Spear	7 to 4 " ...	37	10	
Gislebert	Eagle	12 to 1 " ...	33	11	
Tag	Mystery		33	13	
Fidget colt	Remnant		31	11	
Young Eclipse	Orlando	7 to 1 agst ...	30	9	
Sir Oliver	Brother to Stamford ...	7 to 2 " ...	35	6	
Pavilion	Hippocampus	3 to 1 " ...	33	8	
Plantagenet	Goth	20 to 1 " ...	39	15	
Trafalgar	Hector	5 to 1 " ...	39	12	
Giles Scroggins	Coriolanus	3 to 1 " ...	38	13	
Vandyke	Chester	25 to 1 " ...	38	10	
Wizard	Salvator	20 to 1 " ...	45	10	
The Dandy	Eccleston	2 to 1 " ...	45	11	
Magic	Third not placed ...	5 to 1 " ...	48	16	
Sweep	Comus		47	14	
Illusion	Even on		51	12	
Perchance	Third not placed ...	5 to 2 agst ...	51	14	
Raphael	Busto	8 to 1 " ...	51	13	
Nectar	Pandour	20 to 1 " ...	51	11	
Young Wizard	Third not placed ...	50 to 1 " ...	56	13	
Raby	Prince Paul	7 to 2 " ...	56	16	
Sultan	Euphrates	5 to 2 " ...	54	16	
Abjer	Tiger	7 to 2 " ...	52	15	
Reginald	Sir Hildebrand	2 to 1 " ...	54	13	
Figaro	Hampden	6 to 1 " ...	53	12	
Tancred	Third not placed ...	11 to 8 " ...	60	11	
Osmond	Third not placed ...	9 to 2 " ...	58	17	
Rufus	Hogarth	7 to 4 " ...	58	18	
Shakspere	Third not placed ...	50 to 1 " ...	57	19	
Glenartney	Edmund	9 to 1 " ...	59	23	
The Colonel	Zinganea	4 to 1 " ...	59	15	
The Exquisite	Oatlands	40 to 1 " ...	59	17	
Little Red Rover	Mahmoud	4 to 1 " ...	59	23	
Riddlesworth	Incubus	50 to 1 " ...	105	23	
Perion	Trustee	3 to 1 " ...	101	22	
Connoisseur	Revenge	30 to 1 " ...	124	25	
Shillelagh	Glencoe	9 to 4 " ...	126	22	
Ascot	Pelops	6 to 1 " ...	128	14	

Previous to the year 1846 no official record of the time was kept.

DERBY WINNERS—

YEAR.	OWNER.	WINNER.	SIRE.	RIDER.
1836	Lord Jersey ...	Bay Middleton ...	Sultan ...	Robinson ...
1837	Lord Berners ...	Phosphorus ...	Lamplighter, ...	G. Edwards
1838	Sir G. Heathcote ...	Amato ...	Velocipede ...	Chapple ...
1839	Mr. W. Ridsdale ...	Bloomsbury ...	Mulatto ...	Templeman
1840	Mr. Robertson ...	Little Wonder ...	Muley ...	Macdonald ...
1841	Mr. Rawlinson ...	Coronation ...	Sir Hercules ...	Conolly ...
1842	Colonel Anson ...	Attila ...	Colwick ...	Scott ...
1843	Mr. Bowes ...	Cotherstone ...	Touchstone ...	Scott ...
1844	Colonel Peel ...	* Orlando ...	Touchstone ...	Flatman ...
1845	Mr. Gratwicke ...	Merry Monarch ...	Slane ...	F. Bell ...
1846	Mr. Gully ...	Pyrrhus the First ...	Epirus ...	S. Day ...
1847	Mr. Pedley ...	The Cossack ...	Hetman Platoff ...	Templeman
1848	Viscount Clifden ...	Surplice ...	Touchstone ...	Templeman
1849	Lord Eglinton ...	The Flying Dutchman ...	Bay Middleton ...	Marlow ...
1850	Lord Zetland ...	Voltigeur ...	Voltaire ...	J. Marson ...
1851	Sir J. Hawley ...	Teddington ...	Orlando ...	J. Marson ...
1852	Mr. Bowes ...	Daniel O'Rourke ...	Irish Birdcatcher ...	F. Butler ...
1853	Mr. Bowes ...	West Australian ...	Melbourne ...	F. Butler ...
1854	Mr. Gully ...	Andover ...	Bay Middleton ...	A. Day ...
1855	Mr. Popham ...	Wild Dayrell ...	Ion ...	R. Sherwood
1856	Admiral Harcourt ...	Ellington ...	The Flying Dutchman ...	Aldcroft
1857	Mr. W. l'Anson ...	Blink Bonny ...	Melbourne ...	Charlton ...
1858	Sir J. Hawley ...	Beadsman ...	Weatherbit ...	Wells ...
1859	Sir J. Hawley ...	Musjid ...	Newminster ...	Wells ...
1860	Mr. Merry ...	Thormanby ...	Windhound ...	Custance ...
1861	Colonel Towneley ...	Kettledrum ...	Rataplan ...	Bullock ...
1862	Mr. C. Snewing ...	Caractacus ...	Kingston ...	Parsons ...
1863	Mr. R. C. Naylor ...	Macaroni ...	Sweetmeat ...	T. Chaloner
1864	Mr. W. l'Anson ...	Blair Athol ...	Stockwell ...	J. Snowden
1865	Ct. F. de Lagrange ...	Gladiator ...	Monarque ...	H. Grimshaw
1866	Mr. R. Sutton ...	Lord Lyon ...	Stockwell ...	Custance ...
1867	Mr. Chaplin ...	Hermit ...	Newminster ...	J. Daley ...
1868	Sir J. Hawley ...	Blue Gown ...	Beadsman ...	Wells ...
1869	Mr. J. Johnstone ...	Pretender ...	Adventurer ...	J. Osborne ...
1870	Lord Falmouth ...	Kingcraft ...	King Tom ...	T. French ...
1871	Baron Rothschild ...	Favonius ...	Parmesan ...	T. French ...
1872	Mr. Savile ...	Cremorne ...	Parmesan ...	Maidment ...
1873	Mr. Merry ...	Doncaster ...	Stockwell ...	F. Webb ...
1874	Mr. Cartwright ...	George Frederick ...	Marsyas ...	Custance ...
1875	Prince Batthyany ...	Galopin ...	Vedette ...	Morris ...
1876	Mr. A. Baltazzi ...	Kisber ...	Buccaneer ...	Maidment ...
1877	Lord Falmouth ...	Silvio ...	Blair Athol ...	F. Archer ...
1878	Mr. W. S. Crawford ...	Sefton ...	Speculum ...	Constable ...
1879	Mr. Acton ...	Sir Bevy's ...	Favonius ...	Fordham ...

* A horse, falsely described as *Running Rein*, by The Saddler out of Mab, by Duncan Grey, (afterwards Zanoni), by Gladiator, dam

1780.—Run on Thursday, May 4. 50 guineas each, h ft, for three-year-olds; colts, 8st.; fillies, 7st. 11lb. Last mile of the course.

1782.—First year that the second received 100 sovs. out of the stakes.

1784.—Weights and distance increased, the former being raised to—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.; and the distance to the "last mile and a half."

1786.—Run on Wednesday.

1791.—Run, for the first time, in June (the 8th).

1801.—Weights again altered to—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 7st. 12lb.; and was the first Derby won by a filly—Eleanor, who also won the Oaks.

1803.—Weights once more altered, as follows:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st.

1807.—Weights again altered, this time to—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.

The race has been run in June in the following years:—1791, 1794, 1797, 1802,

Continued.

SECOND HORSE.	THIRD HORSE.	BETTING AGAINST WINNER AT STARTING.	SUBS.	STRTD.	TIME.
Gladiator	Venison	7 to 4 agst ...	128	21	
Caravan	Mahometan	40 to 1 " ...	131	17	
Ion	Grey Momus	30 to 1 " ...	134	23	
Deception	Euclid	25 to 1 " ...	143	21	
Launcelot	Discord	50 to 1 " ...	144	17	
Van Amburgh	Mustapha Muley	5 to 2 " ...	154	29	
Robert de Gorham	Belcœur	5 to 1 " ...	180	24	
Gorhambury	Sirikol	13 to 8 " ...	155	23	
Ionian	Bay Momus	20 to 1 " ...	153	29	
Annandale	Old England	15 to 1 agst Forth's lot	137	31	Min. Sec.
Sir Tatton Sykes	Brocardo	8 to 1 agst ...	193	27	2 55
War Eagle	Van Tromp	5 to 1 " ...	183	32	2 52
Springy Jack	Shylock	Even on ...	215	17	2 48
Hotspur	Tadmor	2 to 1 agst ...	237	26	3 0
Pitsford	Clincher	16 to 1 " ...	205	24	2 50
Marlboro' Buck	Neasham	3 to 1 " ...	192	33	2 51
Barbarian	Chief Baron Nicholson	25 to 1 " ...	181	27	3 2
Sittingbourne	Cineas	6 to 4 " ...	194	28	2 55½
King Tom	Hermit	7 to 2 " ...	217	27	2 52
Kingstown	Lord of the Isles	Even on ...	191	12	2 54
Yellow Jack	Cannobie	20 to 1 agst ...	211	24	3 4
Black Tommy	Adamas	20 to 1 " ...	202	30	2 45
Toxophilite	The Hadji	10 to 1 " ...	200	23	2 54
Marionette	Trumpeter	9 to 4 " ...	246	30	2 59
The Wizard	Horror	4 to 1 " ...	224	30	2 55
Dundee	Diophantus	12 to 1 " ...	238	18	2 43
The Marquis	Buckstone	40 to 1 " ...	233	34	2 45½
Lord Clifden	Rapid Rhone	10 to 1 " ...	255	31	2 50½
General Peel	Scottish Chief	14 to 1 " ...	234	30	2 49½
Christmas Carol	Eltham	5 to 2 " ...	249	30	2 46
Savernake	Rustic	6 to 5 on ...	274	26	2 50
Marksman	Vauban	66 to 1 agst ...	256	30	2 52
King Alfred	Speculum	7 to 2 " ...	262	18	2 43½
Pero Gomez	The Drummer	5 to 4 " ...	247	22	2 52½
Palmerston	Muster	100 to 6 " ...	252	15	2 45
{ Albert Victor King of the Forest }	dead-heat for second ...	10 to 1 " ...	208	17	2 50
Pell Mell	Queen's Messenger	3 to 1 " ...	191	23	2 45
{ Kaiser Gang Forward }	dead-heat for second ...	40 to 1 " ...	201	12	2 50
Couronne de Fer	Atlantic	9 to 1 " ...	212	20	2 46
Claremont	Repentance colt	2 to 1 " ...	199	18	2 47
Forerunner	Julius Cæsar	7 to 2 " ...	229	15	2 44
Glen Arthur	Rob Roy	100 to 9 " ...	245	17	2 50
Insulaire	Childeric	100 to 12 " ...	231	22	2 56
Palmbearer	Visconti	20 to 1 " ...	279	23	3 2

came in first, but was subsequently proved to be a four-year-old colt, called Maccabeus by Capsicum, and was disqualified.

1825.—Conditions altered to 50 sovs. each, h ft.

1838.—Day altered to Wednesday, the race having previously been run on Thursday, except in 1786.

1839.—Run in a snowstorm.

1848.—Run on the New Course for the first time.

1857.—Second year won by a filly—Blink Bonny, who also won the Oaks.

1862.—Weights again altered—colts, 8st. 10lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.

1865.—Won for the first time by a horse bred in France—Gladiateur.

1867.—Snow fell on the day of the race.

1869.—The second received 300 sovs., and the third 150 sovs.

1872.—The start made from the New High Level Starting-post for the first time.

1808, 1810, 1813, 1821, 1824, 1829, 1832, 1835, 1840, 1862, 1870, 1874, and 1878.

WINNERS OF THE ST. LEGER, WITH

RUN AT DONCASTER; DISTANCE,

YEAR.	OWNER.	WINNER.	SIRE.	RIDER.
1776	Lord Rockingham ...	Allabaculia ...	Sampson ...	J. Singleton
1777	Mr. Sotheron ...	Bourbon ...	Le Sang ...	Cade ...
1778	Sir T. Gascoigne ...	Hollandaise ...	Match-em ...	Hearon ...
1779	Mr. Stapleton ...	Tommy ...	Wildair ...	G. Lowry, sen.
1780	Mr. Bethell ...	Ruler ...	Young Marake ...	Mangle ...
1781	Colonel Radcliffe ...	Serina ...	Goldfinder ...	Foster ...
1782	Mr. Pratt ...	Imperatrix ...	Alfred ...	Searle ...
1783	Sir J. L. Kaye ...	Phenomenon ...	Herod ...	Hall ...
1784	Mr. Coates ...	Omphale ...	Highflyer ...	Kirton ...
1785	Mr. Hill ...	Cowslip ...	Highflyer ...	Searle ...
1786	Lord A. Hamilton ...	Paragon ...	Paymaster ...	Mangle ...
1787	Lord A. Hamilton ...	Spadille ...	Highflyer ...	Mangle ...
1788	Lord A. Hamilton ...	Young Flora ...	Highflyer ...	Mangle ...
1789	Lord Fitzwilliam ...	*Pewett ...	Tandem ...	Singleton ...
1790	Mr. Dealtry ...	Ambidexter ...	Phenomenon ...	Searle ...
1791	Mr. Hutchinson ...	Young Traveller ...	King Fergus ...	Jackson ...
1792	Lord A. Hamilton ...	Tartar ...	Florizel ...	Mangle ...
1793	Mr. Clifton ...	Ninety-three ...	Florizel ...	Peirse ...
1794	Mr. Hutchinson ...	Beningbrough ...	King Fergus ...	Jackson ...
1795	Sir C. Turner ...	Hambletonian ...	King Fergus ...	Boyes ...
1796	Mr. Cookson ...	Ambrosio ...	Sir Peter ...	Jackson ...
1797	Mr. G. Crompton ...	Lounger ...	Drone ...	Shepherd ...
1798	Sir T. Gascoigne ...	Symmetry ...	Delpini ...	Jackson ...
1799	Sir H. T. Vane ...	Cockfighter ...	Overton ...	Field ...
1800	Mr. Wilson ...	Champion ...	Pot8os ...	Buckle ...
1801	Mr. Goodricke ...	Quiz ...	Buzzard ...	Shepherd ...
1802	Lord Fitzwilliam ...	Orville ...	Beningbrough ...	J. Singleton, jr.
1803	Lord Strathmore ...	Remembrancer ...	Pipator ...	Smith ...
1804	Mr. Mellish ...	Sancho ...	Don Quixote ...	Buckle ...
1805	Mr. Mellish ...	Staveley ...	Shuttle ...	Jackson ...
1806	Mr. Clifton ...	Fyldener ...	Sir Peter ...	Carr ...
1807	Lord Fitzwilliam ...	Paulina ...	Sir Peter ...	Clift ...
1808	Duke of Hamilton ...	Petronius ...	Sir Peter ...	Smith ...
1809	Duke of Hamilton ...	Ashton ...	Walnut ...	Smith ...
1810	Duke of Leeds ...	Octavian ...	Stripling ...	Clift ...
1811	Mr. Gascoigne ...	Soothsayer ...	Sorcerer ...	Smith ...
1812	Mr. Rob ...	Otterington ...	Golumpus ...	Johnson ...
1813	Mr. Watt ...	Altidora ...	Dick Andrews ...	Jackson ...
1814	Duke of Hamilton ...	William ...	Governor ...	Shepherd ...
1815	Sir W. Maxwell ...	Filho da Puta ...	Haphazard ...	Jackson ...
1816	Sir B. R. Graham ...	The Duchess ...	Cardinal York ...	Smith ...
1817	Mr. Peirse ...	Ebor ...	Orville ...	Johnson ...
1818	Mr. Peirse ...	Reveller ...	Comus ...	Johnson ...
1819	Mr. Ferguson ...	Antonio ...	Octavian ...	Nicholson ...
1820	Sir E. Smith ...	St. Patrick ...	Walton ...	Johnson ...
1821	Mr. T. O. Powlett ...	Jack Spigot ...	Ardrossan ...	Scott ...
1822	Hon. E. Petre ...	Theodore ...	Woful ...	Jackson ...
1823	Mr. Watt ...	Barefoot ...	Tramp ...	Goodisson ...
1824	Mr. Gascoigne ...	Jerry ...	Smolensko ...	Smith ...
1825	Mr. Watt ...	Memnon ...	Whisker ...	Scott ...
1826	Lord Scarborough ...	Tarrare ...	Catton ...	Nelson ...
1827	Hon. E. Petre ...	Matilda ...	Comus ...	Robinson ...
1828	Hon. E. Petre ...	The Colonel ...	Whisker ...	Scott ...
1829	Hon. E. Petre ...	Rowton ...	Oiseau ...	Scott ...
1830	Mr. Beardsworth ...	Birmingham ...	Filho da Puta ...	Conolly ...
1831	Lord Cleveland ...	Chorister ...	Lottery ...	J. B. Day ...
1832	Mr. Gully ...	Margrave ...	Muley ...	Robinson ...
1833	Mr. Watt ...	Rockingham ...	Humphrey Clinker ...	Darling ...
1834	Lord Westminster ...	Touchstone ...	Camel ...	Calloway ...
1835	Mr. Mostyn ...	Queen of Trumps ...	Velocipede ...	Lye ...

* Duke of Hamilton's colt by Laurel out of Moorput, ridden by Mangle, came in

THE SECOND AND THIRD HORSES.

1 MILE 6 FUR. 132 YARDS.

SECOND HORSE.	THIRD HORSE.	BETTING AGAINST WINNER. AT STARTING.	SURE.	STRID.	TIME.
Trusty	Orestes	2 to 1 on ...	6	5	
Ballad Singer ...	filly by Snap ...	11 to 10 agst ...	12	10	
colt by Wildair ...	Trinculo	5 to 2 ,, ...	10	8	
filly by Tantrum ...	colt by Metaphysician	Even on ...	15	10	
Antagonist	Brother to Omnium ...	3 to 2 agst ...	17	7	
filly by Dux	Wisdom		13	9	
Monk	Haphazard		9	5	
Pacolet	Myrtle	5 to 4 on ...	10	4	
Harlequin Junior ...	Rosebud colt		12	7	
Matron	Verjuice		5	4	
Trojan	Carlton		14	8	
Edmund	colt by Young Marske	2 to 1 agst ...	9	6	
Thistle	colt by Tandem ...	2 to 1 ,, ...	10	5	
Bellona	Ostrich		9	6	
Fortitude	Spanker	5 to 1 ,, ...	15	8	
Huby	Trimmer		14	8	
Skypeeper	Adonis... ..	5 to 2 ,, ...	22	11	
Foreigner	Hornet	15 to 1 ,, ...	16	8	
Prior	Faith colt	2 to 1 ,, ...	19	8	
Brother to Overton ...	Young Tuberosa colt...	6 to 4 on ...	12	5	
Cardinal	Rosolio	5 to 4 on ...	15	7	
Stamford	Third not placed ...		12	8	
Barnaby	Honeycomb	4 to 1 agst ...	14	10	
Expectation	Slap Bang	6 to 4 on ...	12	7	
Rolla	colt by Walnut ...	2 to 1 agst ...	17	10	
Belleisle	Miracle	7 to 1 ,, ...	11	8	
Pepylin	Sparrowhawk	5 to 1 ,, ...	15	7	
Macmanus	Sir Oliver	5 to 2 ,, ...	23	8	
Master Betty	Third not placed ...	2 to 1 ,, ...	24	11	
Caleb Quotem	Sir Paul	6 to 1 ,, ...	27	10	
Cassio	Shuttlecock	7 to 4 ,, ...	39	15	
Scud	Eaton	8 to 1 ,, ...	41	16	
Clinker	Easton	20 to 1 ,, ...	28	12	
Middlethorpe	Lisette... ..	15 to 8 ,, ...	51	14	
Recollection	Oriana... ..	12 to 1 ,, ...	40	8	
Amadis de Gaul	Scamp	6 to 1 ,, ...	63	24	Min. 3 30
colt by Remembrancer	Queensbury	50 to 1 ,, ...	57	24	3 31
Camelopard	Tiger	5 to 2 ,, ...	50	17	
Heart of Oak	Third not placed ...	7 to 1 ,, ...	53	12	
Dinmont	Fulford	Even on ...	59	15	
Captain Candid	Rasping	12 to 1 agst ...	46	13	
Blacklock	Restless	20 to 1 ,, ...	52	18	
Ranter	The Marshal	4 to 1 ,, ...	51	21	3 15
Wrangler	Archibald	30 to 1 ,, ...	50	14	3 18
Copeland	Locksley	7 to 1 ,, ...	72	27	3 26
Fortuna	Coronation	6 to 1 ,, ...	49	13	
Violet	Grey Comus	100 to 1 ,, ...	73	23	3 26
Sherwood	Comte d'Artois ...	4 to 1 ,, ...	54	12	3 23
Canteen	Miller of Mansfield ...	9 to 1 ,, ...	77	23	3 29
The Alderman	Acteon	3 to 1 ,, ...	38	30	3 23
Mulatto	Bedlamite	20 to 1 ,, ...	95	27	3 25
Mameluke	Laurel	10 to 1 ,, ...	90	26	3 24
Belinda	Velocipede	3 to 1 ,, ...	80	19	
Voltaire	Sir Hercules	7 to 2 ,, ...	97	19	
Friam	Emancipation... ..	15 to 1 ,, ...	63	28	
The Saddler	Hope	20 to 1 ,, ...	86	24	
Birdcatcher	Figaro filly	8 to 1 ,, ...	73	16	
Mussulman	Carnaby	7 to 1 ,, ...	75	20	3 28
Bran	General Chase	40 to 1 ,, ...	71	11	3 22
Hornsea	Sheet Anchor	11 to 8 ,, ...	67	11	3 20

first; but a jostle having been proved against his rider, the race was given to Pewett.

ST. LEGER WINNERS—

YEAR.	OWNER.	WINNER.	SIRE.	RIDER.
1836	Lord Lichfield ...	Elis ...	Langar ...	J. B. Day ...
1837	Mr. Greville ...	Mango ...	Emilius ...	S. Day, jun. ...
1838	Lord Chesterfield ...	Don John ...	Tramp or Waverley ...	Scott ...
1839	Major Yarburgh ...	*Charles XII. ...	Voltaire ...	Scott { dead h deag h
1840	Lord Westminster...	Launcelot ...	Camel ...	Scott ...
1841	Lord Westminster...	Satirist ...	Pantaloon ...	Scott ...
1842	Lord Eglinton ...	Blue Bonnet ...	Touchstone ...	Lye ...
1843	Mr. S. Wrather ...	Nutwith ...	Tomboy ...	J. Marson ...
1844	Mr. E. J. Irwin ...	Faugh-a-Ballagh ...	Sir Hercules ...	H. Bell ...
1845	Mr. G. Watts ...	The Baron ...	Irish Birdcatcher ...	F. Butler ...
1846	Mr. W. Scott ...	Sir Tatton Sykes ...	Melbourne ...	Scott ...
1847	Lord Eglinton ...	Van Tromp ...	Lanercost ...	J. Marson ...
1848	Viscount Clifden ...	Surplice ...	Touchstone ...	Flatman ...
1849	Lord Eglinton ...	The Flying Dutchman ...	Bay Middleton ...	Marlow ...
1850	Lord Zetland ...	†Voltigeur ...	Voltaire ...	J. Marson { de h dg h
1851	Mr. A. Nichol ...	Newminster ...	Touchstone ...	Templeman ...
1852	Lord Exeter ...	Stockwell ...	The Baron ...	Norman ...
1853	Mr. Bowes ...	West Australian ...	Melbourne ...	F. Butler ...
1854	Mr. Morris ...	Knight of St. George ...	Irish Birdcatcher ...	Basham ...
1855	Mr. T. Parr ...	Saucebox ...	St. Lawrence ...	Wells ...
1856	Mr. A. Nichol ...	Warlock ...	Irish Birdcatcher ...	Flatman ...
1857	Mr. John Scott ...	Impérieuse ...	Orlando ...	Flatman ...
1858	Mr. Merry ...	Sunbeam ...	Chanticleer ...	L. Snowden ...
1859	Sir C. Monck ...	Gameter ...	The Cossack ...	Aldcroft ...
1860	Lord Ailesbury ...	St. Albans ...	Stockwell ...	L. Snowden ...
1861	Mr. W. P. Anson ...	Caller Ou ...	Stockwell ...	T. Chaloner ...
1862	Hon. S. Hawke ...	The Marquis ...	Stockwell ...	T. Chaloner ...
1863	Lord St. Vincent ...	Lord Clifden ...	Newminster ...	J. Osborne ...
1864	Mr. W. P. Anson ...	Blair Athol ...	Stockwell ...	J. Snowden ...
1865	Count F. de Lagrange ...	Gladiator ...	Monarque ...	H. Grimshaw ...
1866	Mr. R. Sutton ...	Lord Lyon ...	Stockwell ...	Custance ...
1867	Colonel Pearson ...	Achievement ...	Stockwell ...	T. Chaloner ...
1868	Mr. Graham ...	Formosa ...	Buccaneer ...	T. Chaloner ...
1869	Sir J. Hawley ...	Pero Gomez ...	Beadsman ...	Wells ...
1870	Mr. T. V. Morgan...	Hawthornden...	Lord Clifden ...	J. Grimshaw ...
1871	Baron Rothschild ...	Hannah ...	King Tom ...	Maidment ...
1872	Lord Wilton ...	Wenlock ...	Lord Clifden ...	Maidment ...
1873	Mr. Merry ...	Marie Stuart ...	Scottish Chief ...	T. Osborne ...
1874	Mr. Launde ...	Apology ...	Adventurer ...	J. Osborne ...
1875	Mr. W. S. Crawford ...	Craig Millar ...	Blair Athol ...	T. Chaloner ...
1876	Lord Dupplin ...	Petrarch ...	Lord Clifden ...	J. Goater ...
1877	Lord Falmouth ...	Silvio ...	Blair Athol ...	F. Archer ...
1878	Lord Falmouth ...	Jannette ...	Lord Clifton ...	F. Archer ...
1879	Count Lagrange ...	Rayon d'Or ...	Flageolet ...	J. Goater ...

* After a dead-heat with Mr. Thornhill's Euclid.

- 1776.—A sweepstakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year-olds; colts, 8st.; fillies, 7st. 12lb.; one two-mile heat. Run on Cantley Common.
- 1778.—The race was named this year after Colonel St. Leger, and run for the first time on Doncaster Town Moor—distance, two miles.
- 1790.—Weights raised to—colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.
- 1800.—The winner of the Derby won both events.
- 1813.—The course altered to 1 mile 6 fur. 193 yards.
- 1823.—A false start occurred, and out of a field of twenty-seven, twenty-three went the course; Mr. Pierce's colt by Comus out of Rosanne coming in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. For the actual race only twelve started, including the Rosanne colt, who was not placed.
- 1825.—Conditions altered to 25 sovs. each.
- 1826.—The course shortened by 61 yards; the distance this year was 1 mile 6 fur. 132 yards. Weights raised to—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.

Continued.

SECOND HORSE.	THIRD HORSE.	BETTING AGAINST WINNER AT STARTING.	SUBS.	STED.	TIME.
Scroggins	Beeswing	7 to 2 agst ...	75	14	3 20
Abraham Newland ...	The Doctor	13 to 2 " ...	60	13	3 23
Ion	Lanercost	13 to 8 " ...	66	7	3 17
Euclid	The Provost	6 to 4 on ...	107	14	3 25 3 45
Maroon	Gibraltar	7 to 4 agst ...	112	11	3 20
Coronation	The Squire	6 to 1 " ...	135	11	3 22
Sea Horse	Priscilla Tomboy ...	8 to 1 " ...	133	17	3 19
Cotherstone	Prizefighter	100 to 6 " ...	127	9	3 20
The Cure	The Princess	7 to 2 " ...	108	9	3 23
Miss Sarah	Pantasa	10 to 1 " ...	101	15	3 25
Iago	Brocardo	3 to 1 " ...	149	12	3 16
The Cossack	Eryx	4 to 1 " ...	145	8	3 20
Canezon	Flatcatcher	7 to 4 " ...	132	9	3 20
Nunykirk	Vatican	9 to 4 on ...	140	10	3 20
Russborough	Bolingbroke	13 to 8 on ...	95	8	3 21 3 24
Aphrodité	Hook'em Snivvey ...	12 to 1 agst ...	119	18	3 20
Harbinger	Daniel O'Rourke ...	7 to 4 " ...	116	6	3 21
The Reiver	Rataplan	6 to 4 " ...	92	10	3 20
Ivan	Arthur Wellesley ...	11 to 1 " ...	159	18	3 22
Rifleman	Lady Tatton	40 to 1 " ...	117	12	3 22
{ Bonnie Scotland Artillery }	dead-h. for second place	12 to 1 " ...	133	9	3 25
Commotion	Tournament	100 to 6 " ...	158	11	3 25
The Hadji	Blanche of Middlebie	15 to 1 " ...	138	18	3 20
Defender	Magnum	20 to 1 " ...	167	11	3 25
High Treason	The Wizard	8 to 1 " ...	168	15	3 20
Kettledrum	Kildonan	100 to 1 " ...	177	18	3 14
Buckstone	Clarissimus	100 to 30 " ...	181	15	3 22
Queen Bertha	Borealis	100 to 30 " ...	204	19	3 17½
General Peel	Cambuscan	2 to 1 " ...	217	10	3 19½
Regalia	Archimedes	13 to 8 on ...	243	14	3 20
Savernake	Knight of the Crescent	7 to 4 on ...	238	11	3 23½
Hermit	Julius	7 to 4 agst ...	222	12	3 17
Paul Jones	Mercury	100 to 30 " ...	238	12	3 19½
Martyrdom	George Osbaldeston ...	3 to 1 " ...	226	11	3 21½
Kingcraft	Wheatear	1000 to 35 " ...	234	19	3 18½
Albert Victor	Ringwood	2 to 1 " ...	205	10	3 22
Prince Charlie	Vanderdecken	8 to 1 " ...	191	17	3 21½
Doncaster	Kaiser	9 to 4 " ...	189	8	3 22
Leolinus	Trent	4 to 1 " ...	197	13	3 16
Balfie	Earl of Dartrey ...	7 to 1 " ...	178	18	3 20
Wild Tommy	Julius Caesar	5 to 1 " ...	206	9	3 19½
Lady Golightly	Manœuvre	65 to 40 " ...	219	14	3 27
Childeric	Master Kildaro	5 to 2 " ...	243	14	3 20
Ruperra	Exeter	3 to 1 " ...	276	17	3 21

† After a dead-heat with Mr. Mangan's Russborough.

1835.—Won for the first time by the winner of the Oaks.

1839.—Weights raised to—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.

1845.—Day definitely altered to Wednesday.

1848.—Won by the winner of the Derby. Second time—after a lapse of forty-eight years.

1862.—Weights raised to—colts, 8st. 10lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.

1868.—Won for the second time by the winner of the Oaks. The only occasion on which the winner of the St. Leger has won the Two Thousand Guineas, One Thousand Guineas, and the Oaks.

1871.—Won for the third time by the winner of the Oaks, and the fourth time by the winner of the One Thousand Guineas.

1873.—Won for the fourth time by the winner of the Oaks.

1874.—Won for the fifth time each by the winner of the Oaks and One Thousand Guineas.

1876.—Won for the first time by the winner of the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and the winner of the Middle Park Plate.

WINNERS OF THE OAKS.

YEAR.	OWNER.	WINNER.	SIRE.	SUB.	S.	RIDER.	TIME.
1779	Lord Derby	Bridget	Herod ...	17	12	R. Goodison	...
1780	Mr. Douglas	Tetotum	Match'em	17	11	...	...
1781	Lord Grosvenor	Faith ...	Herod ...	16	6	...	...
1782	Lord Grosvenor	Ceres ...	Sweet William	22	12	Chifney, sen.	...
1783	Lord Grosvenor	Man of the Oaks	Herod ...	22	10	Chifney, sen.	...
1784	Mr. Burton	Stella ...	Plunder	21	10	C. Hindley	...
1785	Lord Clermont	Tride ...	Justice	24	8	J. Bird	...
1786	Sir F. Standish	Perdita filly	Tandem	18	18	J. Edwards	...
1787	Mr. Vernon	Annette	Eclipse	24	8	Fitzpatrick	...
1788	Lord Egremont	Nightshade	Pot8oe ...	18	7	Fitzpatrick	...
1789	Lord Egremont	Tagg ...	Trentham	18	7	Chifney, sen.	...
1790	Duke of Bedford	Hyppolita	Mercury	18	12	Chifney, sen.	...
1791	Duke of Bedford	Portia ...	Volunteer	38	9	J. Singleton	...
1792	Lord Clermont	Violante	Highflyer	38	11	C. Hindley	...
1793	Duke of Bedford	Callia ...	Volunteer	37	10	J. Singleton	...
1794	Lord Derby	Hermione	Sir Peter	31	8	S. Arnall	...
1795	Lord Egremont	Platina	Mercury	42	11	Fitzpatrick	...
1796	Sir F. Standish	Parasote	Sir Peter	42	13	J. Arnall	...
1797	Lord Grosvenor	Nike ...	Alexander	31	5	Buckle	...
1798	Mr. Durand	Bellissima	Phenomenon	31	7	Buckle	...
1799	Lord Grosvenor	Bellina	Rockingham	24	4	Buckle	...
1800	Lord Egremont	Ephenera	Woodpecker	24	8	Fitzpatrick	...
1801	Sir C. Bunbury	Eleanor	Whiskey	18	6	Saunders	...
1802	Mr. Wastell	Scotia ...	Delpini	17	6	Buckle	...
1803	Sir T. Gascoigne	Theophania	Delpini	24	7	Buckle	...
1804	Duke of Grafton	Pelisse	Whiskey	23	8	Clift ...	...
1805	Lord Grosvenor	Meteora	Meteor	27	8	Buckle	...
1806	Mr. Craven	Bronze	Buzzard	27	12	W. Edwards	...
1807	General Grosvenor	Briset	Benningbrough	31	13	S. Chifney	...
1808	Duke of Grafton	Morel ...	Sorcerer	31	10	Clift ...	...
1809	General Gower	Maid of Orleans	Sorcerer	33	11	J. Moss	...
1810	Sir W. Gerard	Oriana ...	Benningbrough	33	11	W. Peirse	...
1811	Duke of Rutland	Sorcery	Sorcerer	40	12	Chifney	...
1812	Mr. Hewett	Manuella	Dick Andrews	40	12	W. Peirse	...

WINNERS OF THE OAKS—continued.

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YEAR.	OWNER.	WINNER.	SIRE.	SUB.	S.	RIDER.	TOT.
1813	Duke of Grafton	Musie ..	Waxy ..	44	9	Goodison	..
1814	Duke of Rutland	Medora	Selim ..	44	9	Barnard	..
1815	Duke of Grafton	Minnet	Waxy ..	48	11	T. Goodison	..
1816	General Gower	Landscape	Rubens	48	11	S. Chifney	..
1817	Mr. Watson	Neva ..	Cervantes	47	11	Buckle	..
1818	Mr. Udny ..	Corinne	Waxy ..	47	10	Buckle	..
1819	Mr. Thornhill	Shoveller	Scud ..	39	10	S. Chifney	..
1820	Lord Egremont	Caroline	Whalebone	39	13	H. Edwards	..
1821	Lord Exeter	Augusta	Woful ..	43	7	J. Robinson	..
1822	Duke of Grafton	Pastille	Rubens	42	10	H. Edwards	..
1823	Duke of Grafton	Zinc ..	Woful ..	43	10	Buckle	..
1824	Lord Jersey	Cobweb	Phantom	41	13	Robinson	..
1825	General Grosvenor	Wings	The Flyer	50	10	S. Chifney	..
1826	Mr. Forth ..	Lilias ..	Interpreter	49	15	Lye ..	..
1827	Duke of Richmond	Gulnare	Smolensko	79	19	F. Boyce	..
1828	Duke of Grafton	Turquoise	Selim ..	78	14	J. B. Day	..
1829	Lord Exeter	Green Mantle	Sultan	77	14	Dockery	..
1830	Mr. Stonchewer	Variation	Bustard	77	18	G. Edwards	..
1831	Duke of Grafton	Oxygen	Emilius	86	21	J. B. Day	..
1832	Lord Exeter	Galata	Sultan	83	19	Conolly	..
1833	Sir M. Wood	Vespa ..	Muley ..	97	19	Chapple	..
1834	Mr. Cosby ..	Pussy ..	Pollio ..	95	15	J. B. Day	..
1835	Mr. Moetyu	Queen of Trumps	Velocpede	98	10	Lye ..	..
1836	Mr. Scott ..	Cyprian	Partisan	98	12	Scott ..	..
1837	Mr. Powlett	Miss Letty	Priam ..	92	13	J. Holmes	..
1838	Lord Chesterfield	Industry	Priam ..	98	16	Scott ..	..
1839	Mr. F. Craven	Deception	Defence	95	13	J. B. Day	..
1840	Lord G. Bentinck	Crucifix	Priam ..	103	15	J. B. Day	..
1841	Lord Westminster	Ghuznee	Pantaloon	118	22	Scott ..	..
1842	Mr. G. Dawson	Our Nell	Bran ..	151	16	Lye ..	..
1843	Mr. Ford ..	Poison	Plenipotentiary	91	23	F. Butler	..
1844	Colonel Anson	The Princess	Slane ..	117	25	F. Butler	..
1845	Duke of Richmond	Refraction	Glancus	123	21	H. Bell	..
1846	Mr. Gally ..	Mendicant	Touchstone	140	24	S. Day	..
1847	Sir J. Hawley	Miami	Venison	152	23	Templeman	..
1848	Mr. H. Hill	Cynba	Melbourne	152	26	Templeman	..
							M. S. 53
							2 54
							3 43

WINNERS OF THE OAKS—continued.

YEAR.	OWNER.	WINNER.	SIRE.	SUB.	S.	RIDER.	TIME.
1849	Lord Chesterfield	Lady Evelyn	Don John	172	15	F. Butler	2 56
1850	Mr. Hobson	Rhedyana	Wintonian	128	15	F. Butler	2 56
1851	Lord Stanley	Iris	Ithuriel	131	15	F. Butler	2 52
1852	Mr. J. Scott	Songstress	Irish Birdcatcher	123	14	F. Butler	3 0
1853	Mr. Wauchope	Catherine Hayes	Laneroost	141	17	Marlow	2 52
1854	Mr. Cookson	Mince meat	Sweetmeat	156	15	Charlton	3 0
1855	Mr. R. Read	Marchioness	Melbourne	162	11	Templeman	2 58
1856	Mr. H. Hill	Mincepie	Sweetmeat	136	10	A. Day	3 4
1857	Mr. W. I'Anson	Blink Bonny	Melbourne	130	13	Charlton	2 50
1858	Mr. Gratwicke	*Governess	Chatham	152	13	Ashmall	2 56
1859	Lord Londesborough	Summerside	West Australian	168	15	G. Fordham	2 53½
1860	Mr. Eastwood	Butterfly	Turnus	158	13	J. Snowden	2 56
1861	Mr. Saxon	Brown Duchess	Flying Dutchman	174	17	L. Snowden	2 44
1862	Mr. R. C. Naylor	Feu de Joie	Longbow	154	19	Challoner	2 49
1863	Lord Falmouth	Queen Bertha	Kingston	187	20	Aldcroft	2 54
1864	Count de Lagrange	Fille de l'Air	Faugh-a-Ballagh	188	19	A. Edwards	2 47
1865	Mr. Harlock	Regalia	Stockwell	197	13	Norman	2 51
1866	Mr. Dunbar	Tormentor	King Tom	175	17	J. Mann	2 53
1867	Baron Rothschild	Hippia	King Tom	206	8	Daley	2 54
1868	Mr. G. Jones	Formosa	Buccaneer	215	9	Fordham	2 47½
1869	Sir F. Johnstone	Brigantine	Buccaneer	187	15	Cannon	2 59
1870	Mr. G. Jones	Gamos	Saunterer	187	7	Fordham	2 52
1871	Baron Rothschild	Hannah	King Tom	175	9	Maidment	2 51
1872	Mr. Lelevre	Reine	Monarque	170	17	Fordham	2 52
1873	Mr. Merry	Marie Stuart	Scottish Chief	138	18	Cannon	2 50½
1874	Mr. Launde	Apology	Adventurer	182	11	J. Osborne	2 48½
1875	Lord Falmouth	Spinaway	Macaroni	128	7	F. Archer	2 49½
1876	M. Lupin	+Enguerande	Vermont	164	14	Hudson	2 50
1877	Mr. Pulteney	Placida	Lord Lyon	177	9	H. Jeffery	2 54½
1878	Lord Falmouth	Jannette	Lord Clifden	212	8	F. Archer	2 54
1879	Lord Falmouth	Wheel of Fortune	Adventurer	182	8	F. Archer	3 2

* After a dead-heat with Admiral Harcourt's Gildermire. † Walked over after dead-heat with Count Lagrange's Camelia.

TWO THOUSAND GUININEAS.

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YEAR.	OWNER.	WINNER.	SIRE.	SUB.	S.	RIDER.
1809	Mr. Wilson	Wizard	Sorcerer	23	..	...
1810	Lord Grosvenor	Hephestion	Alexander	27	9	...
1811	Mr. Andrews	Trophonius	Sorcerer	23	11	...
1812	Lord Darlington	Cwrw	Dick Andrews	24	7	...
1813	Sir C. Bunbury	Smolensko	Sorcerer	29	12	...
1814	Mr. Wyndham	Olive	Sir Oliver	31	14	...
1815	Lord Rous	Tigris	Quiz	22	10	...
1816	Lord G. Cavendish	Nectar	Walton	27	12	...
1817	Mr. Stonehewers	Manfred	Election	24	8	...
1818	Lord Foley	Interpreter	Soothsayer	14	9	...
1819	Sir J. Shelley	Antar	Haphazard	19	6	...
1820	Duke of Grafton	Pindarrie	Phantom	21	5	...
1821	Duke of Grafton	Reginald	Haphazard	18	4	...
1822	Duke of Grafton	Pastille	Rubens	13	3	...
1823	Mr. Rodgers	Nicolo	Selim	22	7	F. Buckle.
1824	Mr. Haftenden	Schahriar	Shuttle Pope	12	7	W. Wheatley.
1825	Lord Exeter	Enamel	Phantom	10	6	W. Wheatley.
1826	Duke of Grafton	Derwise	Merlin	12	7	J. Robinson.
1827	Duke of Grafton	Turcoman	Selim	16	5	Buckle.
1828	Duke of Rutland	Cadland	Andrew	27	5	J. Robinson.
1829	Lord Exeter	Patron	Partisan	12	2	F. Boyce.
1830	Lord Exeter	Augustus	Sultan	15	2	Conolly.
1831	Lord Jersey	Riddlesworth	Emiluis	26	6	Robinson.
1832	Colonel Peel	Archibald	Paulowitz	24	7	Pavia.
1833	Lord Orford	Clearwell	Jerry	30	6	Robinson.
1834	Lord Jersey	Glencoe	Sultan	28	4	Robinson.
1835	Lord Jersey	Ibrahim	Sultan	26	4	Robinson.
1836	Lord Jersey	Bay Middleton	Sultan	28	6	Robinson.
1837	Lord Jersey	Achnet	Sultan	23	8	Edwards.
1838	Lord G. Bentinck	Grey Monus	Comus	29	6	J. Day.
1839	Lord Lichfield	The Corsair	Sir Hercules	20	3	Wakefield.
1840	Lord G. Bentinck	Crucifix	Priam	25	6	J. Day.
1841	Lord Albemarle	Ralph	Dr. Syntax	20	8	J. Day.
1842	Mr. Bowes	Meteor	Velocipede	24	8	W. Scott.
1843	Mr. Bowes	Cotherstone	Touchstone	26	3	W. Scott.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS—continued.

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YEAR.	OWNER.	WINNER.	SIRE.	SUB.	S.	RIDER.
1844	Mr. J. Day	The Ugly Buck	Venison	25	7	J. Day, jun.
1845	Lord Stradbroke	Idas	Liverpool	18	5	Flatman.
1846	Mr. W. Scott	Sir Tatton Sykes	Melbourne	30	6	W. Scott.
1847	Sir R. Pigot	Conyngham	Slane	28	10	J. Robinson.
1848	Mr. B. Green	Flatcacher	Touchstone	31	5	J. Robinson.
1849	Mr. A. Nichols	Nunnykirk	Touchstone	35	8	F. Butler.
1850	Mr. H. Hills	Pitford	Epirus	27	5	A. Day.
1851	Lord Enfield	Hernandez	Pantaloan	31	10	Flatman.
1852	Lord Exeter	Stockwell	The Baron	31	9	Norman.
1853	Mr. Boves	West Australian	Melbourne	36	7	Butler.
1854	Mr. Guly	Hermit	Bay Middleton	49	9	A. Day.
1855	Mr. Merry	Lord of the Isles	Touchstone	47	9	Aldcroft.
1856	Lord Derby	Fazzeletto	Orlando	36	10	Flatman.
1857	Lord Zetland	Vedette	Voligeur	44	12	J. Osborne.
1858	Sir J. Hawley	Fitz Roland	Orlando	45	14	Wells.
1859	Mr. W. Day	The Wizard	Jericho	52	9	A. Day.
1860	Mr. A. Nichol	The Promised Land	West Australian	63	15	Ashmall.
1861	Lord Stamford	Diophantus	Orlando	54	16	A. Edwards.
1862	Mr. S. Hawke	The Marquis	Stockwell	70	17	Ashmall.
1863	Mr. Naylor	Macaroni	Sweetmeat	85	9	T. Chaloner.
1864	Lord Glasgow	General Peel	Y. Melbourne	79	13	Aldcroft.
1865	Count de Lagrange	Gladiator	Monarque	88	18	Grimeshaw.
1866	Mr. Sutton	Lord Lyon	Stockwell	86	15	Thomas.
1867	Duke of Beaufort	Vauban	Muscovite	93	8	Fortham.
1868	Mr. W. Crawford	Moslem	Knight of St. Patrick	101	14	T. Chaloner.
1869	Mr. J. Johnstone	Pretender	Adventurer	77	19	J. Osborne.
1870	Mr. Merry	Macgregor	Macaroni	86	10	J. Dely.
1871	Mr. J. Johnstone	Bothwell	Stockwell	82	13	J. Osborne.
1872	Mr. Joseph Dawson	Prince Charlie	Blair Athol	81	14	J. Osborne.
1873	Mr. W. Crawford	Gang Forward	Stockwell	71	10	T. Chaloner.
1874	Lord Falmouth	Atlantic	Thormanby	78	12	F. Archer.
1875	Mr. H. Vyner	Camballo	Cambuscan	84	13	J. Osborne.
1876	Lord Dupplin	Petrarch	Lord Clifden	74	14	Luke.
1877	Count Lagrange	Chamant	Mortimer	101	10	J. Goslar.
1878	Lord Lonsdale	Pilgrimage	The Earl, or Palmer	91	11	T. Cannon.
1879	Lord Falmouth	Charibert	Thormanby	118	15	F. Archer

ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS.

YEAR.	OWNER.	WINNER.	SIRE.	SUB.	S.	RIDER.
1814	Mr. Wilson	Charlotte	Orville	10	5	...
1815	Lord Foley	Br. filly	Selim	12	4	...
1816	Duke of Rutland	Rhoda	Asparagus	13	6	...
1817	Mr. Watson	Neva	Cervantes	20	10	...
1818	Mr. Udny	Corinne	Waxy	21	8	...
1819	Duke of Grafton	Catgut	Comus or Juniper	...	7	...
1820	Duke of Grafton	Rowena	Haphazard	19	6	...
1821	Duke of Grafton	Zeal	Partisan	21	6	...
1822	Duke of Grafton	Whizgig	Rubens	9	4	...
1823	Duke of Grafton	Zinc	Woful	10	5	F. Buckle.
1824	Lord Jersey	Cobweb	Phantom	8	5	F. Buckle.
1825	Duke of Grafton	Tontine	Election	11	4	J. Robinson.
1826	Duke of Grafton	Problem	Merlin	8	w.o.	...
1827	Duke of Grafton	Arab	Woful	13	5	J. Day.
1828	Mr. Molony	Zoë	Orville	14	7	F. Buckle.
1829	Lord G. Cavendish	B. filly	Godolphin	19	7	J. Robinson.
1830	Lord Jersey	Charlotte West	Tramp	20	4	Arnall.
1831	Sir M. Wood	Galantine	Reveller	23	8	Conolly.
1832	Lord Exeter	Galata	Sultan	25	8	Arnall.
1833	Mr. Cooke	Tarantella	Tramp	23	4	Wright.
1834	Lord Berners	May-day	Lampighter	28	10	J. Day.
1835	Mr. Greville	Preserve	Emilius	30	7	Flatman.
1836	Mr. Houldsworth	Destiny	Sultan	19	3	J. Day.
1837	Lord G. Bentinck	Chapeau d'Espagne	Dr. Syntax	23	7	J. Day.
1838	Lord Albemarle	Barcarolle	Emilius	16	5	J. Day.
1839	Mr. Watts	Cara	Balsazar	22	6	E. Edwards.
1840	Lord G. Bentinck	Crucifix	Priam	23	5	G. Edwards.
1841	Mr. Batson	Potentia	Plenipotentiary	28	4	J. Day.
1842	Lord G. Bentinck	Firebrand	Lampighter	19	5	J. Robinson.
1843	Mr. Thornhill	Extremore	Emilius	21	6	Rogers.
1844	Mr. Osbaldeston	Sorella	Saddler	20	9	S. Chifney.
1845	Duke of Richmond	Pic-nic	Glancus	26	9	J. Robinson.
1846	Mr. Gully	Mendicant	Touchstone	21	8	W. Abdale.
				26	7	S. Day.

ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS—continued.

YEAR.	OWNER.	WINNER.	SIRE.	SUB.	S.	RIDER.
1847	Mr. Payne	Clementina...	Venison ...	30	5	Flatnan.
1848	Lord Stanley	Canezon ...	Melbourne ...	32	9	F. Butler.
1849	Mr. T. Clarke	Flea ...	Coronation ...	33	10	A. Day.
1850	Lord Orford	Ch. filly ...	Slane ...	26	5	F. Butler.
1851	Sir J. Hawley	Aphrodite ...	Bay Middleton ...	33	6	J. Marson.
1852	Mr. Sargent	Kate ...	Auckland ...	25	6	A. Day.
1853	Baron Rothschild	Mentmore Lass	Melbourne ...	40	11	Charlton.
1854	Mr. Howard	Virago ...	Pyrhus the First ...	44	3	Wells.
1855	Duke of Bedford	Habena ...	Irish Birdcatcher ...	41	11	S. Rogers.
1856	Mr. W. Brook	Manganese ...	Irish Birdcatcher ...	38	5	J. Osborne.
1857	Mr. Scott	Imperieuse ...	Orlando ...	35	8	Flatnan.
1858	Mr. Gratwicke	Governess ...	Chatham ...	36	9	Ashmall.
1859	Mr. Crawford	Mayonaise ...	Teddington ...	39	4	Fordham.
1860	Lord Derby	Sagitta ...	Longbow ...	48	13	Aldcroft.
1861	Mr. Fleming	Nemesis ...	Newminster ...	41	9	Fordham.
1862	Lord Falmouth	Hurricane ...	Wild Dayrell ...	49	11	Ashmall.
1863	Lord Stamford	Lady Augusta	Stockwell ...	68	10	A. Edwards.
1864	Baron Rothschild	Tomato ...	King Tom ...	62	15	Wells.
1865	Duke of Beaufort	Siberia ...	Muscovite ...	64	11	Fordham.
1866	Marquis of Hastings	Repulse ...	Stockwell ...	60	9	T. Cannon.
1867	Colonel Pearson	Achievement	Stockwell ...	80	7	Custance.
1868	Mr. Graham	Formosa ...	Buccaneer ...	71	8	Fordham.
1869	Duke of Beaufort	Scottish Queen	Blair Athol ...	70	9	Fordham.
1870	Mr. Jos. Dawson	Hester ...	Thornaby ...	71	10	J. Grimshaw.
1871	Baron Rothschild	Hannah ...	King Tom ...	69	7	Maidment.
1872	M. Lefevre	Reine ...	Monarque ...	60	11	Parry.
1873	Lord Falmouth	Cecilia ...	Blair Athol ...	52	14	Morris.
1874	Mr. Launde	Apology ...	Adventurer ...	53	9	J. Osborne.
1875	Lord Falmouth	Spinaway ...	Macaroni ...	47	6	F. Archer.
1876	Count Lagrange	Camelia ...	Macaroni ...	55	13	Glover.
1877	Lord Hartington	Belphebe ...	Toxophilite ...	84	19	H. Jeffrey.
1878	Lord Lonsdale	Pilgrimage ...	The Earl or The Palmer	89	9	Cannon.
1879	Lord Falmouth	Wheel of Fortune...	Adventurer	86	8	F. Archer.

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